



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

B 119.

TAYLOR INSTITUTION.

—  
BEQUEATHED

TO THE UNIVERSITY

BY

ROBERT FINCH, M. A.

OF BALLIOL COLLEGE.

293

ε.

274















THE  
ILIAD AND ODYSSEY  
OF  
HOMER,

BY THE LATE  
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE  
FIELD OF HONOR

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIELD OF HONOR"

THE FIELD OF HONOR

THE FIELD OF HONOR

THE FIELD OF HONOR

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO  
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE,

WITH  
COPIOUS ALTERATIONS AND NOTES,

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY THE  
TRANSLATOR,  
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

AND PUBLISHED WITH  
A PREFACE BY HIS KINSMAN,  
J. JOHNSON, LL.B.  
CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

---

*Táδε δ' αἰὲν πάρος δ' ἴμοια, διὰ δὲ τῶν αὐτῶν αἰ.*—EPICHRMUS.

---

THIRD EDITION.

VOL. II.

---

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,  
By S. Hamilton, Printer.

1809.





# ILIAD.

---

## ARGUMENT OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

Neptune engages on the part of the Grecians. The battle proceeds. Deiphobus advances to combat, but is repulsed by Meriones, who, losing his spear, repairs to his tent for another. Teucer slays Imbrius, and Hector Amphimachus. Neptune, under the similitude of Thoas, exhorts Idomeneus. Idomeneus, having armed himself in his tent, and going forth to battle, meets Meriones. After discourse held with each other, Idomeneus accommodates Meriones with a spear, and they proceed to battle. Idomeneus slays Othryoneus and Asius. Deiphobus assails Idomeneus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hypsenor. Idomeneus slays Alcahous, son-in-law of Anchises. Deiphobus and Idomeneus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcahous.

## BOOK XIII.

WHEN Jove to Hector and his host had giv'n  
Such entrance to the fleet, both hosts he left  
To suffer there the agonies and woes  
Of ceaseless battle, and his glorious eyes  
Averting, on the land look'd down remote

Of the horse-breeding Thracians, of the bold  
 Close-fighting Mysian race, and where abide  
 On milk sustain'd, and blest with length of days,  
 The Hippomolgi, peaceful, just, and wise\*.  
 No longer now on Troy his eyes he turn'd,  
 For expectation none within his breast  
 Surviv'd, that God or Goddess would the Greeks  
 Approach with succour, or the Trojans more.

Nor Neptune, sov'reign of the boundless Deep,  
 Look'd forth in vain, but seated on the heights  
 Of Samothracia forest-crown'd, survey'd  
 With wonder thence the tumult of the field;  
 For thence appear'd all Ida, thence the tow'rs  
 Of lofty Ilium, and the fleet of Greece.  
 The ocean left, there sitting he deplor'd  
 The vanquish'd Grecians, and resentment fierce  
 Conceiv'd and wrath against all-ruling Jove.  
 At once arising, down the rugged steep

\* They are said to have been the only people of Scythia, who were not subdued by Alexander, having by a seasonable embassy made their peace with him. The Greek expression *δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων* does not mean—*justest of mankind*, as I rendered it at first, for they allowed themselves in many things inconsistent with that character, having their wives, and children, and all, except their words and their drink, in common. But the poet calls them just, and even juster than most other nations, either on account of their abstinence from flesh, or because, when the Amazons overran Asia, the Hippomolgi refused to join them.—V.

With rapid strides he came ; the mountains huge  
 And forests under the immortal feet  
 Of Ocean's Sov'reign trembled as he strode.  
 Three strides he made, the fourth convey'd him home  
 To Ægæ\*. At the bottom of th' abyss,  
 There stands magnificent his golden fane,  
 A dazzling incorruptible abode.  
 Arriv'd, he to his chariot join'd his steeds  
 Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and man'd with wavy gold ;  
 Himself attiring next in gold, he seiz'd  
 His golden scourge, and to his seat sublime  
 Ascending, o'er the billows drove ; the whales  
 Leaving their caverns, gambol'd on all sides  
 Around him, not unconscious of their king ;  
 The sea clave wide for joy ; he lightly flew,  
 And with unmoisten'd axle skimm'd the flood.  
 Rapt by his bounding coursers soon he reach'd

\* Ægæ was the island which gave the Ægean sea its name. It has been asked, and not without some appearance of reason, why Neptune chose to go thither first, when he might have saved time by going directly to Troy. A question to which no better answer is given by the commentators than that *he went to fetch his sword*.—B. Perhaps the difficulty might be better solved by saying, that Homer thus regulates his movements, merely for the sake of an opportunity to speak of his temple, to place him in his chariot, and to send him in a sublimer and more poetical style to the place of his destination. No man of taste however, reading the original, will judge the time lost, which Neptune spends in this circuitous journey.

The Grecian fleet. There is a spacious cave  
Deep in the bottom of the flood, between  
Tenedos and the rock-bound Imbrian shore\*;  
There Neptune, shaker of the earth, his steeds  
Station'd secure; he loos'd them from the yoke,  
Gave them ambrosial food, and bound their feet  
With golden tethers not to be untied  
Or broken, that unwand'ring they might wait  
Their Lord's return, then sought the Grecian host.  
The Trojans, tempest-like or like a flame,  
Now, foll'wing Priameian Hector, all  
Came furious on and shouting to the skies.  
Their hope was to possess the fleet, and slay,  
Till the last Greek should lifeless press the shore.  
But mighty Neptune, compasser of earth,  
Approaching, in the form and with the voice  
Loud-ton'd of Calchas, rous'd the Argive ranks  
To battle—and his exhortation first  
To either Ajax turn'd, themselves prepar'd:  
Ye valiant Pair! remember but to fight,  
And scorn to fly—so shall ye save us all.  
In other parts the Greeks shall well suffice,  
To check these hostile throngs, that have surpass'd  
The barrier; here alone with dread extreme

\* Imbrus and Tenedos were islands not far distant from Troy, lying between the Ægean sea and the Hellespont.—B. & V.

I view them ; for the maniac Hector, fierce  
As all-devouring fire, and vaunting loud  
His origin from Jove\*, here leads them on.  
O that with words like these some Pow'r divine  
Would strengthen you, that ye might stand, yourselves,  
And stay the people ! Then should Hector's hope  
To fire the fleet be vain, although himself  
Olympian Jove incite him to the deed.

So spake the mighty shaker of the shores,  
And, with his sceptre smiting both, their hearts  
Fill'd with fresh fortitude ; their limbs the touch  
Made agile, wing'd their feet, and nerv'd their arms.  
Then, swift as stoops a falcon from the point  
Of some rude rock sublime, when he would chase  
A fowl of other wing along the meads,  
So started Neptune thence and disappear'd.  
Oileus' son discover'd first the God  
As he withdrew, and, instant, thus his speech  
To Ajax, son of Telamon, address'd :

\* This vaunt of Hector is no where to be found. The commentator refers us to his wish, that he were as surely the son of Jupiter and Juno, as the day on which he spoke should prove the last of the Grecians ; see his speech at the end of this book.—V. But there is a difference between wishing for a privilege and boasting that we possess it. He must be supposed therefore to have expressed himself to the effect mentioned by the poet, though the expression itself be not related.

Since, Ajax, some inhabitant of Heav'n  
Exhorts us, in the prophet's form, to fight  
(For prophet none or augur we have seen ;  
This was not Calchas ; as he went I mark'd  
His steps and knew him ; Gods are known with ease),  
I feel my spirit in my bosom fir'd  
Afresh for battle ; lightness in my limbs,  
In hands and feet a glow unfelt before.

To whom the son of Telamon replied :  
My fingers also with a firmer grasp  
Embrace my spear, my buoyant courage mounts,  
I tread in air, and feel a fierce desire,  
To cope with Hector's quenchless rage, alone.

Thus they, with martial transport to their souls  
Imparted by the God, conferr'd elate.  
Mean-time the King of Ocean rous'd the Greeks,  
Who in the rear, beside their gallant barks  
Some respite sought. They, spent with arduous toil,  
Felt not alone their weary limbs unapt  
To battle, but their hearts with grief oppress'd,  
Seeing the num'rous multitude of Troy  
Within the mighty barrier ; sad they view'd  
That sight, and bath'd their cheeks with many a tear,  
Despairing of escape. But Neptune soon  
The lines of ev'ry phalanx rous'd to fight.  
First, Teucer and the brave Bœotian chiefs



Leitus and Peneleus; Nestor's son  
Antilochus; Deïpyrus; the brave  
Meriones and Thoas, with a tone  
Of stern yet kind reproof he thus address'd:

Oh blush ye Grecians! in *your* vig'rous youth  
I trusted mainly for our fleet's defence.  
If *ye* renounce the labours of the field,  
Then hath the day aris'n of our defeat  
And final ruin by the pow'rs of Troy.  
Oh! I behold a prodigy, a sight  
Tremendous, deem'd impossible by me,  
The Trojans at our ships! the dastard race  
Fled once like fleetest hinds, the destin'd prey  
Of lynxes, leopards, wolves; by nature weak  
And indispos'd to war, they trembling fly  
They know not whither; so the Trojans erst  
Stood not, nor to Achaian prowess dar'd  
The hindrance of a moment's strife oppose.  
But now, Troy left far distant, even here  
They face us; gath'ring courage from the fault  
Of Agamemnon, and the people's sloth,  
Who, sullen for Achilles' sake, prefer  
Death at their ships, to war in their defence.  
But if the scorn and haughty disrespect  
By Agamemnon, sov'reign of the Greeks,

Shown to Achilles, were indeed a crime,  
Our duty bids us still protect the fleet\*.  
Come—heal the breach at once; the bravest minds  
Are readiest to forgive; such minds are yours;  
And your resentment has already giv'n  
Your matchless might in arms too long a pause.  
I can excuse the timid if he shrink,  
But am incens'd at *you*. My friends beware!  
Your tardiness will prove ere long the cause  
Of some worse evil. Let the dread of shame  
Affect your hearts: oh tremble at the thought  
Of infamy! Fierce conflict hath aris'n,  
The dauntless Hector combats at the ships  
Nobly, hath forc'd the gates, and burst the bar.  
With such encouragement the mighty King  
Of Ocean rous'd the Greeks. Then, circl'd soon  
By many a phalanx either Ajax stood,  
Whose order Mars himself arriving there  
Had prais'd, or Pallas, patroness of arms.  
For there the flow'r of all expected firm  
Bold Hector and his host; spear crowded spear,

\* The poet, intending that Neptune should animadvert with some severity on the conduct of Agamemnon, has therefore with great propriety given him the form of Calchas, on whom the monarch himself has bestowed the severest animadversions in the beginning.

Shield, ~~helmet~~, man, press'd ~~helmet~~, ~~man~~, and shield \*;  
 The hairy crests of their resplendent casques  
 Kiss'd close at ev'ry nod, so wedg'd they stood;  
 No spear was seen but in the manly grasp  
 It quiver'd, and their ev'ry wish was war †.  
 The pow'rs of Ilium gave the first assault  
 Embattl'd close; them Hector led himself  
 Right on, impetuous as a rolling rock  
 Destructive; torn by torrent waters off  
 From its old lodgement on the mountain's brow,  
 It bounds, it shoots away; the crashing wood  
 Falls under it; impediment or check  
 None stays its fury, till, the level found  
 At last, there overcome, it rolls no more;  
 So after many a threat, that he would pass  
 With ease through all the Grecian camp and fleet,  
 And slay to the sea brink, when Hector once  
 Had fall'n on those firm ranks, he there stood fast  
 And press'd to break them; but by many a spear

\* For this admirable line the Translator is indebted to Mr. Fuseli.

† The first rank stood presenting the points of their levelled spears against the faces of the enemy; the second, close behind the first thrust forward theirs, which were more than two ells in length, each at the right side of the man before him, and the spears of the third rank were protruded between them both; so that three ranges of these weapons were held forth at once. The fourth and fifth ranks bore their spears erect, and stood prepared to advance into the place of any who were slain or disabled.—V.

And falchion urg'd, with stagg'ring steps retir'd  
And call'd vociferous on the host of Troy.

Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons  
Of Dardanus, O stand! not long the Greeks  
Will me confront, although embodied close  
In solid phalanx; doubt me not; my spear  
Shall chase and scatter them, if Jove, in truth,  
High-thund'ring mate of Juno, bid me on.

So saying, he rous'd the courage of them all,  
Foremost of whom advanc'd, of Priam's race  
Deïphobus, ambitious of renown.  
Tripping he came with shorten'd steps\*, his feet  
Shelt'ring behind his buckler; but with aim  
Exact Meriones his splendid lance  
Dismissing reach'd him; his tough targe he struck  
But ineffectual; where the hollow brass  
Receives th' inserted wood, the quiv'ring beam  
Snapp'd, as Deïphobus his shield afar  
Advanc'd before him, trembling at the spear  
Hurl'd by Meriones. He, mov'd alike  
With indignation for the vict'ry lost  
And for his broken spear, retreated, first,  
Into his ranks, but soon set forth again  
In progress through th' Achaian camp, to seek

\* A fitter occasion, to remark on this singular mode of approach  
in battle, will present itself hereafter.

Its fellow-spear within his tent reserv'd.

The rest all fought, and dread the shouts arose  
On all sides. Telamonian Teucer, first,  
Slew valiant Imbrius, son of Mentor, rich  
In herds of sprightly steeds. He, ere the Greeks  
Arriv'd at Ilium, in Pedæus dwelt,  
And Priam's spurious daughter had espous'd  
Medesicasta. But the gallant barks  
Of Greece arriving, he return'd to Troy,  
Where he excell'd the noblest, and abode  
With Priam, lov'd and honour'd as his own.  
Him Teucer pierc'd beneath his ear, and pluck'd  
His weapon home; he fell as falls an ash,  
Which on some mountain visible afar,  
Hewn from its bottom by the woodman's axe  
With all its tender foliage meets the ground.  
So Imbrius fell; loud rang his armour bright  
With ornamental brass, and Teucer flew  
To seize his arms, whom hasting to the spoil  
Hector with his resplendent spear assail'd;  
He, marking opposite its rapid flight,  
Declin'd it narrowly, and it pierc'd the breast,  
As he advanc'd to battle, of the son  
Of Cteatus of the Actorian race,  
Amphimachus; he, sounding, smote the plain,

And all his batter'd armour rang aloud.  
Then Hector, swift approaching, would have snatch'd  
At once the well-forg'd helmet from the brows  
Of brave Amphinachus; but Ajax hurl'd  
Right forth at Hector hasting to the spoil  
His radiant spear; no wound the point impress'd,  
For he was arm'd complete in burnish'd brass  
Terrific; but it pierc'd the solid boss  
Of Hector's shield, and with enormous force  
So shock'd him, that retiring he resign'd  
Both bodies\*, which the Grecians dragg'd away.  
Stichius and Menestheus, leaders both  
Of the Athenians, to the host of Greece  
Bore off Amphinachus, and, fierce in arms,  
Th' Ajaces, Imbrius. As two lions bear  
Through thick entanglement of boughs and brakes  
A goat snatch'd newly from the peasants' dogs,  
Upholding high their prey above the ground,  
So either Ajax terrible in fight,  
Upholding Imbrius high, his brazen arms  
Tore off, and Oiliades his head.  
From his smooth neck dis severing in revenge  
For slain Amphinachus, through all the host  
Sent it with swift rotation like a globe,

\* The bodies of Imbrius and Amphinachus.

Till in the dust at Hector's feet it fell\*.

Then anger fill'd the heart of Ocean's King,  
His grandson slain in battle†; forth he pass'd  
Through the Achaian camp and fleet, the Greeks  
Rousing, and meditating wo to Troy.  
It chanc'd that brave Idomeneus return'd  
That moment from a Cretan at the knee ‡  
Wounded, and newly borne into his tent.  
His friends had borne him off, and when the chief  
Had giv'n him into skilful hands, he sought  
The field again, still coveting renown.  
Him therefore, meeting him on his return,  
Neptune bespake, but with the borrow'd voice  
Of Thoas, offspring of Andræmon, king  
In Pleuro and in lofty Calydon,  
And honour'd by th' Ætolians as a God.

O counsellor of Crete! our threats denounc'd  
Against the tow'rs of Troy, where are they now?  
To whom the leader of the Cretans, thus,

\* The superiority of the Grecian force and valour is every where insisted on, and illustrated a thousand ways. Hector could not even despoil Amphimachus of his helmet, but the Grecian strips Imbrius of his armour, cuts off his head, and casts it among the Trojans. It is observed too, that the poet sends it to the feet of Hector, as if to reproach him with his vain attempt on the helmet of Amphimachus.—V.

† Amphimachus.

‡ Ἰγνύην properly signifies the hollow behind the knee.—B.



Idomeneus: For aught that I perceive,  
Thoas ! no Grecian is this day in fault ;  
For we are all well disciplin'd ; none yields  
To heartless fear, or is by sloth detain'd ;  
But, as it seems, Jove wills that we should fall  
Inglorious, distant from our native shores.  
But, Thoas ! brave thyself, and ever wont  
To rouse the timid, stimulate, as erst,  
The Grecian courage and exert thy own.

Him answer'd, then, the Sov'reign of the Deep :  
Return that Grecian never from the realm  
Of Troy, Idomeneus ! but may the dogs  
Feast on him, who shall this day intermit  
Through wilful negligence his force in fight !  
Haste—arm—and join me. Neither Thou nor I  
May tarry more. Some good may crown the toils  
Of only Two. The feeblest and the worst  
Find strength in union ; and our force in arms  
Has foil'd, ere now, the bravest and the best.

So Neptune spake, and, turning, sought again  
The toilsome field. Erelong, Idomeneus,  
Arriving in his spacious tent, put on  
His radiant armour, and, two spears in hand,  
Set forth, like lightning which Saturnian Jove  
From bright Olympus shakes into the air,  
Dazzling all eyes ; a sign to men below.

So beam'd the Hero's armour as he ran.  
But him, ere he had left his tent afar,  
Returning from the field to seek a spear\*,  
Meriones, his fellow-warrior met,  
When thus the brave Idomeneus began :

Swift son of Molus ! chos'n companion dear !  
Wherefore, Meriones ! hast thou the field  
Abandoned ? Art thou wounded ? Bring'st thou home  
Some pointed mischief in thy flesh infix'd ?  
Or com'st thou sent to me, who of myself  
The still tent covet not, but feats of arms ?

To whom Meriones discrete replied :  
Chief leader of the mail-arm'd Cretan host,  
Idomeneus ! if yet there be a spear  
Left in thy tent, I seek one ; for, in fight  
With fierce Deïphobus, I strove in vain  
To penetrate his shield, and snapp'd my own.

Then answer thus the Cretan chief return'd,  
Valiant Idomeneus : If spears thou need,  
Within my tent, reclin'd against the wall †

\* An inquisitive reader perhaps may ask, why Meriones chose to go on this errand himself ? The answer is, that had he sent another, he must have remained inactive till his return, and that he could trust himself for dispatch, but not a messenger.—V.

† The walls intended are said to be the walls of the passage leading into the tent.—B. & V.

Not one alone, but twenty thou wilt find,  
All Trojan spears, and taken in the field  
From Trojans slain by me ; for distant fight  
Me suits not ; therefore in my tent have I  
Both spears and bossy shields, with brazen casques  
And corslets bright, that smile against the sun.

Him answer'd, then, Meriones discreet :  
I also, at my tent and in my ship  
Have many Trojan spoils, but they are hence  
Far distant. I not less myself than thou  
Am ever mindful of a warrior's part,  
And when the din of glorious arms is heard,  
Fight in the van. If other Greeks my deeds  
Know not, at least I judge them known to thee.

To whom the leader of the host of Crete,  
Idomeneus : I know thy valour well,  
Why speakest thus to me? Since, chose we forth  
This day an ambush of the bravest Greeks,  
(For in the ambush is distinguish'd best  
The courage ; there, the tim'rous and the bold  
Plainly appear ; the dastard changes hue,  
And shifts from place to place, nor can he calm  
The fears that shake his trembling limbs, but sits  
Low-crouching on his hams, while in his breast  
Quick palpitates his death-foreboding heart,  
And his teeth chatter ; but the valiant man

His posture shifts not; no excessive fears  
 Feels he, but seated once in ambush, deems  
 Time tedious till the bloody fight begin)  
 Ev'n there, thy courage should no blame incur.  
 For shouldst thou, toiling in the fight, by spear  
 Or falchion bleed, the weapon should not pierce  
 Thy neck behind, nor yet thy back annoy,  
 But it would meet thy bowels or thy chest  
 While thou didst rush into the clam'rous van.  
 Haste then—we may not longer loiter here,  
 As children prating, lest some sharp rebuke  
 Reward us. Enter quick, and from within  
 My tent provide thee with a noble spear.

Then, swift as Mars, Meriones produc'd  
 A brazen spear of those within the tent,  
 And instant kindling with heroic fire  
 Follow'd Idomeneus. As gory Mars  
 By Terror follow'd, his own dauntless son,  
 Who quells the boldest heart, to battle moves;  
 From Thrace against the Ephyri they arm\*,  
 Or hardy Phlegians†, and by both invok'd,

\* Four different cities bore the name of Ephyre. One was in Thessaly, a second in Epirus, a third in Elis, and the fourth was Corinth. According to Apollodorus the Thessalian Ephyre is intended here, the inhabitants of which were called likewise the Cranonii.—B. & V.

† The Phlegians were the people of Gortyna, a race of free-

Hear and grant victory to which they please;  
 Such, bright in arms Meriones, and such  
 Idomeneus advanc'd; when foremost thus  
 Meriones his warlike chief address'd\*

Son of Deucalion! where inclin'st thou most  
 To enter into battle? On the right  
 Of all the host? or through the central ranks?  
 Or on the left? for no where I account  
 Our aid so needful to the Greeks as there.

Then answer thus Idomeneus return'd,  
 Chief of the Cretans: Others stand to guard  
 The middle fleet; the Telamonian chief,  
 Ajax the swift, and Teucer, prime of all  
 Achaia's sons to wing the deadly shaft,  
 And brave in close encounter. These will task  
 Sufficiently the most impetuous force  
 Of Priameian Hector; burn his rage  
 How fierce soever, he shall find it hard,

booters, terrible to their neighbours and to Thebes especially. Amphion therefore, with the harp given him by the Muses, charming the stones into his service, built the Theban wall as a defence against them.—B. & V.

\* When they fought in pairs one of the heroes was always subordinate to the other and in some sort his servant. Meriones bore that relation to Idomeneus, and is therefore called his *ἑσπέρων*. The same order is observed in the simile. Idomeneus is compared to Mars himself, and Meriones to Terroure the son of Mars, his father's attendant in the field of battle.

With all his thirst of victory, to quell  
Their firm resistance, and to fire the fleet,  
Let not Saturnian Jove cast down from Heav'n  
Himself a flaming brand into the ships.  
High-tow'ring Telamonian Ajax yields  
To no mere mortal by the common gift  
Of Ceres nourish'd, and whose flesh the spear  
Can penetrate, or rocky fragment bruise;  
Even before that breaker of the ranks  
Achilles, unappall'd would Ajax stand  
In single combat, though less swift than he.  
Turn, therefore, to the left, that we may learn  
At once, if glorious death, or life be ours.

He ceas'd, and, thither, with the speed of Mars  
Hasted Meriones, till both arriv'd.  
Seeing the Cretan, terrible as fire,  
Advance to battle, with his bold compeer,  
And both all bright in arms, the ranks of Troy  
Assail'd them with a universal shout,  
And at the left-ward ships the fight began.  
As when shrill winds blow vehement, what time  
Dust deepest spreads the ways, by warring blasts  
Upborne a sable cloud stands in the air,  
Such was the sudden conflict; equal rage  
To stain with gore the lance rul'd ev'ry breast.  
Horrent with quiv'ring spears the fatal field

Frown'd on all sides ; the brazen flashes dread  
 Of num'rous helmets, corslets furbish'd bright,  
 And shields refulgent meeting, dull'd the eye,  
 And turn'd it dark away. Stranger indeed  
 Were he to fear, who could that strife have view'd  
 With heart elate, or spirit unperturb'd\*.

Two mighty sons of Saturn adverse parts  
 Took in that contest, purposing alike  
 To many a valiant warrior heavy wo.  
 Jove, for the honour of Achilles, gave  
 Success to Hector and the host of Troy,  
 Not for complete destruction of the Greeks  
 At Ilium, but that glory might redound  
 To Thetis thence, and to her dauntless son.  
 On the other side mean-time, his hoary realm  
 Left secretly, the King of Ocean stirr'd  
 The Greeks to battle, whom he griev'd to see

\* With much confidence but not very happily, the French critic Terrasson observing on this passage, says—

Quelque licence qu'Homère se soit donné dans sa Poésie, la nécessité, ou du moins la commodité de son vers l'a jetté dans des confusions bien plus grandes—*γηθήσειεν—ἂδ' ἀνάχοιτο*—Qui est ce qui pense à *le réjouir* en voyant un combat ? Et est-ce d'un autre côté un objet de *tristesse* proprement dite ? Dissert. sur l'Iliade, Part iv, c. 6.

He considered not, that the negative often, with rhetoricians and poets, expresses more than the affirmative.—So Virgil—*Æn.* vi, 392.

*Nec verò Alciden me sum lætatus euntem.*

Accepisse.

C.



O'erpow'r'd by Trojans, and with anger fierce  
 Against the Thund'rer burn'd on their behalf.  
 Alike from one great origin divine  
 Sprang they, but Jove was elder, and surpass'd  
 In various knowledge: therefore when he rous'd  
 Their courage, Neptune, to elude his eye,  
 Mix'd with the Greeks in semblance of a man.  
 Thus, these Immortal Two, straining the cord  
 Indissoluble of all-wasting war  
 Between them, girded with it both the hosts\*,  
 And loos'd the joints of many a warrior bold.  
 Then, hailing loud his foll'wers, though himself  
 Half-gray with age, Idomeneus wellnigh  
 Repuls'd the Trojans at his first assault,  
 Slaying Othryoneus. He, fir'd with hopes  
 Of high renown in arms, had left of late  
 Cabeus†. Priam's daughter fair he woo'd,  
 Cassandra, but no nuptial gift vouchsaf'd  
 To offer, save a sounding promise proud  
 To chase, himself, however loath to go,  
 The Grecian host, and to deliver Troy‡.  
 To him assenting, Priam, ancient king,  
 Assur'd to him his wish, and in the faith

\* *Tanquam circumjecto fune in arctum constringebant.*—C.

† Cabeus was a city on the banks of the Hellespont.—V.

‡ It was customary for the suitor to pay the dowry.—V.

Of that assurance confident, he fought \*.  
Idomeneus the stalking braggart ey'd,  
And through his corslet's ineffectual guard  
Transpierc'd his navel. On his sounding arms  
He fell, o'er whom the conqu'ror thus rejoic'd:

Now, brave Othryoneus! I will confess,  
That thou art more than mortal, if thou yield  
To ancient Priam all thy promis'd aid.  
He promis'd *thee* his daughter. From ourselves  
Accept like promise, and which no event  
Shall ever frustrate. Agamemnon makes  
The loveliest of his lovely daughters thine,  
And she shall haste from Argos at his call,  
Make thou the spoils of splendid Ilium ours,  
Come—follow me. We give no scanty dow'r,  
And at the ships shall settle best the terms.

So saying, the hero dragg'd him by his heel  
Through all the furious fight. His death to avenge  
Asius on foot before his steeds advanc'd,

\* His stipulation for the daughter of Priam as the price of his services in the field is noticed by the commentators as evidence of his being a Barbarian, no instance of a treaty so mercenary being ever found among the Grecians.—V. But the commentators, Grecians themselves, discover always a laudable partiality to their countrymen. A modern reader will rather judge, that Othryoneus had in him a becoming portion of the spirit of chivalry, and was animated by a gallantry that did him honour.

Which, wheresoe'er he mov'd, his charioteer  
Kept breathing ever on his neck behind.  
With fierce desire the heart of Asius burn'd,  
To smite the Cretan, who beneath his chin  
Him wounded first, and urg'd the weapon through.  
He fell, as some green poplar falls, or oak,  
Or lofty pine, by naval artists hewn  
With new-edg'd axes on the mountain's side.  
So, his teeth grinding, and the bloody dust  
Clinching, before his chariot and his steeds  
Extended, Asius lay. His charioteer  
(All recollection lost) sat panic-stunn'd,  
Nor dar'd for safety turn his steeds to flight.  
Him bold Antilochus right through the waist  
Transpierc'd; his mail suffic'd not, but the spear  
Implanted in his midmost bowels stood.  
From his resplendent chariot down he fell  
Panting, and young Antilochus the steeds  
Drove captive thence into the host of Greece.  
Then came Deïphobus by sorrow urg'd  
For Asius, and, small interval between,  
Hurl'd at Idomeneus his glitt'ring lance;  
But he, foreseeing its approach, the point  
Eluded, cover'd whole by his round shield  
Of hides and brass by double belt sustain'd,  
And it flew over him, but on his targe

Glancing, elicited a tinkling sound.  
 Yet left it not in vain his vig'rous grasp,  
 But pierc'd the liver of Hypsenor, son  
 Of Hippasus; so pierc'd, at once he died,  
 And measureless exulting in his fall  
 Deïphobus with mighty voice exclaim'd :

Not unaveng'd lies Asius; though he seek  
 Hell's iron portals, yet shall he rejoice,  
 For I have giv'n him a conductor home \*.

So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard,  
 But of them all to anger most he rous'd  
 Antilochus, who, though distress'd, his friend  
 Neglected not, but, running, shielded him.  
 And brave Alastor with Mecisteus, son  
 Of Echius, bore him to the fleet of Greece  
 With many a groan, for of their band was he †.  
 Nor yet Idomeneus his warlike rage  
 Remitted aught, but persevering strove  
 Either to plunge some Trojan in the shades,  
 Or fall himself for the Achaians' sake ‡.

\* The triumph of Deïphobus on this occasion, it is observed, is intended as a reproach to him by the poet. He has neither killed the man at whom he aimed, nor a person of any considerable note, and his success, such as it was, was merely casual; yet he sets no bounds to his exultation.—V. They who make a loud boast of small matters have not been accustomed to achieve great ones.

† Hypsenor.

‡ The commentator observes that he fought in the true spirit of a Grecian, desiring to die for his countrymen.—V.

Then slew he brave Alcathous, the son  
 Of Æsyeta, and the son-in-law  
 Of old Anchises, who to him had giv'n  
 The eldest-born of all his daughters fair,  
 Hippodamia; dearly loved was she  
 By both her parents in her virgin state\*,  
 For that in beauty she surpass'd, in works,  
 Ingenious, and in faculties of the mind  
 All her coevals; wherefore she was deem'd  
 Well worthy of the noblest prince in Troy.  
 But him that moment Ocean's King subdu'd  
 Under Idomeneus, his radiant eyes  
 Dimming, and fett'ring his proportion'd limbs.  
 All pow'r of flight or to elude the stroke  
 Forsook him, and while motionless he stood  
 As stands a pillar tall or tow'ring oak,  
 The hero of the Cretans with a spear  
 Transfix'd his middle chest. He split the mail  
 Erewhile his bosom's faithful guard; shrill rang  
 The shiver'd brass; he sounding fell; the beam  
 Implanted in his palpitating heart  
 Shook to its top, nor rested till he died.  
 Then loudly vaunting cried the king of Crete :

\* This seems to be the meaning of ἐν μεγάρῳ, an expression similar to that of Demosthenes in a parallel case—ἐν ἐνδον ἔσαν.

See Schaufelburgerus.

What thinks Deïphobus, vain boaster, now?  
Seem not the Greeks, three warriors slain for one,  
To yield thee just amends? else, stand thyself  
Against me; learn the valour of a chief,  
The progeny of Jove; Jove first begat  
Crete's guardian, Minos, from which Minos sprang  
Deucalion, and from fam'd Deucalion, I;  
I, sov'reign of the num'rous race of Crete's  
Extensive isle, and whom my galleys brought  
To these your shores at last, that I might prove  
Thy curse, thy father's, and the curse of Troy.

He spake; Deïphobus uncertain stood  
Whether, retreating to engage the help  
Of some heroic Trojan, or himself  
To make the dread experiment alone.  
At length, as his discreeter course, he chose  
To seek Æneas; him remotest far  
And in the rear of all Troy's host he found;  
For he resented evermore his worth  
By Priam recompens'd with cold neglect\*.  
Approaching him, in accents wing'd he said:  
Æneas! if thy sister's husband share  
Thy least regard, delay not, but, with me,

\* He is said to have been jealous of him on account of his great popularity, and to have discountenanced him, fearing a conspiracy in his favour to the prejudice of his own family.—V.

Fly to defend Alcathous. In his arms  
 He fondled once, and fed thee at his board,  
 But thou hast lost him, and the spear that gave  
 The deadly wound Idomeneus employ'd.

So saying, he rous'd his spirit, and on fire,  
 To combat with the Cretan, forth he sprang.  
 But fear seized not Idomeneus, as fear  
 May seize a nursling boy\*; resolv'd he stood,  
 As in the mountains, conscious of his force,  
 The wild boar waits a coming multitude  
 Of boist'rous hunters to his lone retreat;  
 Arching his bristly spine he stands, his eyes  
 Beam fire, and whetting his bright tusks, he burns  
 To drive, not dogs alone, but men to flight;  
 So stood the royal Cretan, and fled not,  
 Expecting brave Æneas; yet his friends  
 He summon'd, on Ascalaphus his eyes  
 Fast'ning, on Aphareus, Deïpyrus,  
 Meriones, and Antilochus, all bold  
 In battle, and in accents wing'd, exclaim'd :

Help, O my friends ! Æneas comes ; dismay'd  
 I wait him here alone ; for well he knows

\* The original word *τηλώγετος* properly signifies the boy born last of all his father's children ; such, the commentator remarks, being almost always puny, require a more tender treatment, and are therefore seldom, in maturer years, well qualified for great exploits.—V.

To strew the field with bodies of the slain,  
And, in his bloom of youth, that 'vantage bears,  
For which I fear him most. Myself am old  
And worn with battle; else would I decide  
This strife this moment, and to him bequeath  
Immortal fame, or make the prize my own.

He said; they all unanimous approach'd,  
Sloping their shields, and stood. On the other side  
His aids Æneas called, with eyes toward  
Paris, Deïphobus, Agenor, turn'd,  
His fellow-warriors bold; them follow'd all  
Their people as the pastur'd flock the ram  
To water, by the shepherd seen with joy\*;  
Such joy Æneas felt, at sight of all  
That num'rous host so ready in his aid.  
Then, for Alcathous, into contest close  
Arm'd with long spears they rush'd; on ev'ry breast  
Dread rang the brazen corslet, each his foe  
Assailing opposite; but two, the rest  
Surpassing far, and terrible as Mars,  
Æneas and Idomeneus, alike  
Panted to pierce each other. First, his spear

\* Because, it is said, the sheep when they drink most, fatten most, and grow fat soonest: it is also considered as a symptom that they are sound and in good health, if they drink often.—V. But this remark must be limited to the sheep of hot countries, and countries subject to long-continued drought.



Æneas at the royal Cretan aim'd,  
Who, warn'd of its approach, escap'd, and, hurl'd  
With no effect though by a forceful arm,  
Æneas' lance stood quiv'ring in the soil,  
Not so the Cretan; at his waist he pierc'd  
CEnomaüs, his hollow corslet clave,  
And in his midmost bowels drench'd the spear;  
Down fell the chief, and dying, clinch'd the dust.  
His massy spear in haste the king of Crete  
Pluck'd from the dead, but of his radiant arms  
Despoil'd him not, by num'rous weapons urg'd;  
For now, time-worn, he could no longer make  
Brisk sally, spring to follow his own spear,  
Or shun another, or by swift retreat  
Vanish from battle, but the evil day  
Warded in stationary fight alone.  
At him retiring, therefore, step by step  
Deïphobus, who had with bitterest hate  
Long time pursu'd him, hurl'd his splendid lance,  
But yet again erroneous; for he pierc'd  
Ascalaphus instead, the son of Mars;  
Right through his shoulder driv'n, the stormy spear  
On earth outstretch'd him, and he clinch'd the dust.  
Nor any tidings reach'd as yet the ear  
Of the hoarse-throated Mars, that his own son  
In bloody fight had fall'n; for on the heights

Olympian, overarch'd with clouds of gold,  
He sat, where sat the other Pow'rs divine,  
Pris'ners together of the will of Jove\*.  
Mean-time for slain Ascalaphus arose  
Conflict severe; Deïphobus had snatch'd  
His splendid casque, but swift as fiery Mars  
Meriones transpierc'd his upper arm,  
And from his hand down fell the sounding spoil.  
Then, like a vulture, darted he again  
Toward him, pluck'd his weapon from the wound,  
And mingled with his band. The conqu'ror gone,  
Polites casting his fraternal arms  
Around Deïphobus, conducted far  
From that tumultuous scene the drooping chief,  
Till where his charioteer his coursers held,  
Behind the hindmost battle, he arriv'd.  
Thence, groaning, fainting, bleeding, as he went  
From his fresh wound, *they* whirl'd him back to Troy.  
Still rag'd the war, and infinite arose  
The clamour. Aphareus, Caletor's son,  
Turning to face Æneas, deep within  
His throat the hero's pointed lance receiv'd.

\* It may seem strange to us, who are indebted to revelation for more adequate notions of Deity, that Mars, being a God, should be represented as having need of information from another, that his son was slain. But Homer's Gods, immortality excepted, differ little from the race of man.

With head reclin'd, and bearing to the ground  
Buckler and helmet with him; in dark shades  
Of soul-divorcing death involv'd, he fell.  
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd to flight,  
With quick preventive spear plough'd forth the vein,  
Which from the chine ascends into the neck,  
Through all its length; with arms outstretch'd in vain  
To his own host, supine he fell and died.  
Forth sprang Antilochus to strip his arms,  
But watch'd mean-time, the Trojans, who in crowds  
Encircling him, his splendid buckler broad  
Smote oft, but none with ruthless point prevail'd  
Ev'n to inscribe the skin of Nestor's son,  
Whom Ocean's God and Governour, amid  
Innumerable darts, kept still secure.  
Yet never from his foes he shrank, but fac'd  
From side to side; nor idle slept his spear,  
Which, shifting oft his aim, he turn'd and turn'd  
From side to side, now, menacing to pierce,  
The more remote, and now, the nearer foe.  
Nor pass'd his dauntless purpose unperceiv'd  
By Asius son of Adamas, who pierc'd,  
In close assault, the centre of his shield.  
But Neptune azure-hair'd so dear a life  
Denied to Adamas, and render'd vain  
The weapon; part within his buckler stood

Like a sear'd truncheon\*, and the remnant fell.  
Then Adamas, for his own life alarm'd,  
Retir'd, but as he went, Meriones  
Him reaching with his lance, between the shame  
And navel pierc'd him, where the stroke of Mars  
Proves painful most to miserable man.  
There enter'd deep the weapon; down he fell,  
And in the dust lay panting as an ox  
Among the mountains pants by peasants held  
In twisted bands, and dragg'd perforce along;  
So panted Adamas; but soon he ceas'd;  
For brave Meriones, approaching, pluck'd  
The weapon forth, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
Helenus, with his huge broad Thracian blade  
Struck down Deïpyrus. The pond'rous steel  
Fell on his temple. Driven from its hold  
His helmet flew, and roll'd, till at his feet  
Some Grecian found and kept it; but involv'd  
In death's dim shades its hapless owner lay.  
Grief at that spectacle the bosom fill'd

\* In the original like a *seared stake*; for the peasants instead of spears, used stakes of thorn-wood, which they chose for the hardness of it, and hardened still more by searing it.—V.

† The Thracians were famous for the use of swords uncommonly ponderous, and such a sword might easily come into possession of Helenus, either borrowed or purchased from an ally of that country.—V.

Of valiant Menelaus; high he shook  
His radiant spear, and, threat'ning him, advanc'd  
On royal Helenus, who ready stood  
With his bow bent. They met; impatient, one,  
To give his pointed lance its rapid course,  
And one, to start his arrow from the nerve.  
The arrow of the son of Priam struck  
Atrides' hollow corslet; but the reed  
Glanc'd wide: As vetches or as swarthy beans  
Leap from the van and fly athwart the floor  
By sharp winds driv'n, and by the winnower's force,  
So from the corslet of the glorious Greek  
Wide-wand'ring flew the bitter shaft away.  
But Menelaus the left-hand transpierc'd  
Of Helenus, and with the lance's point  
Fast fix'd it to his bow; he, shunning death,  
Into the centre of his phalanx'd friends  
Retir'd, his arm dependent at his side,  
And trailing, as he went, the ashen beam;  
There bold Agenor from the spear releas'd  
And folded thick his hand with softest wool,  
By his attendant's quilted sling supplied\*.

\* The centre of their slings was wadded with the finest wool, which, yielding to the pressure of the stone, afforded it a secure lodgement till the moment of dismissal.—V.

Then sprang Pisander on the glorious prince,  
The son of Atreus, but his evil fate  
Beckon'd him to his death in conflict fierce,  
O Menelaus, mighty chief! with thee.  
And now they met, small interval between.  
Atrides hurl'd his weapon, and it err'd.  
Pisander with his spear struck full the shield  
Of glorious Menelaus, but his force  
Resisted by the stubborn buckler broad  
Fail'd to transpierce it, and the weapon fell  
Snapp'd at the neck. Yet leap'd Pisander's heart  
Within him, for he deem'd the vict'ry won.  
But Menelaus, drawing his bright blade,  
Sprang on him, while Pisander from behind  
His buckler drew a brazen battle-axe  
By its long haft of polish'd olive wood,  
And both chiefs struck together. He the crest  
That crown'd the shaggy casque of Atreus' son  
Hew'd from its base, but Menelaus him  
In his swift onset on the forehead smote,  
Where nose and forehead join; loud crash'd the  
bone,  
And his eyes both fell bloody at his feet.  
Convolv'd with pain he lay, and on his breast  
Atrides setting fast his heel, tore off

His armour, and exulting thus began :

So shall ye leave at length the Grecian fleet,  
Traitors, and never satisfied with war !  
Nor want ye other guilt, dogs and profane !  
But me have injur'd also, and defied  
Th' avenging wrath of Hospitable Jove,  
Who shall in time bring down your lofty tow'rs.  
I wrong'd not you, yet bore ye far away  
My youthful bride, who welcom'd you, and stole  
My treasures also, and your wish is now,  
To burn Achaia's gallant fleet with fire,  
And slay her heroes ; but your furious bent  
To battle shall be check'd. O Father Jove !  
Thee wisest we account in Earth or Heav'n,  
Yet this is all thy work ; for ah, how kind  
Art thou to this flagitious people, strong  
In wickedness alone, and whose delight  
In war and bloodshed never can be cloy'd.  
All pleasures breed satiety, sweet sleep,  
Soft dalliance, music, and the graceful dance,  
Though sought with keener appetite by most  
Than bloody war ; but Troy still covets blood.

So spake the royal chief, and to his friends  
Pisander's gory spoils consigning, flew  
To mingle in the foremost fight again.  
Him, next, Harpalion, offspring of the king

Pylæmenes\*, assail'd, who came to Troy  
 Foll'wing his sire, but never thence return'd.  
 He, from small distance, smote the central boss  
 Of Menelaus' buckler with his lance,  
 But wanting pow'r to pierce it, with an eye  
 Of cautious circumspection, lest perchance  
 Some spear should reach him, to his band retir'd  
 But him retiring with a brazen shaft  
 Meriones pursu'd; swift flew the dart  
 To his right buttock, slipp'd beneath the bone,  
 His bladder graz'd, and started through before †.  
 There ended his retreat; at once he sank,  
 And like a worm lay on the ground, his life  
 Exhaling in his fellow-warriors' arms,

\* Another Pylæmenes is mentioned in the fifth book, and Homer's persons are frequently synonymous. Two charioteers are named Eurymedon, Agamemnon's one, the other Nestor's. Two heralds, Eurybates; that of Ulysses, one, Agamemnon's the other. Three Adrasti; one slain by Diomede, one by Menelaus, and the third by Patroclus. Two are called Acamas, one the son of Eusorus, one of Antenor. Two, Astynous; one slain by Diomede, the other, charioteer to Polydamas. Three, Thoön; one slain by Diomede, one by Ulysses, the third by Antilochus. Three, Melanippus; one exhorted by Hector to attack the ships, one slain by Teucer, a third by Patroclus. Two, Ophelestes; one slain by Eurypylus, one by Ajax, &c.—V.

† It is not the only wound of the kind given by Meriones. The part mentioned seems to have been his favourite mark. The scholiast even observes, *that almost all his wounds are given there.*—V.



And soaking with his sable blood the plain,  
Around him flock'd his Paphlagonians bold,  
And in his chariot placing drove him back  
To Ilium, among whom his father went  
Weeping, but never saw his death aveng'd.

Him slain with indignation Paris view'd,  
For he, with num'rous Paphlagonians more,  
His guest had been; he, therefore, in the thirst  
Of vengeance, sent a brazen arrow forth.  
There was a certain Greek, Euchenor, son  
Of Polyides the soothsayer, rich,  
And of great worth, and who in Corinth dwelt.  
He, knowing well his fate, yet sail'd to Troy.  
For Polyides oft, his rev'rend sire,  
Had prophesied that he should either die  
By some dire malady at home, or, slain  
By Trojan hands, amid the fleet of Greece\*.  
He, therefore, vigilant alike to guard  
His honour, and to shun that dire disease,  
Had join'd the Grecian host; him Paris pierc'd

\* Both the father and the son, it is observed, gave proof of a resolute virtue; the son, who came to the siege foreknowing his doom, and the father who permitted him.—V.

There was nevertheless a difference between his case and that of Achilles. Achilles knew, that long life awaited him if he continued at home, but Euchenor, that his life would be short at any rate.

The ear and jaw beneath ; at once he fell.

And instant darkness overspread his eyes.

So rag'd the battle like devouring fire.

But Hector dear to Jove not yet had learn'd

Nor aught surmis'd the havock of his host

Made on the left, where vict'ry crown'd wellnigh

The Grecians animated to the fight

By Neptune seconding himself their arms.

He, where he first had started through the gate,

After dispersion of the shielded Greeks,

Had fought, nor left the spot. The galleys there

Of Ajax and Protesilaüs stood

Updrawn above the hoary Deep ; the wall

Was there of humblest structure, and the steeds

And warriors there conflicted furious most.

Th' Epean there and the Iäonian band\*

Long-rob'd, the Phthians†, Locrians, and the bold

Bœotians check'd the terrible assault

Of Hector all activity and fire,

Yet not repuls'd him. Chos'n Athenians form'd

The van, by Peteos' son, Menestheus led,

\* The Iäonians were a distinct people from the Ionians, and, according to the scholium, separated from them by a pillar bearing on opposite sides the name of each.—B. & V.

† The people of Achilles were properly called the Phthiotæ ; whereas the Phthians belonged to Protesilaüs and Philoctetes.—C.

Whose high command undaunted Bias shar'd,  
Phidas, and Stichius. The Epean host  
Under Amphion, Dracius, Meges, fought.  
Podarces brave in arms the Phthians rul'd,  
And Medon (Medon was by spurious birth  
Brother of Ajax Oïliades,  
And for his uncle's death, whom he had slain,  
The brother of Oïleus' wife, abode  
In Phylace; but from Iphiclus sprang  
Podarces); these, all station'd in the front  
Of Phthia's hardy sons, together strove  
With the Bœotians for the fleet's defence.  
Ajax the swift swerv'd never from the side  
Of Ajax son of Telamon a step;  
But as in some deep fallow two black steers  
Together toil, dragging the pond'rous plough,  
The briny sweat around their rooted horns  
Oozes profuse; they, parted, as they drudge  
Along the furrow, by the yoke alone,  
Cleave to its bottom sheer the stubborn glebe,  
So, side by side, they, persevering fought.  
The son of Telamon a people led  
Num'rous and bold, who, when his bulky limbs  
Fail'd overlabour'd, eas'd him of his shield.  
Not so attended by his Locrians fought  
Oïleus' valiant son; they were not arm'd

For standing fight, since neither crested casques  
Of brass had they, nor ashen spears, nor shields  
Of ample orb ; but, trusting in the bow  
And twisted sling alone, had come to Troy,  
And broke with shafts and volley'd stones the ranks,  
Thus occupying, clad in burnish'd arms,  
The van, these two with Hector and his host  
Conflicted, while the Locrians from behind  
Vex'd them with shafts, secure ; nor could the men  
Of Ilium stand, by such a show'r confus'd.  
Then, driv'n with dreadful havock thence, the foe  
To wind-swept Ilium had again retir'd,  
Had not Polydamas, at Hector's side  
Standing, the dauntless hero thus address'd :

Thou, Hector ! ever art too wise to learn.  
Wouldst thou, by Jove advanc'd to foremost praise\*  
In battle, claim it in the council too ?  
Vain hope ! assert not to thyself alone  
His num'rous gifts—Thou canst not grasp them all.  
To one superior force in arms is giv'n,  
Skill to another in the graceful dance,

\* Polydamas generally addresses Hector like a man conscious that he is no favourite with the man to whom he speaks, and that his advice therefore, however salutary, is in danger of being contemptuously rejected. On this account, he sweetens it with compliments, and by such means obtains, if not always, yet when reason is altogether on his side, a patient hearing.

Sweet song and pow'rs of music to a third,  
 And wisdom, at his hands, a fourth receives,  
 By whose support full many a city stands,  
 Which else had fall'n. The multitude with joy  
 Confess its pow'r, but none exults as he.  
 My best advice is this; for thou art hemm'd,  
 As with a fiery circle, all around,  
 By num'rous foes; the Trojans, since they pass'd  
 The bulwark, either stand aloof, or wage  
 Unequal war, dispers'd among the ships.  
 Retiring, therefore, summon all our chiefs  
 To consultation on the sum of all,  
 Whether (should Heav'n so prosper us) t' assail  
 The fleet at once, or leave it while we may\*.  
 For much I dread due payment by the Greeks  
 Of yesterday's arrear, since yonder chief†,  
 Inactive now, will, likeliest, feel again  
 His thirst for battle, and rejoin the fight.

So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice  
 Pleas'd Hector; from his chariot‡ down he leap'd

\* This advice is artfully given, for Hector could not go to summon the chiefs to council, without discovering how many had fallen in battle or were disabled, nor consequently without seeing good reason to retreat according to the opinion of Polydamas.—V.

† Achilles.

‡ It is not easy to say how Hector could at this time have the use of his chariot which he had left on the other side of the foss. See

All arm'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied:

Polydamas ! stay thou the leaders here.

I haste into the fight, and, my commands

Once issu'd there, incontinent return.

He ended, and conspicuous as the height

Of some snow-crested mountain, shouting rang'd

The Trojans and confederates of Troy.

They swift around Polydamas, brave son

Of Panthus, at the voice of Hector, ran.

Himself with hasty strides the front, mean-time,

Of battle roam'd, seeking from rank to rank

Asius Hyrtacides, with Asius' son

Adamas, and Deïphobus, and the might

Of Helenus, his royal brother bold.

Them neither altogether free from hurt

He found, nor living all. Beneath the sterns

Of the Achaian ships some slaughter'd lay

By Grecian hands; some wounded from afar,

B. XII, L. 100. And in Book XIV his steeds and chariot are said to be attending in the rear. See L. 510. Pope supposes that though the chariots of the other chiefs were left at the foss, Hector's might yet follow him near enough to be at his command, and yet at such a distance as might well enough consist with the account of its being in the rear. But though it might enter the gate when Hector had once broken it, it is not so easy to understand how it could pass the ditch defended as it was by piles. Clarke, however, approves the solution, though it is certainly rather gratuitous, and finds nothing to warrant it in the narrative.

Some by the sword, within the rampart sat.  
 But leftward of the woful field he found,  
 Erelong, bright Helen's paramour his band  
 Exhorting to the fight. Him Hector next  
 Approaching, in displeasure thus began :

Ill-fated fair deceiver ! Woman-mad !  
 Where is Deïphobus, and where the might\*  
 Of royal Helenus ? Where Adamas  
 Offspring of Asius, and where Asius, son  
 Of Hyrtacus, and where Othryoneus ?  
 Now lofty Ilium from her topmost height  
 Falls headlong, now is thy own ruin sure.

To whom the Godlike Paris thus replied :  
 Hector ! Thy blame far more I have deserv'd,  
 Than I deserve it now ; this day, at least,  
 My deeds some proof afford, that I was born  
 Not altogether such a slave to fear ;  
 For since commanded by thyself to wage  
 This conflict at the ships, we have obey'd  
 (Myself and mine) with not a moment's pause.  
 But those our friends, of whom thou hast inquir'd  
 Are slain, Deïphobus alone except  
 And royal Helenus, who in the hand

\* In our language *His Majesty* signifies the king, and the *Divinity* is often used to signify *God himself*. Thus in Homer we have βίη 'Ελένοιο—βίη 'Ηρακλείη—βίη 'Αλκίνοοιο—with many others.

Bear each a wound inflicted by the spear  
And have retir'd ; but sav'd by Jove they live.  
Come now—conduct us whither most thine heart  
Prompts thee, and thou shalt find us ardent all,  
And swift to follow ; what we can, we will,  
The best and most determin'd can no more.

So saying, the hero sooth'd his brother's mind.  
Then mov'd they both toward the hottest war  
Together, where Polydamas the brave,  
Phalces, Cebriones, Orthæus fought,  
Palmys and Polyphœtes, godlike chief,  
And Morys and Ascanius, gallant sons  
Both of Hippotion. They to Troy had come  
From fair Ascania the preceding morn,  
In recompense for aid by Priam lent  
Erewhile to Phrygia\*, and by Jove impell'd,  
Now wag'd the furious battle side by side.  
The march of these at once was as the sound  
Of mighty winds from deep-hung thunder-clouds  
Descending ; clamorous the blast and wild  
With ocean mingles ; many a billow, then,  
Upridg'd rides turbulent the sounding flood,  
Foam-crested, billow after billow driv'n,

\* This, according to Eustathius, is the import of ἀποισολ. See Iliad III—in which Priam relates an expedition of his into that country.—C.



So mov'd the host of Troy, rank after rank  
Behind their chiefs, all dazzling-bright in arms.  
Before them Priameian Hector strode  
Like crimson Mars, advancing, as he came;  
His broad shield ponderous with hides; and thick  
O'er laid with brass; his helmet on his brows  
Refulgent shook, and in its turn he tried  
The force of ev'ry phalanx, if perchance  
Behind his broad shield pacing\* he might shake  
Their steadfast order; but he bore not down  
The spirit of the firm Achaian host.  
Then Ajax, striding forth, him first defied:

Approach. Why temptest thou the Greeks to fear?  
No babes are we in aught that appertains  
To arms, though humbled by the scourge of Jove.  
Thou cherishest the foolish hope to burn  
Our fleet with fire; but even we have hearts  
Prepar'd to guard it, and your stately tow'rs  
Shall sooner far with ruin strew the ground.  
The hour, I tell thee, comes, when thou shalt ask  
In pray'r to Jove and all the Gods of Heav'n,  
That speed more rapid than the falcon's flight  
May wing thy coursers, while, exciting dense

\* Tripping lightly—according to the manner of assault which we have already seen practised by Deiphobus.

The dusty plain, they whirl thee back to Trøy\*.

While thus he spake, sublime on his right-hand  
An eagle soar'd; confiding in the sign  
The whole Achaian host with loud acclaim  
Hail'd it. Then glorious Hector thus replied:

Brainless and loud, what means this tumid boast,  
Earth-cumb'rer Ajax? Would I were the son  
As sure, for ever, of almighty Jove  
And Juno, and such honour might receive  
Henceforth as Pallas and Apollo share,  
As comes this day with ruin charg'd and wo  
For all the Grecians, among whom thyself  
Shalt also perish if thou dare abide  
My massy spear, which shall thy pamper'd flesh  
Disfigure, and amid the barks of Greece  
Falling, thou shalt with thy enormous bulk  
The vultures satiate, and the dogs of Troy.

He spake and led his host; with clamour loud  
They follow'd him, and all the distant rear

\* This is no prophecy but a menace.—V. Hector was now within the rampart, and Ajax had not forgotten the words of Achilles in the nocturnal conference, with which he concluded the answer given to himself.

---

at my own ship,  
And at my own pavilion, it may chance,  
That even Hector's violence shall pause. II. IX, l. 908.

Came shouting on. On the other side the Greeks  
Re-echo'd shout for shout, all undismay'd,  
And waiting firm the bravest of their foes.  
Upwent the double roar into the heights  
Ethereal, and among the beams of Jove.

## ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

Agamemnon and the other wounded chiefs, taking Nestor with them, visit the battle. Juno having borrowed the Cestus of Venus, first engages the assistance of Sleep, then hastes to Ida to inveigle Jove. She prevails. Jove sleeps; and Neptune takes that opportunity to succour the Grecians.

## BOOK XIV.

NOR heard not Nestor even at his wine  
Those clamours, but in accents of surprise  
The son of Æsculapius thus address'd \*:  
Divine Machaon! think what this may bode.

\* The poet, according to the most prevailing opinion, means not to insinuate, that Nestor was an intemperate drinker, and had by this time drunk so largely, as to make it matter of wonder that the sound should engage his attention, but, on the contrary, that he was more heedful of the common danger than of the pleasures of the table.—V. Neither, as Porphyrius observes, has he been so long employed in regaling himself as the length of the digression may lead the reader to suppose; as the intermediate incidents must have passed in much less time than it has cost the poet to relate them. It is a subject, however, on which the commentators differ, and there is certainly room for it.

The cry of our young warriors at the ships  
Grows louder ; but, possessing still thy seat,  
Drink thou (for thou hast need) the sable wine,  
Till Hecamede shall have warm'd a bath,  
To cleanse thy clotted wound. I will, myself,  
From yonder eminence soon learn the cause.

He said, and finding in his tent the shield  
Of Thrasymedes, who had borne to fight  
His father's shield, he slung the glitt'ring orb,  
And, grasping, next, a keen and sturdy spear,  
Stood forth before the tent. Thence soon he saw  
Foul deeds and strange, the Grecian host confus'd,  
Their broken ranks escaping from the host  
Of Ilium, and the rampart overthrown.  
As when, though silent yet, the wide sea shows  
A darker hue, foreboding winds to blow,  
The doubtful waters roll to neither side,  
Till swept at length by a decisive gale,  
So stood the senior motionless awhile  
Through indecision whether first to seek  
The Grecian host, or Agamemnon's self  
The sov'reign, and at length that course preferr'd.  
Mean-time with mutual carnage they the field  
Spread far and wide, and smitten by the sword  
And spear of double edge their corslets rang.

The royal chiefs ascending from the fleet,

Ulysses, Diomede, and Atreus' son,  
 Imperial Agamemnon, who had each  
 Bled in the battle, met him on his way.  
 For, distant from the dang'rous field, the Greeks  
 Had rang'd their barks beside the hoary Deep,  
 The foremost next the plain, and at the sterns  
 Of that exterior line had built the wall ;  
 Since, spacious though it were, the shore alone  
 That fleet suffic'd not, incommoding much  
 The people ; wherefore they had rang'd the ships  
 Line above line ascending, and the bay  
 Between both promontories, all was fill'd \*.  
 They, therefore, curious to survey the fight,  
 Came forth together †, leaning on the spear,  
 When Nestor met them ; heavy were their hearts,  
 And at the sight of him still more alarm'd,  
 Whom royal Agamemnon thus bespake :  
     Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks !  
 What mov'd thee to forsake yon bloody field,  
 And urg'd thee hither ? Cause I see of fear,

\* The promontories of Rhytium and Sigæum.—B. & V.

† Concerning the word *ἀνδρῶν* it is observed by the commentators, that the number *three*, the whole amount of the persons here mentioned, is the number at which multitude begins.—V. The observation may perhaps remind some of my readers of a common rustic saying—*One's none—Two's some—Three's a good many, and Four's a little hundred.*

Lest Hector even now his threat perform  
 Denounc'd long since among the chiefs of Troy,  
 That he would never enter Ilium more,  
 Till he had burn'd our fleet, and slain ourselves.  
 So threaten'd Hector, and shall now perform.  
 Alas! alas! Achaia's gallant host  
 All, like Achilles, have deserted me  
 Resentful, and decline their fleet's defence.

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied :  
 Those threats are verified ; nor Jove himself  
 The Thunderer can disappoint them now ;  
 For our chief strength in which we trusted most,  
 That it should guard impregvably secure  
 Our navy and ourselves, the wall hath fall'n.  
 Hence all this conflict by our host sustain'd  
 Among the ships ; nor could thy keenest sight  
 Inform thee where in the Achaian camp  
 Confusion most prevails, such deaths are dealt  
 Promiscuous, and the cry ascends to Heav'n.  
 But come—consult we on the sum of all,  
 If counsel yet may profit. As for you,  
 Ye shall have exhortation none from me  
 To seek the fight ; the wounded have excuse\*.

\* Nestor replies not to the question, why he had left the field.  
 In the distress and perplexity of the moment that circumstance is  
 naturally forgotten, and he passes immediately to a representation  
 of the danger.

Whom Agamemnon answer'd, king of men :  
Ah, Nestor ! if beneath our very sterns  
The battle rage, if neither trench nor wall  
Constructed with such labour, and suppos'd  
Of strength to guard impregnably secure  
Our navy and ourselves, avail us aught,  
It is because almighty Jove hath will'd,  
That the Achaian host should perish here  
Inglorious, from their country far remote.  
When he vouchsaf'd assistance to the Greeks,  
I knew it well ; and now, not less I know,  
That high as the immortal Gods he lifts  
Our foes to glory, and depresses us.  
Delay not then, but act as I advise.  
Our ships—all those that nearest skirt the Deep,  
Launch we into the sacred flood, and moor  
With anchors safely, till o'ershadowing night  
(If night itself may save us) shall arrive.  
Then may we launch the rest ; for I no shame  
Account it, ev'n by 'vantage of the night  
To fly destruction. Wiser him I deem  
Who 'scapes his foe, than whom his foe inthrals\*.

\* Some have wondered that Agamemnon, in a style so unbecoming his rank and office, should recommend flight. But he is excused by others, who allege that, secure of their dissent, and knowing them too brave to fly, knowing too the impracticability of such a measure in their circumstances, with a victorious enemy in the camp,



But him Ulysses, frowning stern, reprov'd :  
What words, Atrides, have escap'd thy lips ?  
Cold-hearted chief—far worthier to command  
Unwarlike women, than a race like ours,  
Whom Jove ordains to weave the thread of war  
Till battle and old-age consume us all.  
Canst thou resolve thus tamely to renounce  
All hopes of Ilium, and to render vain  
Our num'rous woes ? Thy friends have heard, but, hush,  
Lest others also witness, to thy shame,  
Words too unseemly for the sober speech  
Of sceptred sov'reignty, and that disgrace  
Thee in peculiar, whom the valiant tribes  
Of all Achaia rev'rence and obey.  
I deem thy wisdom madness, which commands  
The Greeks to launch amid the ceaseless din  
And stress of battle ; to fulfil the wish  
Of Ilium's host, wellnigh victorious now,  
And plunge the Greeks at once. For while they draw  
Their galleys seaward, thither will they look,  
Nor check the foe, nor heed the battle more.  
Then shalt thou rue thy counsel, king of men !

he makes them an offer of escape, merely that he may not seem to retain them by an act of power and from selfish motives only, but on the contrary, may show a readiness to sacrifice even his own glory, if that be necessary to their preservation.—V.

To whom th' imperial leader of the Greeks :  
Thy sharp reproof, Ulysses, hath my soul  
Pierc'd deeply. Yet my counsel to depart  
Coercion none implies ; ye still are free.  
Now, therefore, whether he be green in years  
Or gray with age, some other man propose  
A wiser course, and he shall please me well.

Then thus the gallant Diomede replied :  
That man shall soon be found. Myself am he.  
True, I am young ; none here is young as I ;  
Yet view me not with looks of angry scorn,  
For I am offspring of a valiant sire,  
And sprung from Tydeus, whose funereal hill  
At Thebes is seen. Three sons, illustrious all,  
Were born to Portheus. They in Pleuro dwelt,  
And on the heights of Calydon ; the first  
Agrius ; the second Melas ; and the third  
Brave Ceneus, father of my father, fam'd  
For virtuous qualities above the rest.  
Ceneus still dwelt at home ; but wand'ring thence,  
My father dwelt in Argos ; so the will  
Of Jove appointed, and of all the Gods\*.

\* Diomede observes a decent silence concerning the occasion of his father's flight, which was this : Tydeus, while he was yet young, seeing Ceneus dethroned in his old age by the sons of Agrius, slew them, and escaped immediately to Argos.—V.

There he espous'd a daughter of the king  
Adrastus, occupied a mansion rich  
In all abundance; many a field possess'd  
Of wheat, well-planted gardens, num'rous flocks,  
And was accounted dext'rous at the spear  
Past all the Grecians. Such is my descent,  
As ye have doubtless heard, for it is true.  
Ye will not, therefore, reprobate, as base  
And by a base man spoken, the discreet  
And wholesome words of one so nobly born.  
We must, though wounded, to the field again.  
Not there to fight; but distant from the range  
Of spear and arrow, lest we suffer worse,  
Those to excite, who, sullenly retir'd,  
Abstain from battle for Achilles' sake.

So saying, he pleas'd them all, and forth they went,  
Imperial Agamemnon at their head.

Nor watch'd the sov'reign of the billowy deep  
In vain, but like a man time-worn approach'd,  
And, seizing Agamemnon's better hand,  
In accents wing'd the monarch thus address'd:

Atrides! now exults the vengeful heart  
Of fierce Achilles, viewing at his ease  
The flight and slaughter of Achaia's host;  
For he is mad, and let him perish such,  
And may his portion from the Gods be shame!

But as for thee, they still have in reserve  
Some clemency for thee ; the chiefs of Troy  
Shall cover yet with cloudy dust the breadth  
Of all the plain, and backward from the camp  
To Ilium's gates thyself shalt see them driv'n.

He ceas'd, and shouting travers'd swift the field.  
Loud as nine thousand or ten thousand shout \*,  
In furious battle mingled, Neptune sent  
His voice abroad, force irresistible  
Infusing into ev'ry Grecian heart,  
And thirst of battle not to be assuag'd.

But Juno of the golden throne stood forth  
On the Olympian summit, viewing thence,  
The field, where clearly noticing the God  
Of ocean, her own brother, sole engag'd  
Amid the glorious battle, glad was she.  
Seeing Jove also on the topmost point  
Of spring-fed Ida seated, she conceiv'd  
Hatred against him, and thenceforth began  
Deliberate, how best she might deceive  
The Thunderer, and thus at last resolv'd :

\* That he might discover himself not to be the ancient man he seemed, but a divinity.—V. One of the commentators however inquires—If Neptune *stole* his opportunity to assist the Grecians, and wished to render them that service unperceived by Jupiter, why did he shout so loud?—V. A question which neither he who asks it answers, nor any other.

Attir'd with skill celestial to descend  
On Ida, with the hope to allure him first  
Won by her beauty to a fond embrace,  
Then closing fast in balmy sleep profound  
His eyes, to elude his vigilance, secure\*.  
She sought her chamber by her own son built,  
The King of Fire. He fram'd the solid doors,  
And to the posts fast clos'd them with a key  
Mysterious, which, herself except, in Heav'n  
None understood. There ent'ring, she secur'd  
The splendid portal. First she lav'd all o'er  
Her beauteous body with ambrosial lymph,  
Then polish'd it with richest oil divine  
Of boundless fragrance; oil that in the courts  
Eternal only shaken, through the skies  
Breath'd odours, and through all the distant earth.  
Her whole fair body with those sweets bedew'd,  
She pass'd the comb through her ambrosial hair,  
And braided her bright locks profusely pour'd  
From her immortal brows; with golden studs  
She made her gorgeous mantle fast before,  
Ethereal texture, labour of the hands  
Of Pallas, beautified with various art,

\* The Grecian Critic observes, that unable to prevail over Jupiter by force, and despairing to do it by persuasion, she has recourse to artifice;—V. in difficult cases a lady's constant remedy.

And brac'd it with a zone fring'd all around  
A hundred fold; her pendants triple-gemm'd,  
Of liquid lustre in her ears she hung,  
And cov'ring all her glories with a veil  
Sun-bright, new-woven, bound to her fair feet  
Her small and shapely sandals. Thus attir'd  
In all her ornaments, she issu'd forth,  
And beck'ning Venus from the other Pow'rs  
Of Heav'n apart, the Goddess thus bespake\*:

Daughter below'd! Shall I obtain my suit,  
Or wilt thou thwart me, angry that I aid  
The Grecians, while thine aid is giv'n to Troy?

To whom Jove's daughter, Venus, thus replied:  
What would majestic Juno, daughter dread  
Of Saturn, sire of Jove? I feel a mind  
Dispos'd to gratify thee, if thou ask  
Things possible, and possible to me.

Then, veiling thus with wiles her deep design,  
Imperial Juno: Give me those desires,  
That love-enkindling pow'r, by which thou sway'st  
Immortal hearts, and mortal, all alike.

\* Plato is displeased with Homer, that he thus attires his Juno, but seems to forget that the poet is an anthropomorphite on all occasions, transferring constantly the human character to his deities, and the manners and customs of Earth to Heaven.—V. It is excellently said by Cicero on this subject,—I would that Homer, instead of ascribing our manners to the Gods, had derived theirs to Us!—C.

For to the green earth's utmost bounds I go,  
 To visit there the parent of the Gods,  
 Oceanus, and Tethys his espous'd,  
 Mother of all\*. At Rhea's gentle hands  
 They erst receiv'd and with parental care  
 Sustain'd and cherish'd me, what time from Heav'n  
 The Thund'rer hurl'd down Saturn, and beneath  
 The earth fast bound him and the barren deep.  
 Them go I now to visit, and their feuds  
 Innumerable to compose; for long  
 They have from conjugal embrace abstain'd  
 Through mutual wrath, whom by persuasive speech  
 Might I restore into each others' arms,  
 They would for ever love me and revere.

Her, then, the smiling daughter of the waves  
 Thus answer'd: Thy request, who in the arms  
 Reposest of the mighty Sire of all,  
 Nor just it were nor seemly to refuse.

So saying, the cincture from her breast she loos'd  
 Embroider'd, various, her all-charming zone.  
 It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete  
 With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,

\* Oceanus is so called because by some philosophers of antiquity water was supposed the first principle of all things, on which account we find it praised as it is by Pindar—*Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*. To the Earth the ancients gave the name of Tethys, because it is the *Τῆθη* or nurse of all natural productions.—B. & V.

And music of resistless whisper'd sounds,  
Which from the wisest steal their best resolves ;  
She plac'd it in her hands and thus she said :  
Take this—this girdle fraught with ev'ry charm.  
Hide this within thy bosom, and return,  
Whate'er thy purpose, mistress of it all \*.

She spake ; imperial Juno smil'd, and still  
Smiling complacent, bosom'd safe the zone.  
Then Venus to her father's courts return'd,  
And Juno, starting from th' Olympian height,  
O'erflew Pieria and the lovely plains  
Of broad Emathia ; soaring thence she swept  
The snow-clad summits of the Thracian hills  
Sublime, nor printed, as she pass'd, the soil.  
From Athos o'er the foaming billows borne  
She came to Lemnos, city and abode

\* Diverse curious expositions of Homer's supposed occult meaning in this passage are given by the commentators. Some say, that he ascribes these virtues to a girdle, because the passion in question has the effect of *bands* or *snare*s on the mind of him who indulges it ; others, because lovers commit follies for which they deserve a *scourge*.—V. That the English reader may duly estimate the merit of these solutions, he is to be told, that the Greek word, which in this passage signifies a girdle, signifies also a *whip* or a *manacle*. It is probable, that Homer was perfectly unconscious of any such abstruse and enigmatical intention. The girdle braced the bosom, the bosom is the seat of amorous desires, and nothing but the ambition of making discoveries could have tempted the critics to overlook so obvious and natural an interpretation.



Of noble Thoas, and there meeting Sleep,  
Brother of Death, she press'd his hand, and said\* :

Sleep, over all, both Gods and men, supreme !  
If ever thou hast heard, hear also now  
My suit ; I will be grateful evermore.  
Seal for me fast the radiant eyes of Jove  
In th' instant of his gratified desire.  
Thy recompense shall be a throne of gold,  
Bright, incorruptible ; my limping son,  
Vulcan, shall fashion it himself with art  
Laborious, and, beneath, shall place a stool  
For thy fair feet, at the convivial board.

Then answer thus the tranquil Sleep return'd :  
Great Saturn's daughter, awe-inspiring queen !  
There is no Deity but whom with ease  
I could make slumber, ev'n the restless streams  
Of Ocean source of all ; but Jove himself  
I dare not lull, unless himself command,  
Or ev'n approach him, taught as I have been  
Already in the school of thy commands

\* Why is Lemnos represented as the abode of Sleep ? Because Vulcan, who dwelt in Lemnos, was the husband of Charis, one of the Graces, and sister of Pasithea, the Goddess of whom Sleep was enamoured. The sisters dwelt together, and it was natural, that Sleep should choose his residence, where the object of his love resided. Others say, because Lemnos abounded with wine ; where wine abounds hard drinkers abound also ; and they who drink hard are apt to be drowsy.—B. & V.

That wisdom. I forget not yet the day  
 When, Troy laid waste, that valiant son of his \*  
 Sail'd homeward: then my influence I diffus'd  
 Soft o'er the sov'reign intellect of Jove;  
 While thou, against the hero plotting harm,  
 Didst rouse the billows with tempestuous blasts,  
 And separating him from all his friends  
 Brought'st him to populous Cos. Then Jove awoke,  
 And, hurling in his wrath the Gods about,  
 Sought chiefly me, whom far below all ken  
 He had from Heav'n cast down into the Deep,  
 But Night, resistless vanquisher of all,  
 Both Gods and men, preserv'd me; for to her  
 I fled for refuge. So the Thund'rer cool'd,  
 Though sore displeas'd, and spar'd me through a fear  
 To violate the peaceful sway of Night.  
 And thou wouldst now embroil me yet again †!

To whom majestic Juno thus replied:

Ah, wherefore, Sleep! shouldst thou indulge a fear  
 So groundless? Chase it from thy mind afar.

\* Hercules.

† Hercules, returning home after the destruction of Troy, by the machination of Juno encountered a violent storm in the Ægean sea, which drove him to Cos. There he would have landed, but was hindered by Eurypylus, son of Neptune and king of the island. But at length effecting his purpose, he slew Eurypylus with all his sons, but not his daughter Chalciopé, whom he made the mother of Thessalus.—B. & V.

Think'st thou the Thund'rer as intent to serve  
 The Trojans, and as jealous in their cause  
 As erst for his own offspring, Hercules?  
 Come then, and I will bless thee with a bride;  
 One of the younger Graces shall be thine,  
 Pasithea, day by day thy soul's desire.

She spake; Sleep heard delighted, and replied:  
 By the inviolable Stygian flood  
 Swear to me; lay thy right hand on the earth's  
 All-teeming bosom, while thy left is laid  
 On the flat sea, that all the Immortal pow'rs  
 Who compass Saturn in the nether realms  
 May witness, that thou giv'st me for a bride  
 The younger Grace whom thou hast nam'd, divine  
 Pasithea, day by day my soul's desire\*.

He said, nor beauteous Juno not complied,  
 But sware, by name invoking all the pow'rs  
 Titanian call'd, who in the lowest gulf  
 Dwell under Tartarus, omitting none.

\* They swore by Styx, because it was the water of hatred, a power being ascribed to it of making those, who swore by it falsely, universally odious and hopeless of either prosperity or peace for ever.—V.

To swear by *wet and dry* was a customary oath among the Grecians, and founded on the philosophical principle, that all things consist of *earth and water*.—V.

The Gods who compass Saturn are the Titans, sons of Ouranus, and are called Cronus, Creius, Hyperion, Japetus, and Cocus.—B. & V.

Her oath with solemn ceremonial sworn,  
 Together forth they went, and (Lemnos left  
 And Thracian Imbrus far) in dusky clouds  
 Involv'd, with gliding ease swam through the air  
 To Ida's mount with rilling waters vein'd,  
 Parent of savage beasts; at Lectos\* first  
 They quitted Ocean, overpassing high  
 The dry land, while beneath their feet the woods  
 Their spiry summits wav'd. There, unperceiv'd  
 By Jove, Sleep mounted Ida's loftiest pine  
 Of growth that pierc'd the sky, and hidden sat  
 Secure by its expanded boughs, the bird  
 Shrill-voic'd resembling in the mountains seen,  
 Chalcis in Heav'n, on earth cymindis nam'd †.

Then swift to Gargarus on Ida's top  
 The Goddess soar'd, and there Jove saw his spouse.  
 —Saw her—and felt his heart all wrapp'd around ‡

\* One of the heads of Ida, which in all were three. Lectos, Gargarus, and Phalarce. Lectos was so called because it was the part of the mountain which on this occasion afforded a bed or couch to Jupiter and Juno,—B. & V. and the name is formed by the omission of *r* from the original word Lectros, which signifies a *bed*.

† The cymindis, according to Aristotle, dwells in the mountains; its feathers are black, but seen obliquely reflect the colour of brass; it has the size of a hawk, and, like the hawk, preys on pigeons. It is a bird particularly fond of concealment, and always perches where its head may be hidden by leaves or branches.—B. & V.

‡ The original word ἀμφεκάλυψεν is a strong metaphor, and im-

With love as vehement as had at first  
 Join'd them, when, by their parents unperceiv'd,  
 They stole aside, and snatch'd their first embrace.  
 At once accosting her, he thus inquir'd :

Juno ! what region seeking hast thou left  
 Th' Olympian summit, and hast here arriv'd  
 With neither steed nor chariot in thy train ?

To whom majestic Juno thus replied,  
 Dissembling : To the green earth's end I go,  
 To visit there the parent of the Gods  
 Oceanus, and Tethys his espous'd,  
 Mother of all. At Rhea's gentle hands  
 They erst receiv'd, and with parental care  
 Sustain'd and cherish'd me ; to them I haste,  
 Their feuds innumerable to compose,  
 Who, disunited by intestine strife  
 Long time, from conjugal embrace abstain \*.

plies a comparison of the manner in which Jupiter was affected, to the fowler's manner of covering his prey with a large net whelmed completely over them.—V.

\* Why did she not render them this charitable service in the first book, where we are informed, that a banquet being given to the Gods by the Æthiopians, they all repaired to the banks of the Oceanus to partake of it? The answer is easy.—V. First, she neither had then, nor has now, any such intention, but her whole story is a mere pretext to conceal the true purpose of her journey ; and if this fail to satisfy the reader, he is to be reminded, secondly, that Juno went not to Æthiopia on that occasion, as is evident from her sending down Minerva to pacify Achilles in the moment when he was unsheathing his sword to slay Agamemnon.—V.

My steeds, that lightly over dank and dry  
Shall bear me, at the rooted base I left  
Of Ida river-vein'd. But for thy sake  
From the Olympian summit I arrive,  
Lest journeying remote to the abode  
Of Ocean, and with no consent of thine  
Entreated first, I should, perchance, offend.

To whom the Sov'reign of the boundless air :  
Juno, thy journey thither may be made  
Hereafter. Let us turn to dalliance now.  
For never Goddess pour'd, nor woman yet  
So full a tide of love into my breast ;  
I never lov'd Lxion's consort thus,  
Who bore Pirithous, wise as we in Heav'n ;  
Nor sweet Acrisian Danaë, from whom  
Sprang Perseus, noblest of the race of man ;  
Nor Phoenix' daughter fair\*, of whom were born  
Minos unmatch'd but by the pow'rs above,  
And Rhadamanthus ; nor yet Semele,  
Nor yet Alcmena, who in Thebes produc'd  
The valiant Hercules ; and though my son  
By Semele were Bacchus, joy of man ;  
Nor Ceres, nor Latona, nor—thyself,  
As now I love thee, and my soul perceive

\* Europa.

O'erwhelm'd with sweetness of intense desire\*.

Then thus majestic Juno her reply  
 Fram'd artful : O unreasonable haste !  
 What speaks the Thund'rer ? If on Ida's heights,  
 Where all is open and to view expos'd,  
 Thou wilt that we embrace, what next ensues,  
 Should any of the everlasting Gods  
 Observe us, and declare it to the rest ?  
 Never could I, arising, seek again  
 Thy mansion, so unseemly were the deed.  
 But if thy inclinations that way tend,  
 Thou hast a chamber ; it is Vulcan's work  
 Our son's ; he fram'd and fitted to its posts

\* Such an enumeration of his amours made by Jupiter on this occasion was deemed by some ancient critics so unseasonable, that they rejected the whole passage. But it was surely a violent measure, and not warranted by the objection ; which, though at first view it seems a weighty one, loses all its importance the moment we advert to the flattering compliment here paid to Juno. Her husband reminds her indeed of her many formidable rivals in his affections, by whom he had been seduced in times past, but gives her at present a clear preference to them all, seeming only to mention them for the sake of illustrating her triumph over them.

The wife of Ixion was his daughter too, and her name was Dia. Jupiter having enjoyed her first, her father married her.—B. & V. The story of Danaë is too well known to need recital. The daughter of Phœnix was Europa, whose story has been related in a note already. Alcmena was the wife of Amphitryon, and embraced by Jupiter disguised like her husband on the very night of their nuptials.—B. & V. Semele was the daughter of Cadmus ; Latona the daughter of Cæus, and mother of Apollo and Diana.—B.

The solid portal ; thither let us hie,  
And there repose, since such thy pleasure seems.

To whom the King of Ether, Jove Supreme :  
Juno, dismiss all fear lest either Man  
Or God discern us ; for at my command  
A golden cloud shall fold us so around,  
That not the sun himself shall through that veil  
Discover aught, though keenest-ey'd of all.

So spake the son of Saturn, and his spouse  
Fast lock'd within his arms. Beneath them earth  
With sudden herbage teem'd ; at once upsprang  
The crocus soft, the lotus bathed in dew,  
And the crisp hyacinth with clust'ring bells ;  
Thick was their growth, and high above the ground  
Upbore them. On that flow'ry couch they lay,  
Invested with a golden cloud that shed  
Bright dew-drops all around. His heart at ease,  
There lay the Sire of all by sleep and love  
Vanquish'd on lofty Gargarus, his spouse  
Constraining still with amorous embrace.  
Then, gentle Sleep to the Achaian camp  
Sped swift away, with tidings for the ear  
Of Neptune, and, approaching to his side,  
In accents wing'd the Sov'reign thus address'd \* :

\* This seems a voluntary service performed by Sleep determined to deserve his promised bride Pasithea.—V.



Now Neptune, yield the Greeks effectual aid,  
And, while the moment lasts of Jove's repose,  
Make vict'ry theirs; for him in slumbers soft  
I have involv'd, while Juno by deceit  
Prevailing, lur'd him with the bait of love.

So saying, he departed to his task  
Among the nations; but his tidings urg'd  
Neptune with still more ardour to assist  
The Danaï; he leap'd into the van  
Afar; and thus exhorted them aloud:

O Argives! yield we yet again the day  
To Priameian Hector? Shall he seize  
Our ships, and make the glory all his own?  
Such is his expectation, so he vaunts,  
For that Achilles leaves not yet his camp,  
Resentful; but of him small need, I judge,  
Should here be felt, could once the rest be rous'd  
To mutual aid. Act, then, as I advise.  
The best and broadest bucklers of the host,  
And brightest helmets put we on, and, arm'd  
With longest spears, advance; come—follow me,  
And trust me, furious as he is, the son  
Of Priam flies. Ye then, who feel your hearts  
Undaunted, but are arm'd with smaller shields,  
Them give to those who fear, and in exchange,  
Their stronger shields and broader take yourselves.

So he, whom, reluctant, all obey'd,  
Then, wounded as they were, themselves the king  
Tydides, Agamemnon, and Ulysses  
Marshall'd the warriors, and from rank to rank  
Making exchange of arms, transferr'd the best  
To the best warriors, to the worse, the worst.  
And now in brazen armour all array'd  
Refulgent, on they mov'd, by Neptune led  
With firm hand grasping his long-bladed sword  
Keen as Jove's bolt; with Him may none contend  
In dreadful fight, but fear chains ev'ry arm.

Opposite, Priameian Hector rang'd  
His Trojans; then was stretch'd the bloody cord  
Of conflict, both by Neptune azure-hair'd  
And Hector, pride of Ilium; one, the Greeks  
Encouraging, and one, the pow'rs of Troy;  
A sea-flood dash'd the galleys, and the hosts  
Join'd clamorous. Not so the billows roar  
The shores among, when Boreas' roughest blast  
Sweeps landward from the main the swelling surge;  
Not so, devouring fire among the trees  
That clothe the mountain, when the sheeted flames  
Ascending wrap the forest in a blaze;  
Nor howl the winds through leafy boughs of oaks  
Uppgrown aloft (though loudest there they rave)  
With sounds so awful as were heard of Greeks

And Trojans shouting when the clash began.

At Ajax first (for Ajax with his face  
Turn'd right toward him stood) brave Hector threw,  
But smote him where the belts that bore his shield  
And falchion cross'd each other on his breast.  
The double guard preserv'd him unannoy'd.  
Indignant that his spear had bootless flown,  
Yet fearing death at hand, the Trojan chief  
Toward the phalanx of his friends retir'd.  
But, as he went, huge Ajax with a stone  
Of those which propp'd the ships (for num'rous such  
Lay rolling at the feet of those who fought)  
Assail'd him. Twirling like a top it pass'd  
The shield of Hector, near the neck his breast  
Struck full, then plough'd circuitous the dust\*.  
As when Jove's arm omnipotent an oak  
Prostrates uprooted on the plain, a fume  
Rises sulphureous from the riven trunk,  
And if, perchance, some trav'ller nigh at hand  
See it, he trembles at the bolt of Jove,

\* It may amuse the reader to see an epigram cited by Barnes in his note on this passage, and taken from the Anthologia. L. i, 5.

Μή με τον Αϊάντειον ἀνοχμάσσειας, Ὀδῖτα,  
Πέτρον ἀκοντιστήν στήθεος Ἑκτορία·  
Ἐμὶ μέλας τρηχὺς τε· σὺ δ' εἶρεο θεῖον Ὀμηρον,  
Πῶς τον Πριαμίδην ἐξεκύλισσα πέδῳ.

So fell the might of Hector, to the earth  
 Smitten at once. Down dropp'd his idle spear,  
 And with his helmet and his shield himself  
 Also ; loud thunder'd all his gorgeous arms.  
 Swift flew the Grecians, shouting to the skies  
 And show'ring darts, to drag his body thence,  
 But neither spear of theirs nor shaft could harm  
 The fallen leader, with such instant aid  
 His princely friends encircled him around,  
 Sarpedon, valiant Glaucus, Lycian Chiefs,  
 Polydamas, Æneas, and renown'd  
 Agenor ; nor were others more remiss,  
 But with round shields all shelter'd Hector fall'n.  
 Him soon uplifted from the plain his friends  
 From battle bore, till, where his charioteer  
 Behind the tumult of the fight detain'd  
 His splendid chariot and swift steeds, he came,

*Nūn δὲ μόλις βαιὸν με παροχλίζουσιν ἀρήρης*

*"Ἀτθρωποὶ, γενεῆς αἴσχεα λευγαλέης.*

*Ἀλλὰ με τίς κρύψειεν ὑπὸ χθονός· αἰδέομαι γὰρ*

*Παίγνιον ἐτιδανοῖς ἀνδράσι γιγνόμενος.*

Rear me not, Traveller!—The weapon I,

That Ajax once at Hector taught to fly !

Rude as I am, let Homer's verse unfold

How Priam's son along the plain I roll'd !

Now mortals scarce can raise my massive length

With levers ;—shame on their degen'rate strength !

But hide me, Earth ! for 'tis indeed disgrace,

To be the jest of such a puny race.

Which drew him groaning back toward the town.  
Arriving at the fords of Xanthus' stream  
Vortiginous, from mighty Jove deriv'd,  
They stretch'd him on the bank, and on his face  
Pour'd water ; he, reviving, upward gaz'd,  
And seated on his hams black blood disgorg'd  
Coagulate, but soon relapsing, fell  
Supine, his eyes with pitchy darkness veil'd,  
And all his pow'rs still torpid by the blow.

Then, seeing Hector borne away, the Greeks  
Rush'd fiercer on, all mindful of the fight,  
And Oïlean Ajax, foremost far,  
Assailing Satnius, pierc'd him. Him a nymph,  
A Naiad, bore to Enops, while his herd  
Feeding, on Satnio's grassy verge he stray'd.  
But Oïliades his shorten'd spear  
Thrust deep into his flank ; supine he fell,  
And fiery contest for the dead arose.  
First came Polydamas, the mighty son  
Of Panthoüs, and with a vengeful spear  
Through his right shoulder Prothoënor pierc'd,  
Offspring of Areïlochus. He fell ;  
Expiring clinch'd the dust ; and, as he died,  
The conqu'ror with a boundless joy exclaim'd :  
Yon spear, methinks, by Panthus' noble son  
Dismiss'd so forcibly, flew not in vain,

But ~~some~~ Greek hath it, purposing, I judge,  
To lean on it in his descent to Hell.

So vaunted he. The Greeks indignant heard,  
But Telamonian Ajax most; for he,  
As it befel, stood nearest to the slain.  
Swift flew his spear to reach, as he retir'd,  
Polydamas; but with a sideward leap  
He shunn'd the deadly stroke, which in his stead  
Archilocus, Antenor's son receiv'd;  
Such was the will of Heav'n. Just where the neck  
And spine unite, both ligaments he cut,  
And in the dust his nostrils and his mouth  
Lay buried, long or e'er his body fell.

Then Ajax vaunted in his turn aloud:  
Think now, Polydamas, and answer true.  
Makes not the Trojan's life, whom I have slain,  
Just recompense for Prothoënor's life;  
To me, nor base, nor basely born he seems,  
But brother of Antenor, or his son  
Perchance, for he resembles none so much.

So he, well knowing him, and sorrow seiz'd  
Each Trojan heart. Then Acamas, around  
His brother stalking, wounded with his spear  
Bœotian Promachus, who by the feet  
Dragg'd off the slain, and, at his fall, aloud  
The conqu'ror vaunted with a boundless joy:

Vain-glorious Argives, dastards arrow-doom'd!  
War's toil and trouble are not ours alone,  
But ye shall perish also; mark the man—  
How deeply slumbers, vanquish'd by this arm,  
Your hero Promachus! My brother's death  
Demanded swift amends. Who would not wish  
A brother left, t'avenge his death so well?

He ended, when the Greeks indignant heard,  
But chiefly brave Peneleus; swift he rush'd  
On Acamas; but from before the force  
Of king Peneleus Acamas retir'd.  
And, in his stead, Ilioneus he pierc'd,  
Offspring of Phorbas rich in flocks, and blest  
By Mercury\* with such abundant wealth  
As other Trojan none; for other child  
To Phorbas had his consort never borne.  
Him deep into the socket of his eye  
Peneleus piercing, push'd the pupil forth,  
And through his poll enforc'd the deadly steel.  
He sank, and sat, and spread his hands abroad;  
When, drawing his keen sword, Peneleus lopp'd,  
At once, his helmetted and crested head,  
Which, like a poppy, on his lance's point

\* Prosperity and wealth were supposed to be the gifts of Mercury, who was therefore held in especial honour by the rich and happy.—V.

Inherent still, to Ilium's host he show'd,  
And in triumphant accents thus exclaim'd:  
Go, Trojans! be my messengers! Inform  
The parents of Ilioneus the brave,  
That they may mourn their son through all their house,  
For so the wife of Alegenor's son  
Bœotian Promachus must him bewail,  
Nor shall she welcome his return with smiles  
Of gratulation, when, the shores of Troy  
Abandon'd, we of Greece shall reach our own.

He said; fear whiten'd ev'ry Trojan cheek,  
And ev'ry Trojan eye with earnest look  
Explor'd a refuge from impending fate.

Say now, celestial choir! what Grecian first  
Fill'd his victorious hand with gory spoils  
From Trojans torn, when once (the battle's course  
By Neptune chang'd) the Greeks prevail'd again?

First, Telamonian Ajax Hyrtius slew,  
Undaunted leader of the Mysian band.  
Phalces and Mermerus their arms resign'd  
To young Antilochus; Hyppotion fell  
And Morys by Meriones; with shafts  
Unerring Teucer to the shades dismiss'd  
Prothoüs and Periphetes; and the prince  
Of Sparta, Menelaus, in his flank  
Pierc'd Hyperenor; on his entrails prey'd



The hungry steel, and, through the gaping wound  
Expell'd, his spirit flew ; night veil'd his eyes.  
But Ajax Oiliades the swift  
Slew most ; for him none equall'd in pursuit  
Of tremblers scatter'd by the frown of Jove.

## ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

Jove, awaking and seeing the Trojans routed, threatens Juno. He sends Iris to admonish Neptune to relinquish the battle, and Apollo to restore health to Hector. Apollo, armed with the Ægis, puts to flight the Grecians; they are pursued home to their fleet, and Telamonian Ajax slays twelve Trojans bringing fire to burn it.

## BOOK XV.

**BUT** when the flying Trojans had repass'd  
The rugged gulf, with loss of many slain  
In furious battle, pale with panic fear  
Beside their chariots halting, there they stood\*.  
Just then, on Ida's top, from Juno's side  
Upstart'd Jove. The Trojans he beheld  
All fugitive, the Grecians in pursuit,  
And Neptune at their head. Elsewhere he saw  
Stretch'd on the plain amidst his seated friends  
The vanquish'd Hector. Panting forth with pain

\* The chariots, as the reader may remember, had been left, at the commencement of this attack on the fleet, at the side of the foss next to Troy.

A crimson stream he lay, nor conscious where,  
 For not the feeblest Greecian gave the blow.  
 Touch'd with compassion at that sight, the Sire  
 Of Gods and men with frowns terrific fix'd  
 His eyes on Juno, and her thus bespake :

No place for doubt remains. O vers'd in wiles,  
 Juno ! thy mischief-teeming mind perverse  
 Hath plotted this ; thou hast contriv'd the hurt  
 Of Hector, and hast driv'n his host to flight \*.  
 I know not but thyself mayst chance to reap  
 The first-fruits of thy cunning, scourg'd by me.  
 Hast thou forgotten how I hung thee once  
 On high, with two huge anvils at thy feet,  
 And bound with force-defying cord of gold  
 Thy wrists together ? In the heights of Heav'n  
 Did I suspend thee. With compassion mov'd  
 Th' assembled Gods thy painful sufferings saw,  
 But help could yield thee none ; for whom I seiz'd  
 Hurl'd through the portal of the skies he reach'd  
 The distant Earth, and scarce surviv'd the fall.

\* The hurt received by Hector could not be less than extremely mortifying to Jupiter, because it was expressly on his encouragement, that Hector had expos'd himself to the danger of it. Such was that hero's confidence in the promise, that he resented the advice of Polydamas not only as contrary to his own opinion and inclination, but as an affront offered to the veracity of Jove.—V. See Book XII, l. 286.

Nor this suffic'd, but I resented still  
 The woes of Hercules, whom thou by storms,  
 Call'd with malicious purpose from the North,  
 Hadst driven devious o'er the barren Deep \*  
 To wealthy Cos; for I releas'd him thence,  
 And, after num'rous toils, at last he reach'd  
 The shores of fruitful Argos, sav'd by me.  
 I thus remind thee now, that thou mayst cease  
 Henceforth from artifice, and mayst be taught  
 How little all the dalliance and the love,  
 Which, stealing down from Heav'n, thou hast by fraud  
 Obtain'd from me, shall favour thy designs †.

\* ἐν ἀτρυγέστον πόντον.—Euripides in like manner calls the sea—  
*ἀνάγκιστα πῆλα.*

† The Translator seizes the opportunity afforded to him by this remarkable passage; to assure his readers, who are not readers of the original, that the discipline, which Juno is here said to have suffered from the hands of Jove, is not of his own invention. He found it in the original, and considering fidelity as his indispensable duty, has not attempted to soften or to refine away the matter. He begs that this observation may be adverted to as often as any passage shall occur, in which ancient practices or customs, not consonant to our own, either in point of delicacy or humanity, may be either expressed or alluded to.

He makes this request the rather, because on these occasions Mr. Pope has observed a different conduct, suppressing all such images as he had reason to suppose might be offensive.

The scourge of Jupiter, it should be remembered, is his lightning, according to that in the second book—*ἔρε τ' ἀμφὶ Τυφωῆϊ γαίαν*.

He ended, whom Imperial Juno heard  
Shudd'ring, and in wing'd accents thus replied:

Be witness Earth, the boundless Heav'n above,  
And Styx beneath, whose stream the blessed Gods  
Ev'n tremble to adjure; be witness too  
Thy sacred life, and our connubial bed,  
Which by a false oath I will never wrong,  
That Neptune, under influence none of mine,  
These harms inflicts on Hector and his host,  
But self-impell'd, and for compassion-sake  
Of the Achaians, all whose efforts vain  
To save their fleet from Trojan force he saw.  
But even Him, dread Ruler of the skies!  
I am prepar'd to admonish, that he quit  
The battle, and retire where thou command'st\*.

So she; then smil'd the Sire of Gods and men,

*judrey* an observation which I make merely to secure to the passage, coarse as it must otherwise seem to us, the dignity which properly belongs to it. The story is no figment of Homer's, but derived from the fabulous inventions, with which it was customary with the philosophers of antiquity to disguise what they knew of the operations of nature.

\* The oath of Juno is no better than an equivocation. She had not indeed expressly desired Neptune to engage in battle, but by laying Jove asleep she had co-operated with him; and furnished him with a fair opportunity to assist the Grecians. The terrors of Styx, therefore, seem not to have been directed against perjury in the qualified form of a quibble.

And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd \*:

Juno! wouldst thou on thy celestial throne  
Assist my counsels, howsoe'er in heart  
He differ now, the Ruler of the Deep  
Should soon conform to thy desires and mine.  
But if sincerity be in thy words  
And truth, repairing to the blest abodes,  
Send Iris hither, with the shaft-arm'd God,  
Apollo; that she, visiting the host  
Of Greece, may bid the sov'reign of the waves  
Renounce the fight, and seek his proper home.  
Apollo's part shall be to rouse again  
Hector to battle, to inspire his soul  
Afresh with courage, and to banish thence  
All mem'ry of the pangs he now sustains.  
Apollo also shall again repulse  
Achaia's host, which, with base panic fill'd,  
Shall even to Achilles' ships be driv'n.  
Achilles shall exhort his valiant friend  
Patroclus forth; him under Ilium's walls  
Shall glorious Hector slay; but many a youth  
Shall perish by Patroclus first, with whom,  
My noble son Sarpedon. Peleus' son,  
Resentful of Patroclus' death, shall slay

\* The cestus had not entirely lost its influence, or Jupiter would hardly have overlooked such palpable prevarication.—V.

Hector, and I will, unrelenting, drive  
 Thenceforth Troy's routed legions from the fleet,  
 Till by Minerva's aid the Greeks shall take  
 Ilium's proud city ; till that day arrive  
 My wrath shall burn, nor shall one Pow'r Divine  
 From me have licence to assist the Greeks,  
 For I will grant Achilles' whole desire.  
 Such was my promise to him at the first,  
 And by a nod confirm'd that self-same day,  
 When Thetis, suppliant at my knees, implor'd  
 Vindictive honours for her glorious son.

He ended ; nor his lovely spouse refus'd  
 Obedience, but from the Idæan heights  
 Departing, to the Olympian summit soar'd.  
 Swift as the trav'ler's thought, who, far from home,  
 Delib'rates wisely, shall I thither, next,  
 Or thither? and forecasts his whole return,  
 So swift updarted Juno to the skies\*.  
 Arriv'd on the Olympian heights, she found  
 The Gods assembled ; they, at once, their seats

\* Some commentators interpret the simile thus—As a man having travelled far, when he takes a retrospect of his journey, passes rapidly in his thought from stage to stage, so rapidly, &c. But the sense here given seems adapted to the most natural construction of the original. The scholiast too expounding the word *μενοινήσειε* says—*Μενοινήσειε* δηλονοτι ὁ ἀνὴρ πολλὰ μέρη τῆς γῆς, καὶ νοήσει ἐν οἷς ἔσται καὶ πορευσεται,—V. making his contemplation respect not the *past* but the *future*.

At her approach forsaking, with full cups  
Her coming hail'd; heedless of all beside,  
She took the cup from blooming Themis' hand,  
For she first flew to welcome her, and thus  
In accents wing'd of her return inquir'd :

Say, Juno, why this sudden reascent?  
Thou seem'st dismay'd : return'st thou by command  
Of Jove, thy terrible though wedded Lord ?

To whom the beauteous Goddess thus replied :  
Themis divine inquire not. Him thou know'st  
Proud and severe. But, as thy function bids,  
Go. Govern Thou the banquet. Thou shalt hear,  
Nor thou alone, but all, what dreadful ills  
He threatens ; such as neither all on Earth,  
Nor yet in Heav'n, shall unrepining learn,  
However tranquil some and joyous now.

So Juno spake and sat. The Pow'rs of Heav'n  
Offended heard ; and she with brows that spoke  
Sincere disgust, and lips that feign'd a smile,  
Her speech to all, indignant, thus began :

What senseless frenzy prompts us when incens'd  
Against him, we essay by word or deed  
To thwart Jove's purpose ! He, enthron'd apart,  
Nor fears nor heeds us, for himself he deems,  
Past all compare, superiour to us all.  
Endure ye, therefore, meekly at his hands



What ills soever. Mars, or I mistake,  
 Already suffers ; for the noble youth  
 Whom he acknowledges his son, and loves  
 Of all men most, Ascalaphus is slain\*.

She spake, and with expanded palms his thighs  
 Smiting, thus, sorrowful the God exclaim'd :  
 Inhabitants of the Olympian heights !  
 Oh bear with me, if, to avenge my son  
 I seek Achaia's fleet, although my doom  
 Be thunder-bolts from Jove, and with the dead  
 Outstretch'd to lie in carnage and in dust.

He spake, and bidding Horror and Dismay  
 Lead to the yoke his rapid steeds, put on  
 His all-refulgent armour. Then had wrath  
 More dreadful, some strange punishment befall'n  
 The Gods from Jove, had not Minerva, touch'd  
 With timely fears for all, upstarting sprung  
 From where she sat, right through the vestibule.  
 She snatch'd the helmet from his brows, the shield  
 From his broad shoulder, and the brazen spear,  
 Forced from his grasp, into its place restor'd.  
 Then reprimanding Mars, she thus began :

Frantic, delirious ! thou art lost for ever !

\* Ascalaphus is said by some to have been intombed in Samaria, which name they suppose compounded of the two Greek words *σημα* and *'Αρης*.—V.

Is it in vain that thou hast ears to hear,  
And hast thou neither shame nor reason left?  
Have Juno's words, who from Olympian Jove  
This moment hath arriv'd, no sound for thee?  
Or wouldst thou, countless evils first endur'd,  
Regain Olympus shamefully constrain'd,  
And here beget like evils to us all?  
For, Greeks and Trojans left, he will return  
To raise a storm in Heav'n, and neither guilt  
Shall 'scape his rage, nor innocence appease.  
Indulge not, therefore, this intemp'rate wrath  
For such a cause; thy son was brave indeed,  
But braver still than he now press the plain,  
Or quickly shall; for Gods themselves must yield  
Their human offspring to the stroke of Fate.

She said; and on his throne by force replac'd  
The stormy Mars. Then, summoning abroad  
Apollo from within the hall of Jove,  
With Iris, swift ambassadress of Heav'n,  
Imperial Juno gave them thus in charge:

Jove bids you seek him with your utmost speed  
On Ida's top. Go, therefore, and, arriv'd,  
Swerve not in aught from all that he commands.

She spake, and, to her throne returning, sat.  
They soon with sudden flight descending reach'd  
The mountain moist with river-feeding rills,

Parent of ~~savage~~ kinds. High on the point  
 Of Gargarus repos'd, and wrapp'd around  
 With fragrant clouds they found Saturnian Jove  
 The Thunderer, and in his presence stood.  
 He, nought displeas'd that they his high command  
 Had with such readiness obey'd, his speech  
 To Iris, first, in accents wing'd address'd :

Haste, Iris ! hence, and, faithful to thy charge,  
 Thus greet for me, the Sov'reign of the waves.  
 All interference in the fight renounc'd,  
 Command him either to the realms above,  
 Or to his own, the Deep. If he refuse,  
 And scorn my mandate, tell him he hath need  
 Consider well, with what sufficient pow'r  
 He will resist my fury once provok'd.  
 For I am elder-born, and boast an arm,  
 Which, little as he fears it, strikes with awe  
 And with astonishment all hearts beside\*.

He spake, nor storm-wing'd Iris disobey'd,  
 But down from the Idæan summit stoop'd  
 To sacred Ilium. As when snow or hail

\* The original word *στυγέει* signifies both to hate and to fear. The latter in this place, and the former, where, speaking of the realms of Pluto, the poet calls them

*Σμερδαλέ, εὐρώεντα, τὰ τε στυγέει θεοί περ.*

The double sense is natural ; for whom we fear much we are never far from hating.

Flies drifted by the cloud-dispelling North,  
So swiftly, wing'd with readiness of will,  
She shot the gulf between, and standing soon  
At glorious Neptune's side, him thus address'd:

Earth-circling Neptune! I report the words  
Of dread Olympian Jove, and thus he speaks:  
All interference in the fight renounc'd,  
He bids thee either to the realms above,  
Or to thy own, the Deep. If thou refuse,  
And scorn his mandate, thou hast need, he says,  
Consider well, with what sufficient pow'r  
Thou wilt resist his fury once provok'd.  
For he is elder-born, and boasts an arm  
Which, little as thou fear'st it, strikes with awe  
And with astonishment all hearts beside.

Her then the mighty shaker of the shores  
Answer'd indignant: Great as is his pow'r,  
Yet hath he spoken proudly, threat'ning me  
With force, high-born and glorious as himself.  
We are three brothers; Saturn is our sire.  
And Rhea brought us forth; first, Jove she bore;  
Me next; then, Pluto, sov'reign of the shades.  
By distribution tripart we receiv'd  
Each his peculiar honours; me the lots  
Made Ruler of the hoary floods, and there  
I dwell for ever. Pluto, for his part,

Receiv'd the realms of darkness ; and the Heav'ns,  
The clouds, and boundless ether, fell to Jove.

The Earth and the Olympian heights alike  
Are common to the three. My life and being  
I hold not, therefore, at his will, whose best  
And safest course, with all his boasted pow'r,  
Were to possess in peace his proper Third.

Let him not seek to terrify with force  
Me like a dastard ! let him rather chide  
His own-begotten ; with big-sounding words  
His sons and daughters govern, who perforce  
Obey his voice, and shrink at his commands\*.

To whom thus Iris tempest-wing'd replied:  
Harsh is thine answer, Sov'reign of the Deep !  
Shall I rehearse it in the ear of Jove,  
Or wilt thou soften it ? The just and wise

\* Saturn having learned from an oracle, that a son of his should dethrone him, devoured his sons as fast as they were produced ; but when Rhea brought forth Jupiter, she swaddled a stone, and having given it to Saturn to swallow, conveyed her infant to Crete, where she consigned him to the care of Themis and Amalthea, which Amalthea was a she-goat. The she-goat suckled the child, and the child, being grown, superseded his father, in the kingdom. The Titans on this occasion waging war with Jupiter, Themis advised him to use as a shield the skin of the goat that had suckled him, which, it seems, had the property of terrifying all who beheld her. The skin retaining this property, and Jupiter shielding himself with it, overcame the Titans accordingly. Hence he is called *Αἰγίοχος*, or *Ægis-bearing Jove*.—V.

Are flexible, and on the elder-born  
Erynnis, with her vengeful sisters, waits\*.

To whom the monarch of the sounding shores:  
Celestial Iris! messengers, who give  
Good counsel, well deserve especial praise,  
And such is thine. But thus my bosom swells  
With anguish ever, when I see him bent,  
To vex and irritate with bitter taunts  
Me his compeer, and by decree of Fate  
Illustrious as himself; yet, though inflam'd  
With just resentment, I will now retire.  
But hear—for it is treasur'd in my heart  
The threat that my lips utter. If he still  
Resolve to spare proud Ilium in despite  
Of me, of Pallas, Goddess of the spoils,  
Of Juno, Mercury, and the King of fire,  
And will not overturn her lofty tow'rs,  
Nor grant immortal glory to the Greeks,  
Then tell him thus—Hostility shall burn

\* So Ovid—

Quo quisque est major, magis est placabilis iræ :  
Et faciles motûs mens generosa capit.

The noblest minds oppose entreaty least,  
And wrath dies soonest in the gen'rous breast.

The furies were supposed the appointed avengers of all injury and irreverence by which the younger might offend the elder. This was one of the fences by which the ancients, always scrupulously attentive to the claims of seniority, guarded it from insult.

And wrath between us never to be quench'd.

He ceas'd, and, turning, plung'd into the Deep,  
Miss'd by the chiefs of all Achaia's host.

Then thus to Phœbus spake the Sire of all :

Now seek the valiant Hector, since, through fear  
Of my impending vengeance, Neptune quits  
The warring hosts, and to his deeps retires,  
Else, all the pow'rs beneath, where Saturn dwells,  
Had heard us loudly. But that he repents,  
Though furious at the first, and disappears,  
Is happiest for us both ; since grief to me  
And mis'ry to himself had else ensu'd,  
But, shaking thou my tassel'd Ægis, strike  
With terror, first, the heroes of the Greeks ;  
Then, making Hector thy peculiar care,  
Him clothe with power to chase them to the ships  
And to the shores of Hellespont. Thenceforth,  
To yield them worn with battle some relief  
And needful leisure, shall be my concern\*.

He ended, nor Apollo disobey'd  
His father's voice ; from the Idæan heights,  
Swift as the swiftest of the fowls of air,

\* For the cause mentioned in the last note Jupiter would not send Apollo on this errand, till Neptune had first withdrawn himself from the battle. For Neptune was the uncle of Apollo, and the interference of the nephew, though by command of Jove himself, would have been an indecorum.—V.

The dove-destroyer falcon, down he flew.

No longer stretch'd, but seated on the plain

He found the noble Hector newly ris'n,

Self-recollected, conscious of his friends,

• Nor panting, nor in sickly sweats dissolv'd,

But freshen'd into life, the gift of Jove.

Apollo reach'd him, stood, and thus inquir'd:

What troubles Hector, that he leaves his host,

Seems scarce to live, and sits sequester'd here?

To whom with difficulty thus replied

The warlike chief: But tell me, who art Thou,

Divine inquirer! best of pow'rs above!

Hast thou not learn'd, that Ajax, while I thinn'd

The Grecian ranks, assail'd me with a stone,

That smote my breast, and quell'd my pow'r in arms?

Nought less I fear'd than this day to have join'd

The ghosts beneath, so fast my spirit ebb'd.

But thus the Archer of the skies replied:

Arise, take courage; for from Ida's height

Jove sends thee Phœbus of the golden sword\*

To combat at thy side, whose constant care

Hath ever watch'd for Ilium's good and thine

\* Others say Phœbus of the golden *belt*, for the original word may signify either, and the following story is told in confirmation of this construction.

Mercury, the inventor of the lyre, stole the oxen of Apollo, who, by his skill in divination having detected the thief, threatened to



Lead, therefore, forth, this moment to the ships  
 Troy's num'rous charioteers ; for they shall pass  
 The trench with ease made level first by me,  
 Nor shall one Grecian hero dare the fight.

He said, and with new strength the chief inspir'd.  
 As some stall'd horse high-pamper'd, snapping short  
 His cord, beats under-foot the sounding soil,  
 Accustom'd in smooth-sliding streams to lave  
 Exulting ; high he bears his head, his mane  
 Wantons around his shoulders ; pleas'd, he eyes  
 His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees  
 Soon finds the haunts where all his fellows graze\*,  
 So swift, once quicken'd by that voice divine,  
 From side to side encouraging aloud  
 His charioteers, the nimble Hector flew.  
 But as when hounds and hunters through the woods

punish him. Mercury at that moment stole the bow also from his shoulder. Apollo, pleased at his dexterity, smiled and gave him his divining rod, whence he became entitled Mercury *of the golden rod*. Apollo having received from Mercury the lyre in return, was thenceforth denominated as above, from the golden belt by which he suspended it.—B. & V.

\* Some ancient critics admitted no more than the two first lines of this simile, from which they proceeded at once to the application—*So swift, once quicken'd*. They alleged, that however it may suit Paris, to whom we have seen it given, and who might fitly be compared to the horse for beauty, and elegance of form, for wantonness and self-admiration, it accommodates itself in none of these respects to Hector ; and the remark seems not unreasonable.—B. C. & V.

Rush in pursuit of antler'd stag or goat,  
He, in some cave with tangled boughs o'erhung,  
Lies safe conceal'd, no destin'd prey of theirs,  
Till, by their clamours rous'd, a lion grim  
Starts forth to meet them ; then the boldest fly ;  
Such hot pursuit the Danaï, with swords  
And spears of double edge long time maintain'd,  
But seeing Hector through his ranks again  
Proceeding, felt at once their courage fall'n.

Then, Thoas them, Andræmon's son, address'd,  
Ætolia's pride ; well-taught to wield the spear,  
In stationary combat firm and bold,  
And when the sons of Greece contending sought  
The prize of eloquence, surpass'd by few.  
Prudent advising them, he thus began :

Gods ! I behold a prodigy ; the slain  
From death deliver'd ; for that Hector died,  
Vanquish'd by Telamon's unconquer'd son,  
Seem'd manifest to all. But he revives  
By some assistant Deity restor'd,  
That still more num'rous victims of his force  
May this day perish ; such too plain appears  
The Thund'rer's pleasure, or he ne'er had stood  
Thus fiercely forth, and flam'd in front again.  
But let my voice prevail. Command ye back  
The useless multitude into the fleet,

That we alone, of courage well-approv'd,  
Stand ready to receive his first assault  
With lifted spears. To penetrate a host  
Of Greeks, all heroes, were a deed, I judge,  
Too rash for even Hector's self to dare.

He ceas'd, with whose advice all, glad, complied.  
Then Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete,  
Teucer, Meriones, and Meges fierce  
As Mars in battle, summoning aloud  
The noblest Greeks, in opposition firm  
To Hector and his host their bands prepar'd,  
While others all into the fleet retir'd.  
Troy's crowded host struck first\*. With awful strides  
Came Hector foremost; him Apollo led,  
His shoulders wrapp'd in clouds, and on his arm  
Bearing the tassell'd Ægis of his Sire,  
Tempestuous, dazzling-bright; it was a gift  
To Jove from Vulcan, and design'd t' appall,  
And drive to flight the armies of the Earth.  
Bearing that shield Apollo led them on.  
Firm stood th' embodied Greeks; from either host  
Shrill cries arose; the arrows from the nerve  
Leap'd, and, by vig'rous arms dismiss'd, the spears  
Flew frequent, in the flesh some stood infix'd

\* Τρωῆς δὲ πρῶτον ἔκταν ἀολλέες. The translation is literal, and affords one of many instances in which the Greek and English idiom correspond exactly.

Of warlike youths, but many, ere they reach'd  
 The mark they coveted, unsated fell  
 Between the hosts, and rested in the soil.  
 While Phœbus held the Ægis unemploy'd,  
 Thick flew the darts and mutual deaths they dealt;  
 But when he look'd the Grecian charioteers  
 Full in the face and shook it, raising high  
 Himself the shout of battle, then he quell'd  
 Their spirits, then he struck from ev'ry mind  
 At once all mem'ry of their might in arms.  
 As when two lions in the still dark night  
 A herd of beeves disperse, or num'rous flock,  
 Suddenly, in the absence of their guard,  
 So fled the heartless Greeks, for Phœbus sent  
 Terrours among them, but renown conferr'd  
 And triumph proud on Hector and his host\*.  
 Then, in the foul disorder of the field,  
 Man singl'd man. Arcesilaüs died  
 By Hector's arm, and Stichius; one†, a chief  
 Of the Bœotians brazen-mail'd, and one,  
 Menestheus' faithful foll'wer to the fight.

\* Two lions are introduced to correspond with the two conquerors  
 Apollo and Hector.—B. C. & V. The season is night, and the night  
 is dark, to increase the terror of the occasion. The attack is sud-  
 den, because the re-appearance of Hector was sudden and unexpect-  
 ed, and the herd is assaulted in the absence of the guard, because  
 Neptune was no longer present to assist the Grecians.—V.

† Arcesilaus.

Æneas Medon and Iäsus slew.

Medon was spurious offspring of divine

Oileus, Ajax' father, and abode

In Phylace; for he had slain a chief,

Brother of Eriopis the espous'd

Of brave Oileus; but Iäsus led.

A phalanx of Athenians, and the son

Of Sphehus son of Bucolus was deem'd.

Pierc'd by Polydamas Mecisteus fell.

Polites in the van of battle, slew

Echion, and Agenor Clonius;

But Paris, while Deïochus to flight

Turn'd with the routed rear, him pierc'd beneath

His shoulderblade, and urg'd the weapon through.

While them the Trojans spoil'd, mean-time the

Greeks,

Entangled in the foss, among the piles,

Fled ev'ry way, and through necessity

Repass'd the wall\*. Then Hector with a voice

Of loud command bade ev'ry Trojan cease

From spoil, and rush impetuous on the fleet.

And whom I find far ling'ring from the ships†,

\* Necessity occasioned by the active and personal interference of a God. The Grecians never fly but for such a reason.—V.

† This abruptness of transition from the third person to the first, follows the original. It is a mode of expression, says Quintilian, contrived on purpose to arrest the attention of the hearer, who feels himself startled by it, as if the speaker appeared before him.—C.

Wherever, there he dies ; no fun'ral fires  
Brother on him, or sister, shall bestow,  
But dogs shall rend him in the sight of Troy.  
So saying, he lash'd the shoulders of his steeds,  
And, through the ranks vociferating, call'd  
His Trojans on ; they, clamorous as he,  
All lash'd their steeds, and, menacing, advanc'd \*.  
Before them with his feet Apollo push'd  
The banks into the foss, bridging the gulf  
With pass commodious, both in length and breadth  
A lance's flight, for proof of vigour hurl'd.  
There, phalanx after phalanx, they their host  
Pour'd dense along, while Phœbus in the van  
Display'd the awful Ægis, and the wall  
Levell'd with ease divine. As, on the shore,  
Some idle boy with sand builds plaything walls,  
Then, sportive, spreads them with his feet abroad,  
So thou, shaft-arm'd Apollo ! that huge work  
Laborious of the Greeks didst turn with ease  
To ruin, and constrain their host to fly.  
They, thus enforc'd into the fleet, again  
Stood fast, with mutual exhortation each  
His friend encouraging, and all the Gods

\* The author representing Hector as lashing the *shoulders* of his steeds, gives us at one dash of his poetical pencil a figure worthy to employ that of Apelles. Bearing forward, through the eagerness and impetuosity of his spirit, the hero overhangs his horses, and is scarcely to be contained in his chariot.

With lifted hands soliciting aloud.  
But, more than all, Achaia's ancient guard,  
Nestor, devoutly pray'd, and with his arms  
Outstretch'd toward the starry skies, exclaim'd :

Jove, Sire of all ! if ever Grecian yet  
In corn-clad Argos, burning at thy shrine  
Fat thighs of sheep or oxen, ask'd from thee  
A safe return, whom thou hast gracious heard,  
Olympian King ! and promis'd what he sought,  
Now, in remembrance of it, give us help  
In this disastrous day, nor thus permit  
Their Trojan foes to tread the Grecians down !

So Nestor pray'd, and Jove's loud thunders roll'd  
Responsive to the old Neleian's pray'r.  
But when that voice of Ægis-bearing Jove  
The Trojans heard, more furious on the Greeks  
They sprang, all mindful of the fight. As when  
A turgid billow of some spacious sea,  
While the wind blows that heaves it highest, borne  
Sheer o'er the vessel's side, rolls into her,  
With such loud roar the Trojans pass'd the wall.  
In rush'd the steeds, and at the galley-sterns  
They wag'd close battle ; from their chariots these  
With spears, and from the decks of many a bark  
With naval poles of length enormous, those,  
Vast weapons shod with steel ; for ev'ry ship

Had such, for conflict ~~maritime~~ prepar'd.

Long as the battle only rag'd without  
The wall, and from the ships apart, so long  
Patroclus sat contentedly beside  
Eurypylus, with many a pleasant theme  
Soothing the gen'rous warrior, and his wound  
Sprinkling with drugs assuasive of his pains\*.  
But when he saw the Trojans rushing through  
The broken rampart, and the clamour heard  
And tumult of the flying Greeks, a voice  
Of loud lament he utter'd, with both palms  
Smote on his thighs, and, sorrowful, exclaim'd:

Eurypylus! although thy need be great,  
No longer may I now beside thee sit,  
Such contest hath aris'n; thy servant's voice  
Must sooth thee now, for I will hence in haste,  
To seek Achilles, and exhort him forth;  
Who knows? if such the pleasure of the Gods,  
I may prevail; friends rarely plead in vain.

So saying, he went. Mean-time the Greeks endur'd

\* Much stress, it is plain, was laid in those days on the amusing discourse of an agreeable friend, as well as on the skill of the physician, and with good reason. Since nothing more retards a cure, in any case, than dejection of spirits, which counteracts the efficacy of the prescription, by indisposing the patient to receive the benefit of it. Thus Menander observes

Ὡς ἰατρος εἰν ὁ λόγος ἀνθρώποις νοσῶν.—V.

There is a healing virtue in discourse.



The Trojan onset, firm, yet from the ships  
Repuls'd them not, though fewer than themselves;  
Nor could the Trojans through their dense array  
Once force a passage to the camp or fleet.  
But as the line divides the plank aright,  
Stretch'd by some naval architect, whose hand  
Minerva hath accomplish'd in his art,  
So stretch'd on them the cord of battle lay.  
Others at other ships the conflict wag'd,  
But Hector flew right on toward the ship  
Of glorious Ajax; for one ship they strove;  
Nor Hector, him dislodging thence, could fire  
The fleet, nor Ajax from the fleet repulse  
Hector, conducted thither by the Gods.  
Then, noble Ajax wounded in the breast  
Caletor, son of Clytius, bringing fire  
With which to burn his bark; he sounding fell,  
And from his loosen'd grasp down dropp'd the brand.  
But Hector seeing his own kinsman fall'n  
Beneath the galley's side, with mighty voice  
Call'd on the hosts of Lycia and of Troy:

Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons  
Of Dardanus, within this narrow pass  
Stand firm, retreat not, but redeem the son  
Of Clytius, lest the Grecians of his arms  
Despoil him slain in battle at the ships,

So saying, at Ajax his bright spear he cast.  
Him pierc'd he not, but Lycophron the son  
Of Mastor, a Cytherian, who had left  
Cytheræ, fugitive for blood, and dwelt  
With Ajax. Him at Ajax' side he pierc'd  
Above his ear; so wounded, from the stern  
Supine he fell, and in the dust expir'd.

Then, shudd'ring, Ajax to his brother spake :

Alas, my Teucer! we have lost our friend;  
Mastorides is slain, whom we receiv'd  
An inmate from Cytheræ, and with love  
And rev'rence even filial, entertain'd;  
By Hector pierc'd, he dies. Where slumber now  
Thy bow and deadly shafts, Apollo's gift\*?

He said, whom Teucer hearing, instant ran  
With bow and well-stor'd quiver to his side,  
Whence soon his arrows sought the Trojan host.  
Clytus, Pisenor's son, he struck, the friend  
And charioteer of Panthus' noble son,  
Polydamas, essaying with both hands  
o rule his fiery steeds; for more to please  
The Trojans and their chief, where stormy most  
He saw the battle, thither he had driv'n.  
But sudden mischief, valiant as he was,

\* The bow here signifies, as elsewhere in the case of Pandarus, not the instrument of battle itself, but skill in the use of it.—V.

Found him, and such as none could waft aside ;  
For in his neck behind the arrow plung'd,  
And down he fell ; his startled coursers shook  
Their trapping, and the empty chariot rang\*.  
That sound alarm'd Polydamas ; he turn'd,  
And flying to their heads, consign'd them o'er  
To Protiaön's son, Astynöüs,  
Whom he enjoin'd to keep them in his view,  
Then, turning, mingled with the van again.  
But Teucer still another shaft produc'd  
Design'd for valiant Hector, whose exploits  
(Had that shaft reach'd him) at the ships of Greece  
Had ceas'd for ever. But the eye of Jove,  
Who guarded Hector's life, slept not ; he took  
From Telamonian Teucer that renown,  
And while he stood straining the twisted nerve  
Against the Trojan, snapp'd it. Devious flew  
The steel-charg'd arrow, and he dropp'd his bow.  
Then, shudd'ring, to his brother thus he spake :  
Ah ! it is evident. Some Pow'r divine

\* The scholiast accounts for his being wounded *behind*, by a supposition, that, as soon as the chariots had entered, the drivers turned them short about, that they might face the Grecians fighting from the galleys. But Clarke is more pleased with the interpretation of Dacier, who sees nothing difficult in the case. A rash and head-strong youth urging on his fiery steeds in various directions, and with no purpose but to be noticed, might receive an arrow any where.—C.

Makes fruitless all our efforts, who hath struck  
My bow out of my grasp, and snapp'd the cord,  
With which I strung it new at dawn of day,  
That it might bear the bound of many a shaft.

To whom the tow'ring son of Telamon :  
Leave then thy bow, and let thine arrows rest,  
Which, envious of the Greeks, some God confounds,  
That thou mayst fight with spear and buckler arm'd,  
And animate the rest. Be such our deeds,  
That, should they conquer us, our foes may find  
Our ships at least a prize not lightly won.

So Ajax spake ; then Teucer, in his tent  
The bow replacing, slung his fourfold shield,  
Adjusted to his gallant brows his casque  
With hair high crested, waving, as he mov'd,  
Tremendous from above, took forth a spear  
Tough-grain'd, acuminated sharp with brass,  
And stood, incontinent, at Ajax' side.  
Hector perceiv'd the change, and of the cause  
Conscious, with echoing voice hail'd all his host :

Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons  
Of Dardanus, O now, my friends, be men,  
Now, wheresoever through the fleet dispers'd,  
Call into mind the fury of your might !  
For I have seen, myself, Jove rend'ring vain  
The arrows of their mightiest. Man may know

With ease the hand of interposing Jove,  
 And with what purpose ; whether to exalt  
 Or to depress, give strength or take away—  
 So, all his aid is, now, not theirs, but ours.  
 Therefore stand fast, and whosoever, gall'd  
 By arrow or by spear, dies—Let him die ;  
 Death for his country shall not slur his fame,  
 But his dear wife, his children after him,  
 His house and heritage shall be secure,  
 Drive but the Grecians from the shores of Troy\*.

So saying, he animated each. Mean-time,  
 Ajax his fellow-warriors thus address'd :

Shame on you all ! Now Grecians either die,  
 Or save at once your galleys and yourselves.  
 Hope ye, that should your ships become the prize

\* To inflame their zeal the more, he not only exhorts them to fight for their country, but analyzes that complex idea, and enumerates all the blessings and comforts comprised in it. In like manner, when after others had in vain essayed to move him, Cleopatra exhorts her husband Meleager to repel the besiegers of his city, she not only mentions the probable desolation of it if he refuses, but specifies and sets before him, in distinct enumeration, all the horrors of the occasion. Demosthenes also, though on a different subject, yet in a style very similar, that he may give his auditory a more adequate idea of the odious character of Midius, thus enlarges on it. *The man was a universal terror, and to such a degree were the people overawed by him, by his hardness and audacity, by the lewd companions who surrounded him, by his immense riches, and, in short, by all that belonged to him, that they even fled from his appearance.—V.*

Of Hector, ye shall reach your home on foot ?  
Or hear ye not his voice, how loud he calls  
His warriors on, and raves to fire the fleet ?  
Not to a dance, believe me, but to fight  
He calls them ; therefore wiser course for us  
Is none, than mingled battle, hand to hand .  
Die then at once, or live ; far better so,  
Than to be wasted fighting for the ships  
All day in vain, with an inferior foe.

He said, and by his words into all hearts  
Fresh confidence infus'd. Then Hector smote  
Schedius, a chief of the Phocensian pow'rs,  
And son of Perimedes ; Ajax slew,  
Mean-time, a chief of Trojan infantry,  
Laodamas, Antenor's noble son,  
While by Polydamas, a leader bold  
Of the Epeans, and Phylides' \* friend,  
Cyllenian Otus died. His fall the son  
Of Phyleus seeing, on the conqu'ror sprang,  
But, starting wide, Polydamas escap'd,  
Sav'd by Apollo, and his spear transpierc'd  
The breast of Cræsmus ; on his sounding shield  
He prostrate fell, and Meges stripp'd his arms.  
But Dolops him assail'd the while, brave son  
Of Lampus best of men and bold in fight,

\* Meges.

Offspring of king Laomedon ; he stood  
Full near, and through his middle buckler struck  
The son of Phyleus ; but his corslet thick  
With plates of scaly brass his life secur'd.  
That corslet Phyleus on a time brought home  
From Ephyre, where smooth Selleïs winds,  
And it was giv'n him for his life's defence  
In furious battle by the king of men,  
Euphetes. Many a time had it preserv'd  
Unharm'd the sire, and now it sav'd the son.  
Then Meges, rising, with his pointed lance  
The bushy crest of Dolops' helmet drove  
Sheer from its base ; new ting'd with purple bright  
Entire it fell, and mingled with the dust.  
While Dolops thus persisted, in the hope  
Of vict'ry, Menelaus to the aid  
Of Meges hasted ; spear in hand unseen  
He stood by Dolops ; through his back and breast  
And far beyond impell'd the stormy spear,  
And prone and lifeless in the dust he fell.  
At once both flew to strip his radiant arms.  
Then, Hector summoning his kindred, call'd  
Each to his aid, and Melanippus first,  
Illustrious Hicetaon's son, reprov'd.  
Ere yet the enemies of Troy arriv'd,  
He in Percote fed his wand'ring beeves,

But when the Danaï with all their fleet  
Came thither, then, returning, he outshone  
The noblest Trojans, dwelt at Priam's side,  
And was regarded by him as a son.  
Him Hector reprimanding, stern began :

Sleeps Melanippus ? Feels not even he  
For Dolops ? Mark how busily the Greeks  
Despoil thy breathless kinsman of his arms !  
Haste—follow me—close fight must now be wag'd,  
Or Ilium's lofty tow'rs this moment sink,  
And we, with all her citizens, are slain.

So saying he went, whose steps the godlike chief  
Attended ; and the Telamonian, next,  
Huge Ajax, animated thus the Greeks :

O friends, be men ! Deep treasure in your hearts  
An honest shame, and, fighting bravely, fear  
Each to incur the censure of the rest.  
Of men so minded more survive than die,  
While dastards forfeit life and glory both.

So mov'd he them, themselves already bent  
To chase the Trojans ; yet his word they bore  
In faithful mind, and with a wall of brass  
Secur'd the fleet, while Jove impell'd the foe,  
Then Menelaus, brave in fight, approach'd  
Antilochus, and thus his courage rous'd :

Antilochus ! than whom no Grecian here



Is younger, stronger, more alert in arms,  
Couldst thou not now, to please me, sally forth  
Into the field, and lay some Trojan low \* ?

He ended and retir'd ; but him his words  
Fill'd with fresh courage ; through his foremost rank  
He sprang to battle, with a wistful eye  
Survey'd the field, and hurl'd his glitt'ring spear.  
Back fell the Trojans daunted by the force  
Of such an arm ; nor vain the weapon flew,  
But Melanippus, Hicetaon's son,  
Hasting to battle, in his breast receiv'd  
The fatal steel. Precipitate he fell,  
And with his sounding armour smote the plain.  
Swift flew Antilochus as flies the hound  
Some fawn to seize, which issuing from her lair  
The hunter with his lance hath stricken dead,  
So thee, O Melanippus ! to despoil  
Of thy bright arms the son of Nestor flew,  
But not unnotic'd by the watchful eye

\* Some degree of friendship seems to have subsisted between Menelaus and Antilochus, and it may be accounted for perhaps from the vicinity of their respective countries.—V. The liberty taken with the Spartan Prince by Antilochus in the chariot-race seems to warrant this supposition, and not less the readiness with which the former pardons it, and the kindness of his manner too on that occasion. He even tells Antilochus, that he is the only one of all the Greeks, who should have affronted him in that degree with impunity.

Of noble Hector, who through all the war  
Ran to encounter him ; his dread approach  
Antilochus, although expert in arms,  
Stood not, but as some prowler of the wilds,  
Conscious of injury that he hath done,  
Slaying the watchful herdsman or his dog,  
Escapes, ere yet the peasantry arise,  
So fled the son of Nestor, after whom  
With hideous clamours Hector and his host  
Pour'd many a doleful dart ; but he arriv'd  
With his own band, and, turning, fac'd them all.  
Then, eager as voracious lions, rush'd  
The Trojans on the fleet ; fulfilment fierce  
Of Jove's command ! who ceas'd not to excite  
In them their utmost pow'rs, or to infuse  
Unmanly dread into the host of Greece.  
For Jove's unalter'd purpose was to give  
Success to Priameian Hector's arms,  
That he might cast into the fleet of Greece  
Devouring flames, and that no part might fail  
Of Thetis' ruthless pray'r ; that sight alone  
He watch'd to see, one galley in a blaze,  
Ordaining foul repulse, thenceforth, and flight  
To Ilium's host, but glory to the Greeks.  
Such was the cause for which, at first, he mov'd  
Hector to that assault, not slow himself

But ardent for the task; nor less he rag'd  
Than Mars while fighting, or than flames that seize  
Some forest on the mountain-tops; the foam  
Hung at his lips, beneath his awful front  
His keen eyes glisten'd, and his helmet mark'd  
The agitation wild with which he fought.  
For Jove omnipotent, himself, from Heav'n  
Assisted Hector, and, although alone  
He strove with numbers, gave him to attain  
The heights of glory, for that now his life  
Wan'd fast, and, urg'd by Pallas on, his hour  
To die by Peleus' mighty son approach'd.  
He then, wherever richest arms he saw  
And thickest throng, the warrior ranks assay'd,  
But, though resolv'd to break them, broke them not,  
In even square compact so firm they stood.  
As some vast rock beside the hoary Deep  
The stress endures of many a hollow wind,  
And the huge billows tumbling at his base,  
So stood the Danaï, nor fled nor fear'd.  
But he, all fiery-bright in arms, the host  
Assail'd on ev'ry side, and on the van  
Fell, as a wave by wint'ry blasts upheav'd  
Falls pond'rous on the ship; white clings the foam  
Around her, in her sail shrill howls the storm,  
And ev'ry seaman trembles at the view

Of thousand deaths from which he scarce escapes\*,  
Such anguish rent the bosom of the Greeks.

But he, as leaps a famish'd lion fell

On beeves that graze some marshy meadow's breadth

A countless herd, the care of one unskill'd

To cope with savage beasts in their defence,

Beside the foremost kine or with the last

He paces heedless, but the lion, borne

Impetuous on the midmost, one devours

And scatters all the rest, †so fled the Greeks

Dispers'd on ev'ry side before the arm

Of Hector, and before the frown of Jove.

All fled, but of them all alone he slew

The Mycenæan Periphetes, son

\* We are referred by the scholiast for the origin of the Greek expression in this place, to a saying of Anacharsis the Scythian, who having asked a seaman what thickness of plank was interposed between the ship's crew and the water, and being answered—four fingers, replied, such is the interval then between them and death.—V.

† This termination of the period, so little consonant to the beginning of it, follows the original, where it is esteemed by commentators a great beauty.—V. In the first of these two similes the poet begins with a comparison of Hector to a boisterous wave breaking over a ship, and finishes with comparing the terroure of the Greeks to that of the mariners. In the second, he again adapts his simile at first to Hector, whom he compares to a lion assailing a herd, but closes it with a comparison of the Greeks to the flying cattle. Two striking instances, not of the magnificence only, but of the rapidity and versatility too of Homer's genius, who thus makes both similes serve a double purpose.

Of Copreus custom'd messenger of king  
Eurystheus to the might of Hercules\*.  
From such a sire inglorious had arisen  
A son far worthier, with all virtue grac'd,  
Swift-footed, valiant, and by none excell'd  
In wisdom of the Mycenæan name;  
Yet all but serv'd to ennoble Hector more.  
For Periphetes, with a backward step  
Retiring, on his buckler's border trod,  
Which swept his heels; so check'd, he fell supine,  
And dreadful rang the helmet on his brows.  
Then was not Hector slow; he saw, he ran,  
He reach'd him, thrust a spear into his breast,  
And slew him in the presence of his friends.  
They mourn'd his fate, but help had none for him,  
Half-dead themselves through fear of Hector's arm.  
And now behind the barks which landing first  
Were station'd highest on the shelving shore  
The Greeks retir'd; in rush'd a flood of foes;  
Then, through necessity, those foremost barks  
Abandoning, amid the tents they stood  
Compact, not disarray'd, for shame and fear  
Held them, and each exhorted all, aloud.

\* Copreus was the herald of Eurystheus king of Argos, and bore the commands of his master to Hercules without the city, which, apprehensive of treachery or violence, he refused to enter.—B. & V.

But more than all, the guardian of them all,  
Gerenian Nestor, in their parents' name  
Implor'd them, falling at the knees of each :

O friends ! be men. Now dearly prize your place  
Each in the estimation of the rest.

Now call to memory your children, wives,  
Possessions, parents ; ye whose parents live,  
And ye whose parents are not, all alike !

By them, as if here present, I entreat  
That ye stand fast—O be not turn'd to flight !

So saying he rous'd the courage of the Greeks ;  
Then, Pallas chas'd the mist from Heav'n diffus'd  
O'er ev'ry eye ; great light the plain illum'd  
On all sides, both toward the fleet, and where  
The indiscriminating battle rag'd.

Then Hector might be seen, and Hector's host  
Distinct, as well the rearmost who the fight  
Shar'd not, as those who wag'd it at the ships.  
Nor, even now, could Ajax be content  
To mingle with the rest, who in retreat  
Sought safety, but from deck to deck with strides  
Enormous marching, to and fro he swung  
With iron studs emboss'd a battle-pole  
Unwieldy, twenty and two cubits long\*.

\* Ajax, it appears, was the only Greek who kept his station, for all others abandoning, as we have already seen, the foremost line of galleys, had retired behind them.

As one, expert to spring from horse to horse,  
 From many steeds selecting four, toward  
 Some noble city drives them from the plain  
 Along the populous road; him many a youth  
 And many a maiden eyes, while still secure  
 From steed to steed he vaults; they rapid fly;  
 So Ajax o'er the decks of num'rous ships  
 Stalk'd striding large, and sent his voice to Heav'n\*.  
 Thus, ever clamouring, he bade the Greeks  
 Stand both for camp and fleet. Nor Hector, now,  
 Enclos'd and hidden in his ranks remain'd,  
 But as the tawny eagle on full wing  
 Assails the feather'd nations, geese, or cranes,  
 Or cygnets grazing on the river's verge,  
 So right toward a sable galley sprang  
 The Trojan chief; whom, ceaseless, from behind,  
 With all his host, the Thund'rer urg'd along.  
 And now again the battle at the ships  
 Grew furious; thou hadst deem'd them of a kind  
 By toil untamable, so fierce they strove,  
 And, striving, thus they thought. The Grecians  
 judg'd

\* Four of equal height and well-matched in their paces; a precaution necessary in an enterprise of so much danger.—V. Some modern proficient in the art would have valued themselves much less on their performance, and perhaps would have profited much less by it, had the antiquity of the practice been known universally.

Hope vain, and the whole host's destruction sure;  
But nought expected ev'ry Trojan less  
Than to consume the fleet with fire, and leave  
Achaia's heroes lifeless on the field.  
With such persuasion occupied, they fought.

Then Hector seized the stern of a brave bark  
Well-built, sharp-keel'd, and of the swiftest sail,  
Which had to Troy Protesilaüs brought,  
But bore him never thence. For that same ship  
Contending, Greeks and Trojans hand to hand  
Dealt mutual slaughter. Javelins now no more  
Might serve, or arrows started from the bow.  
But, one mind ruling all, in closest fight,  
With axes, battle-axes, pond'rous swords,  
And shorten'd spears, they wag'd the desp'rate war.  
Many a huge-hilted falchion strew'd the plain,  
Some smitten from the grasp, some, still insheath'd  
In brightest steel, and from the shoulder hewn,  
And pools of blood soak'd all the sable glebe.  
Hector that ship once grappled by the stern  
Left not, but griping fast her upper edge  
With both hands, to his Trojans call'd aloud\*:

\* The poet's art in conducting Hector to this ship in particular is observable, as well as his motive for doing it. It was a ship deprived of its commander, and might therefore be fired with security to the honour of the other chiefs, who were employed each in the defence of his own.—B. & V.



Fire! Bring me fire! Stand close and urge the foe!  
Jove gives us now a day worth all the past;  
The ships are ours, which, in the Gods' despite  
Steer'd hither, have such sorrow caus'd to Troy,  
For which our tardy seniors most I blame,  
Who me withheld from battle at the fleet,  
And check'd the people; but if then the hand  
Of thunder-rolling Jove our judgement marr'd,  
Himself now urges and commands us—On.

He ceas'd; they still more violent assail'd  
The Græcians. Even Ajax could endure,  
Whelm'd under weapons numberless, that storm  
No longer, but, resolv'd on death, retir'd  
Down from the decks to an inferior stand,  
Where, planted on a sev'n-foot bench, he watch'd,  
And if a foe approach'd the ship with fire  
To burn it, he repuls'd him with his spear,  
Roaring continual to the host of Greece:

Friends! Grecian heroes! ministers of Mars!  
Be men, my friends! now summon all your might!  
Think we that we have thousands at our backs  
To succour us, or yet some stronger wall,  
To guard from hostile rage our wearied host?  
Not so. No tow'ring city is at hand,  
To which we may retreat, while others fill  
Our station here, but far from Argos' shore

Our camp is, where the Trojans arm'd complete  
Swarm on the plain, and Ocean shuts us in.  
Stand therefore. Fight, not flight, must save us now.

He said, and furious with his spear again  
Assail'd them ; and if any Trojan came,  
Obsequious to the will of Hector, arm'd  
With fire to burn the fleet, on his spear's point  
Ajax receiving wounded him, until  
Twelve died in conflict with himself alone.

## ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

Achilles at the suit of Patroclus, grants him his own armour, and permission to lead the Myrmidons to battle. They, sallying, repulse the Trojans. Patroclus slays Sarpedon; and Hector, when Apollo had first stripped off his armour, and Euphorbus wounded him, slays Patroclus.

## BOOK XVI.

SUCH contest for that gallant bark they wag'd.  
Mean-time Patroclus, standing at the side  
Of the illustrious chief Achilles, wept  
Fast as a crystal fountain from the height  
Of some rude rock pours down its rapid stream.  
Divine Achilles with compassion mov'd  
Mark'd him, and in wing'd accents thus began:  
    Why weeps Patroclus like an infant girl,  
That begs her mother, at whose side she runs,  
To lift her; pulls her mantle, checks her haste,  
And, weeping, pleads till she at last prevail?

Such childish tears, my friend, thy cheeks bedew.  
Say—bring'st thou tidings? and concern they most  
My people or myself? Hast thou, alone,  
Heard aught from Phthia? Still, as they affirm,  
Menœtius, son of Actor lives, and still  
Peleus Æacides; whom, were they dead,  
With cause sufficient we should both deplore.  
Or weep'st thou the Achaians at the ships  
Thus slaughter'd for their outrage done to me?  
Speak. Name thy trouble. I would learn the cause.

To whom, deep-sorrowing, thou didst reply,  
Patroclus!—Oh! Achilles, Peleus' son!  
Bear with my grief, thou noblest of the host!  
Since such distress hath on the Grecians fall'n.  
Our bravest chiefs lie wounded in the fleet,  
Some in close conflict, others from afar.  
Bold Diomedes, the son of Tydeus, bleeds,  
Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious chief,  
And Agamemnon suffer by the spear,  
And brave Eurypylus an arrow-point  
Bears in his thigh. These all, are now the care  
Of healing hands\*. Oh thou art pity-proof,

\* It seems an omission not easily accounted for, that Patroclus, dispatched by Achilles to the tent of Nestor expressly for the purpose of inquiring after Machaon, in the report that he makes of the wounded heroes at his return, is silent concerning him, and him

Achilles! be my bosom ever free  
 From anger such as harbour finds in thine,  
 Scorning all limits! whom, of men, unborn,  
 Hereafter wilt thou save, from whom avert  
 Disgrace, if not from the Achaians now?  
 Ah ruthless! neither Peleus thee begat,  
 Nor Thetis bore, but rugged rocks sublime,  
 And roaring billows blue gave birth to thee,  
 Who bear'st a mind that knows not to relent\*.  
 But, if some prophecy alarm thy fears,  
 If from thy Goddess-mother thou have aught

only. His design in this recital being to excite the compassion of Achilles, it was certainly much to his purpose, to take some notice of the hurt received by a person of so much importance to the others, who, in consequence of his wound, were likely to suffer longer by their own. Various reasons are assigned by the commentators, but all idle and unsatisfactory, one excepted; namely, that it is a stroke of poetical art, and that the design of it is to suggest an idea of the extreme distress of the messenger, which was such as to confuse his recollection, and cause him entirely to forget his errand.—B. & V.

The attentive reader will doubtless observe, that Patroclus neither begins with Agamemnon nor ends with him, but huddles him into the midst of the catalogue, and barely mentions him, lest the sound of a name so odious to Achilles should prove unpropitious to his solicitation.—C. & V.

\* Irascible as was the temper of Achilles, the poet yet represents him as patient of reproach, and of reproach not of the gentlest kind, when he received it from the lips of one whom he loved as he loved Patroclus.

Receiv'd, and with authority of Jove,  
Me send at least, me quickly, and with me  
The Myrmidons. A dawn of cheerful hope  
Shall thence, it may be, on the Greeks arise.  
Grant me thine armour also, that the foe,  
Thyself supposing present, may abstain  
From battle, and the weary Greeks enjoy  
Short respite; it is all that war allows.  
We, fresh and vig'rous, by our shouts alone  
May easily repulse an army spent  
With labour, from the camp and from the fleet.  
Such suit he made, and ask'd (ah rash and blind  
To future ill !) his own disastrous end.  
Then thus Achilles; sorrowful, replied :

Patroclus, noble friend ! what words are these ?  
Me neither prophecy that I have heard  
Holds in suspense, nor aught that I have learn'd  
From Thetis, with authority of Jove ;  
No—they are other griefs that torture me ;  
If one, in nought superiour to myself  
Save in his office only, should by force  
Amerce me of my merited reward—  
How then ? There lies the grief that stings my soul.  
The virgin chosen for me by the sons  
Of Greece, my just requital, whom I won  
By my own spear when I dismantled Thebes,

Her Agamemnon, leader of the host,  
From my possession wrung, as I had been  
Some alien wretch, unhonour'd and unknown.  
But let it pass; anger is not a flame  
To feed for ever; I affirm'd, indeed,  
Mine inextinguishable till the war  
Should thunder here, and reach me in my camp.  
But thou put on my glorious arms, lead forth  
My valiant Myrmidons, since such a cloud,  
So dark, of dire hostility surrounds  
The fleet, and the Achaians, by the waves  
Hemm'd in, are prison'd now in narrow space.  
Because the Trojans meet not in the field  
My dazzling helmet, therefore bolder grown  
All Ilium comes abroad; but had I found  
Kindness at royal Agamemnon's hands,  
Soon had they fled from whom ourselves endure  
Siege now, and with their bodies chok'd the streams.  
For in the hands of Diomede his spear  
No longer rages rescuing from death  
Th' afflicted Danaï, nor hear I more  
The voice of Agamemnon issuing harsh  
From his detested throat\*, but all around  
A shatter'd peal of savage Hector's cries

\* Homer's never-failing consistency deserves to be noticed. In

Calling his Trojans on; they loud insult  
 The vanquish'd Greeks, and claim the field their own.  
 Go therefore, my Patroclus! furious fall  
 On these assailants; even now preserve  
 From fire the only hope of our return.  
 But hear the sum of all; mark well my word;  
 So shalt thou glorify me in the eyes  
 Of all the Danaï, and they shall yield  
 Briseïs mine, with many a gift beside.  
 The Trojans from the fleet expell'd, return.  
 Should Juno's awful spouse such vict'ry once  
 Afford thee, be content; no farther press  
 The Trojans without me; for thou shalt add  
 Still more to the disgrace already mine.  
 Much less, by martial ardour urg'd, conduct  
 Thy slaught'ring legions to the walls of Troy,  
 Lest some Immortal pow'r on her behalf  
 Descend, for much the Archer of the skies  
 Loves Ilium. No- the fleet once sav'd, lead back  
 Thy band, and leave the battle to themselves.

his answer to the remonstrances of Ajax at the close of the ninth book Achilles says—

But at the very mention of the name  
 Of Atreus' son . . . . .  
 My bosom boils, . . . . .

Here he mentions it himself; but accompanies it with such terms of hatred and abhorrence, that we may well suppose he could not hear it patiently from the lips of another.



For O, by all the Pow'rs of Heaven I would,  
That not one Trojan might escape of all,  
Nor yet a Grecian, but that we, from death  
Ourselves escaping, might survive to spread  
Troy's sacred bulwarks on the ground, alone\*!

Thus they conferr'd. But Ajax overwhelm'd  
Mean-time with darts, no longer could endure,  
Quell'd both by Jupiter and by the spears  
Of many a noble Trojan; hideous rang  
His batter'd helmet bright, stroke after stroke  
Sustaining on all sides, and, weary grown  
Of griping fast and shaking long his shield,  
His hand and shoulder fail'd; yet could not all  
Displace him with united force, or move.  
Quick pantings heav'd his bosom, sweat distill'd

\* Eustathius informs us, that some of the ancients rejected this wish, with which Achilles concludes his answer, on account of its impossibility, and the extravagant ambition that it discovers. But their reasons were not good. For, in respect of *manners*, the poet constantly represents his hero, not such as he ought to have been, but such as he was reported; and as to the extravagance of it, it is not greater than Diomedes uses, when he declares, that, if all renounce the siege, himself and Sthenelus alone will continue it till Troy be taken.—Neither is Achilles represented, as some allege, so absurd as to wish, that, when all the Trojans as well as all the Greeks had perished, he and his friend might then acquire the victory alone; but he wishes the universal slaughter of both people, that himself and Patroclus only might survive to destroy the city.—C.

Profuse from all his limbs, nor found he time,  
However short, to breath again, so close  
Evil beset him round on evil heap'd.

Olympian Muses! now declare, how first  
The fire was kindled in Achaia's fleet?

With his huge falchion Hector, drawing nigh  
To Ajax, of its brazen point disarm'd  
His ashen beam; for close behind the neck  
He lopp'd it, and the Telamonian chief  
Brandish'd his mutilated spear in vain,  
Whose bright point tinkling struck the ground remote.

Then Ajax in his noble mind perceiv'd  
Shudd'ring with awe, the interposing pow'r  
Of Heav'n, and that, propitious to the arms  
Of Troy, the Thund'rer purpos'd to rescind  
And frustrate all the counsels of the Greeks.  
He left his stand; they fir'd the gallant bark;  
Swift ran the flames; all soon was in a blaze  
From end to end. And thus that bark was fir'd.  
Achilles saw it, smote his thighs, and said:

Patroclus, noble charioteer, arise!  
I see the rapid run of hostile fires  
Already in the fleet—lest all be lost,  
And our return impossible. Arm, arm  
This moment, I will call, myself, the band.  
Then put Patroclus on his radiant arms.

Around his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd,  
With argent studs secur'd; the hauberk rich  
Star-spangled of Æacides the swift  
Brac'd to his bosom; slung his brazen sword  
With silver haft adorn'd and his broad shield;  
Adjusted to his gallant brows his casque  
Hair-crested, waving terribly aloft,  
And with two spears well chosen fill'd his grasp.  
Of all Achilles' arms his spear alone  
He took not; that huge beam, of bulk and length  
Enormous, none, Æacides except,  
In all Achaia's host had pow'r to wield\*.  
It was that Pelian ash, which, from the top  
Of Pelion hewn, that it might prove the death  
Of heroes, Chiron had to Peleus giv'n.  
He bade Automedon his steeds in haste  
Bind to the chariot; for him most he lov'd  
Next to Achilles' self, as worthiest found  
Of trust, what time the battle loudest roar'd†.

\* The commentators assign as the true reason why Patroclus took not with him the spear of Achilles, that, being a wooden weapon, had that also been lost together with his armour, it could not have been replaced by Vulcan, the materials of whose art were all of the metallic kind, who was a smith and not a turner.—B. & V. But Homer himself has given us a better reason, and one which makes all others impertinent.

† While Patroclus lived, Automedon was not the charioteer of Achilles; but he serves in that office now, because Patroclus himself is going forth to battle.—N.

Automedon led forth the fiery steeds  
Swift as wing'd tempests to the chariot-yoke,  
Xanthus and Balius. Them the harpy bore  
Podarge, while in meadows green she fed  
On Ocean's verge, to Zephyrus the wind.  
To these he added, at their side, a third  
The noble Pedasus; him Peleus' son,  
Eëtion's city taken, thence had brought,  
Though mortal, not ill-match'd with steeds divine\*.  
Mean-time from ev'ry tent Achilles call'd  
And arm'd his Myrmidons. As wolves that gorge  
The prey yet panting, terrible in force,  
When on the mountains wild they have devour'd  
An antler'd stag new-slain, with bloody jaws  
Troop all at once to some clear fountain, there  
To lap with slender tongues the brimming wave;  
No fears have they, but at their ease eject  
From full maws flatulent the clotted gore,  
Such seem'd the Myrmidon heroic chiefs  
Assembling fast around the valiant friend  
Of swift Æacides. Amid them stood

\* Yet according to the scholiast somewhat slower-footed than they, and added at their side for this reason; for the immortal coursers, the poet himself tells us, were managed with difficulty by any other than Achilles; the addition therefore of a third, to counteract in some degree their ungovernable fire, is not unseasonable, since now they have a mortal driver.—V.

Warlike Achilles, the well-shielded ranks  
Encouraging, and charioteers\*, to war.

The ships to Ilium steer'd by Peleus' son  
Were fifty; fifty rowers sat in each,  
And five, in whom he trusted, o'er the rest  
He captains nam'd, but rul'd, himself, supreme†.  
One band Menestheus swift in battle led,  
Offspring of Sperchius heav'n-descended stream.  
Him Polydora, Peleus' daughter, bore  
To ever-flowing Sperchius, compress'd,  
Although a mortal woman, by a God.  
But his reputed father was the son  
Of Perieres, Borus, who with dow'r  
Enrich'd, and made her openly his bride‡.

\* The *innes*, here are understood to mean not the horses themselves, but their drivers; the sense therefore is, that he exhorted both the horse and foot to battle.—V.

† It is to be observed, that the rowers only are mentioned; and this is the observation of Aristarchus in answer to those critics who expressed some wonder, that since the poet misses no opportunity in general of magnifying Achilles, he should not have ascribed to him a more numerous people. The rowers, he says, in each ship were fifty, but the number of the rest is left unascertained, that, being indefinite, it may seem the larger.—V.

‡ Some say the daughter of another Peleus, others the spurious sister of Achilles; by which circumstance they account for the poet's silence hitherto concerning her, as well as for the foremost place being assigned to her son Menestheus, in this enumeration. Pelorus the giant was said to be the real father of Menestheus, who watching the season when Polydora bathed in the river Sperchius, seized that opportunity to embrace her.—V.

VOL. II.

K

Warlike Eudorus led the second band.  
Him Polymela, graceful in the dance,  
Daughter of Phylas bore, but bore by stealth,  
A mother unsuspected of a child.  
Her worshipping the golden-shafted Queen  
Diana, in full choir, with song and dance,  
The valiant Argicide beheld and lov'd.  
Ascending with her to an upper room,  
All-bounteous Mercury clandestine there  
Embrac'd her, who a noble son produc'd,  
Eudorus, swift to run, and bold in fight.  
No sooner Ilithya, arbitress  
Of pangs puerperal, had giv'n him birth,  
And he beheld the beaming sun, than her  
Echechleus, Actor's mighty son, enrich'd  
With countless dow'r, and led her to his home;  
While ancient Phylas, cherishing her boy  
With fond affection, rear'd him as his own.  
The third, Pisander, mighty warrior led,  
Offspring of Maimalus; he far excell'd  
In spear-fight every Myrmidon, the friend  
Of Peleus' dauntless son alone except.  
The hoary Phœnix of equestrian fame  
The fourth band led to battle, and the fifth  
Lærcæus' offspring, bold Alcimedon.  
Thus, all his bands beneath their proper chiefs

Marshall'd, Achilles gave them strict command—

Myrmidons! all that vengeance now inflict,  
Which in this fleet ye ceas'd not to denounce  
Against the Trojans while my wrath endur'd.

Me censuring, ye have proclaim'd me oft  
Obdurate. O Achilles! ye have said,  
Thee not with milk thy mother but with bile  
Suckled, who hold'st thy people here in camp  
Thus long imprison'd. Unrelenting chief!  
Conduct us in our winged barks again  
To Phthia, since thou canst not be appeas'd—  
Thus in full counsel have ye spoken oft.

Now, therefore, since a day of glorious toil  
At last appears, such as ye have desir'd,  
There lies the field—go—give your courage proof.

So them he rous'd, and they, their leader's voice  
Hearing elate, to closest order drew.

As when an architect some palace wall  
With shapely stones erects, cementing close  
A barrier against all the winds of Heav'n,  
So wedg'd the helmets and boss'd bucklers stood;  
Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man, and shield,  
And ev'ry bright-arm'd warrior's bushy crest  
Its fellow swept, so dense was their array.

In front of all, two chiefs their station took,  
Patroclus and Automedon; one mind

In both prevail'd, to combat in the van  
Of all the Myrmidons. Achilles, then,  
Retiring to his tent, displac'd the lid  
That clos'd a curious chest by Thetis plac'd  
On board his bark, and fill'd with tunics, cloaks,  
And fleecy arras; it contain'd beside  
A cup embellish'd with laborious art,  
From which no prince libation ever pour'd,  
Himself except, and he to Jove alone.  
That cup producing from the chest, he first  
With sulphur fum'd it, rins'd it next with lymph  
Pellucid of the running stream, and, last,  
(His hands clean lav'd) he charg'd it high with wine.  
And now, advancing to his middle court,  
He pour'd libation, and with eyes to Heav'n  
Uplifted pray'd, of Jove not unobserv'd:  
Pelagian, Dodonæan Jove supreme,  
Dwelling remote, who on Dodona's heights\*  
Snow-clad reign'st sov'reign, compass'd by thy seers

\* Dodona was a city of Pelagian Thesprotia, in which was an oak, and within that oak an oracle attended by a priestess. On the arrival of those who came to consult the oracle, the oak shook and uttered a sound, which was interpreted by the priestess saying—*Thus speaks Jupiter*. Above the oracle stood a statue of a man holding a rod, and at his side a brazen vessel, which the statue striking with the rod, produced from it a sort of tinkling music, which the priestess in like manner expounded.—V.



The Selli, prophets by their vow constrain'd  
To unwash'd feet and slumbers on the ground\*!  
I plainly see my former pray'r perform'd,  
Myself exalted, and the Greeks abas'd.  
Now also this request vouchsafe me, Jove!  
Here, in my fleet, I shall myself abide,  
But lo! with all these Myrmidons I send  
My friend to battle. Thunder-rolling Jove  
Send glory with him, make his courage firm!  
That even Hector may himself be taught,  
If my companion have a valiant heart  
When he goes forth alone, or only then  
The noble frenzy feel that Mars inspires,  
When I rush also to the glorious field.  
But soon as from the ships he shall have driv'n  
The battle, grant him with his arms complete,  
None lost, himself unhurt, and all my band  
Of dauntless warriors with him, safe return!  
Such pray'r Achilles offer'd, and his suit  
Jove hearing, part confirm'd, and part refus'd;

\* The Selli—so called from Sellus the Thessalian, from whom they descended. Their abstinence from the bath was probably, as well as their sleeping on the ground, a voluntary mortification. But some say that they never washed their feet, because never leaving the temple, they had no need. Others that they were a race addicted to war, and hardened themselves on that account by these austerities.—B. & V.

To chase the dreadful battle from the fleet  
He gave him, but vouchsaf'd him no return.  
Pray'r and libation thus perform'd to Jove  
The Sire of all, Achilles to his tent  
Return'd, replac'd the goblet in his chest,  
And anxious still that conflict to behold  
Between the hosts, stood forth before his tent.

Then rush'd the bands by brave Patroclus led,  
Full on the Trojan host. As wasps forsake  
Their home by the way-side, provok'd by boys  
Disturbing inconsiderate their abode,  
Not without nuisance sore to all who pass,  
For if, thenceforth, some traveller unaware  
Annoy them, issuing one and all they swarm  
Around him, fearless in their broods' defence,  
With courage fierce as theirs forth rush'd a flood  
Of Myrmidons all shouting to the skies,  
Whom with loud voice Patroclus thus harangu'd:

O Myrmidons, attendants in the field  
On Peleus' son, now be ye men, my friends!  
Call now to mind the fury of your might;  
That even from the courage of his train  
The chief most excellent in all the camp  
May glory reap, and that the king of men  
Himself may learn his fault, when he denied

All honour to the prime of all his host\*.

So saying he fir'd their hearts, and on the van  
Of Troy at once they fell ; loud shouted all ,  
The joyful Grecians, and the navy rang.  
Soon as the Trojans then that sight beheld,  
The brave Patroclus and his charioteer  
Arm'd dazzling bright, fear seiz'd on ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry phalanx quak'd, believing sure,  
That, wrath renounc'd, and terms of friendship chos'n,  
Achilles' self was there ; then, ev'ry eye  
Look'd round for refuge from impending fate.

Patroclus first, where most confus'd they swarm'd  
Around Protesilaüs' burning bark  
Hurl'd at the multitude his glitt'ring spear,  
He smote Pyræchmès, the Pœonian chief,  
Who led from Amydon on Axius' side  
His crested warriors. In his shoulder stood  
The spear, and with loud groans supine he fell.  
At once fled all his foll'wers on all sides  
With consternation, at the sight of him,  
Their noblest warrior, by Patroclus slain.  
Forth from the fleet he drove them, quench'd the  
flames,

\* It is not ill observ'd by the scholiast, that the poet here represents the character of Patroclus in a most amiable light, who, though he had charged Achilles with obduracy to his face, in his absence makes his apology.—V.

And rescu'd half the ship. Then scatter'd fled  
With infinite uproar the host of Troy,  
While from between their ships the Danaï  
Pour'd after them, and hideous rout ensu'd.  
As when the King of lightnings, Jove, dispels  
From some huge eminence a gloomy cloud,  
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights  
Shine all, illumin'd from the boundless Heav'n,  
So, when the Greeks had sav'd the ships from fire,  
Some ease they found; but still the battle lour'd,  
For not to flight, but to retreat alone  
They had compell'd the Trojans, who remain'd  
Still undispers'd, and meant resistance still.  
Then, in that scatter'd warfare, ev'ry chief  
Slew one. Menœtius' noble offspring first  
Reach'd, as he fled, with sudden spear the thigh  
Of Areïloclus; right through his bone  
The weapon pass'd; he headlong smote the ground:  
The hero Menelaüs, where he saw  
The breast of Thoas by his slanting shield  
Unguarded, struck and stretch'd him at his feet.  
Phylides\*, meeting with preventive spear  
The furious onset of Amphiçlus, gash'd  
His leg below the knee, where brawny most  
The muscles swell in man; disparted wide

\* Meges.

The tendons shrank, and darkness veil'd his eyes\*,  
Of Nestor's sons, the youngest, first, assail'd  
Atymnius, whom wounded in the flank  
He stretch'd before him; Maris saw his fall,  
And, starting to avenge his brother's fate,  
Stood forth between the slayer and the slain.  
But godlike Thrasymedes† wounded first  
Maris, ere he Antilochus; he pierc'd  
His upper arm, and with the lance's point  
Rent off and stripp'd the muscles to the bone.  
Sounding he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
They thus, two brothers by two brothers slain,  
Went down to Erebus, associates both  
Of brave Sarpedon, and spear-practis'd sons  
Of Amisodarus, who day by day  
That public pest, the huge Chimæra fed.  
Ajax the swift on Cleobulus sprang,  
Whom, while he toil'd entangled in the crowd,  
He seiz'd alive, but smote him where he stood

\* By some it has been objected, that a wound of this sort, a muscular wound merely, however painful it might be, would not be immediately mortal; but others allege, that the muscles consisting of nerves, and those nerves communicating with the brain, the divided veins and arteries likewise having connexion with the heart, by consent of parts and profuse hemorrhage, the person so wounded might instantly expire.—V.

† Brother of Antilochus.

With his huge-hafted sword full on the neck ;  
The blood warm'd all his blade, and ruthless fate  
Benighted dark the dying warrior's eyes.  
Peneleus into close contention rush'd  
And Lycon. Each had hurl'd his glitt'ring spear,  
But each in vain, and now with swords they met.  
He smote Peneleus on the crested casque,  
But snapp'd his falchion ; him Peneleus smote  
Beneath his ear ; the whole blade ent'ring sank  
Into his neck, and Lycon, with his head  
Depending by the skin alone, expir'd.  
While Acamas his steeds for flight prepar'd,  
Meriones with quick preventive force  
Pierc'd his right shoulder. From his chariot thrust  
He smote the ground, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
With ruthless force his spear the Cretan chief  
Right through the mouth of Erymas impell'd.  
His brain it spar'd, but, 'sev'ring in its course  
The jointed neck-bone\*, started forth beyond.  
It wrench'd his teeth, his eyes with blood suffus'd,  
And through his nostrils and his open mouth  
He pour'd the sanguine stream, till death, at length,  
With sable shades enwrapp'd him all around.  
Thus slew these Grecian leaders, each, a foe.

\* Apollonius says that the *ὀστέα λευκά* here mean the *σπονδυλούς*, or vertebræ of the neck.—V.

Furious as hungry wolves the kids assail  
Or lambs, which haply some unheeding swain  
Hath left to roam at large the mountains wild ;  
They, seeing, snatch them from beside the dams,  
And rend with ruthless haste the feeble prey,  
So swift the Danaï assail'd the host  
Of Ilium ; they, into tumultuous flight  
Together driv'n, all hope, all courage lost.

The tow'ring Ajax wish'd but to dismiss  
A spear at Hector, whom with constant eye  
The hero watch'd. But Hector, not untaught  
The warrior's art, with bull-hide buckler stood  
Shelt'ring his ample shoulders, so to 'scape  
Unharm'd by whistling shaft or sounding spear.  
Full sure he saw the shifting course of war  
Now turn'd, yet even so fled not, in hope  
To rescue yet the remnant of his friends.

As when the Thund'rer spreads a sable storm  
O'er ether, late serene, the cloud that wrapp'd  
Olympus' head escapes into the skies,  
So fled the Trojans from the fleet of Greece  
Vociferous in their flight, nor pass'd the trench  
Smoothly or unannoy'd ; the rapid steeds  
Of Hector him indeed bore safely through  
With all his arms ; but in the hollow foss  
Impassable to them his host he left.

Then many a chariot-whirling steed, the pole  
Broken at its extremity, forsook  
His driver, while Patroclus with the shout  
Of battle calling his Achaians on,  
Left not a Trojan, in his thoughts, alive\*.  
They, once dispers'd, with clamour and with flight  
Fill'd all the ways; the dust beneath the clouds  
Hung like a tempest, and from camp and fleet  
Back flew at stretch the coursers to the town.  
Patroclus, where most tumult he perceiv'd  
Drove thither, menacing the foe aloud,  
While under his own axle many a chief  
Fell prone, and the o'ertumbled chariots rang.  
Right o'er the hollow foss the coursers leap'd  
By the immortal Gods to Peleus giv'n,  
Impatient for the plan, nor less desire  
Felt he who drove to smite the Trojan chief,  
But him his fiery steeds caught swift away†.

\* Spondanus here exclaims very unnecessarily—Ah, Homer! where is now your Jupiter, by whose aid the Trojans lately conquered? Has he too fled with Hector?—forgetting that this change was the very purpose of Jupiter, and that he had himself foretold it.—C.

† But how did Hector escape, whose steeds were not equal to such a leap, and why did not Patroclus follow him? He escaped by the way he entered, which Apollo had made for him, levelling the foss; and Patroclus did not pursue him, because he could not neglect the host and give his attention to their commander only.—V.



As when a tempest from autumnal skies  
Floats all the fields, what time Jove heaviest pours  
Impetuous rain, in token of his wrath  
Against perverters of the laws by force,  
Who drive forth justice, reckless of the Gods ;  
The rivers and the torrents, where they dwell,  
Sweep many a green declivity away,  
And, groaning, plunge at length into the Deep  
From the hills headlong, leaving where they pass'd  
No traces of the pleasant works of man,  
So, flying homeward, groan'd the steeds of Troy\*.  
And now, their foremost intercepted all,  
Patroclus back again toward the fleet  
Drove them precipitate, nor the ascent  
To Troy permitted them, for which they strove,  
But in the midway space between the ships  
The river and the lofty Trojan wall  
Pursu'd them ardent, slaught'ring whom he reach'd,  
And well avenging many a Grecian slain.  
First then, with glitt'ring spear he pierc'd the breast

\* The poet seizes the opportunity which this tremendous simile affords him to inculcate on the minds of magistrates a lesson of truth and equity ; but the main scope of the comparison is merely to illustrate the painful and laborious flight of the chariots toward the city.—B. C. & V.

The word *groaning* may appear to some readers too bold a metaphor when applied to water, but it is Homer's metaphor, and the application of the simile to its object entirely depends upon it.

Of Pronoüs, undefended by his shield,  
And stretch'd him dead; loud rang his batter'd arms.  
The son of Enops, Thestor next he smote.  
He in his chariot with his body bent  
Sat cower'd low, a fear-distracted form,  
And from his palsied grasp the reins had fall'n.  
Then came Patroclus nigh, and through his cheek  
His teeth transpiercing, drew him by his lance  
Sheer o'er the chariot-front. As when a man  
On some projecting rock advanc'd, with line  
And splendid hook draws forth a sea-fish huge,  
So him wide-gaping from his seat he drew  
At his spear-point, then shook him to the ground  
Prone on his face, where gasping he expir'd.  
At Eryalus\*, next, with eager force  
He hurl'd a stone; full on the middle front  
It smote him, and within the pond'rous casque  
His whole head open'd into equal halves.  
With deadliest night surrounded, prone he fell.  
Epaltès, Erymas, Amphoterus,  
Echius, Tlepolemus Damastor's son,

\* The English reader will be pleased to observe, that in this proper name the *a* is made long in the translation, being long in the original. But critics have asked how could he kill this Trojan with a stone, being himself in his chariot? By other critics therefore he is said to have dismounted, though the poet takes no notice of his doing so.—V.

Evippus, Ipheus, Pyres, Polymelus,  
 All these he on the champaign, corse on corse  
 Promiscuous flung. Sarpedon, when he saw  
 Such havock made of his uncinctur'd \* friends  
 By Menœtiades, with sharp rebuke  
 His band of godlike Lycians loud address'd :

Shame on you, Lycians ! whither would ye fly ?  
 Take heart, for I will meet this conqu'ring chief  
 Myself, and learn to whom the Trojans owe  
 Such num'rous ills, so many valiant slain.

So saying, to the ground all-arm'd he leap'd.  
 Patroclus also on the other side  
 Leap'd from his chariot. As two vultures fight  
 Bow-beak'd, crook-talon'd, on some lofty rock  
 Clanging their plumes, so they together rush'd  
 With dreadful cries ; whose conflict when the son  
 Of wily Saturn saw, with pity mov'd  
 His sister and his spouse he thus bespake :

Alas for my beloved son, my own  
 Sarpedon ! whom the Fates ordain to die,  
 Slain by Patroclus ! Yet my doubtful mind  
 With equal force two purposes impel,

\* *Ἀμυροχίτωνας* is a word, according to Clarke, descriptive of their peculiar habit. Their corslet, and the mail worn under it, were of a piece, and put on together. To them therefore the cincture or belt of the Greeks was unnecessary.

Or to replace him snatch'd from furious fight,  
In Lycia's wealthy realm, or to permit  
His fall, in conflict with Patroclus, now.

To whom, displeas'd, his awful spouse replied :  
How speaks the terrible Saturnian Jove ?  
Wouldst thou again from pangs of death exempt  
A mortal man, ordain'd long since to die !  
Do it. But small thy praise shall be in Heav'n.  
Mark thou my words, and in thy inmost breast  
Repose them. If thou send Sarpedon safe  
To his own home, how many Gods *their* sons  
May also send from battle ? Weigh it well.  
For under yon great city fight no few  
Sprung from the Gods, whom thou shalt much provoke\*.  
But if thou love him, and thine heart his lot  
Commis'rate, let him perish by the hands  
Of Menœtiades in furious fight,  
But give command to Death and gentle Sleep,  
That they convey him, soon as he expires,  
To Lycia's ample realm, where, with due rites  
Funereal, his next kindred and his friends  
Shall honour him, a pillar and a tomb

\* Such as Ialmenus sprung from Mars, Menestheus from Sperchius, Eudorus from Mercury, Achilles from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus ;—V. with many others.

(The dead man's portion) rearing to his name\*.

She said, from whom the sire of Gods and men  
Dissented not, but on the earth distill'd  
A sanguine show'r in honour of a son  
Dear to him, whom Patroclus on the field  
Of Troy should slay, from Lycia far remote.

And now, for conflict fierce prepar'd, they met.  
Patroclus in his nether bowels pierc'd  
The Lycian hero's friend and charioteer,  
Brave Thrasymelus. Sinking, he expir'd.  
Sarpedon, next, sent forth his glitt'ring spear.  
It miss'd Patroclus, but with mortal force  
Pierc'd the right shoulder of Achilles' steed,  
Fleet-footed Pegasus; he groaning heav'd  
His spirit forth, and fallen on the field  
In long loud moanings breath'd his life away.  
Wide flew the startled pair, perplex'd the reins,  
And wrung the creaking yoke, their fellow slain,

\* Zenodotus expunged this whole conference between Jupiter and Juno, because no previous mention is made of her return to Ida, which she left so lately. But the scholiast vindicates the passage by observing, that it is frequent with Homer to pass silently over such matters as may be collected by inference. The return of the Goddess is a circumstance of that sort, and understood by necessary implication.—V.

The scholiast observes, that Juno's generous concession well becomes her, and that she grants to Sarpedon only what will be useless to him.—V.

And at their side extended in the dust.  
But, with his falchion from beside his thigh  
Drawn swiftly forth, Automedon at once  
The side-rein sev'ring, settled them aright  
Between their traces, and with mutual hate  
And fury fir'd the chiefs engag'd again.

Again Sarpedon with successless aim  
Design'd Patroclus; for his erring spear  
O'er his left shoulder flew. But, in return,  
No faithless spear forsook Patroclus' hand,  
For in their pectoral recess enclos'd  
It reach'd the vitals nearest to the heart.  
As falls a poplar, oak, or lofty pine,  
With new-edg'd axes on the mountains hewn  
Right through, for structure of some gallant bark,  
So fell Sarpedon stretch'd before his steeds,  
And gnash'd his teeth, and clutch'd the bloody dust.  
And as a lion slays a tawny bull  
Leader magnanimous of all the herd;  
Beneath the lion's jaws he groaning dies;  
So, leader of the shielded Lycians, groan'd  
Indignant, by Patroclus slain, the bold  
Sarpedon, and his friend thus, sad, bespake\* :

\* It is observed by the commentator on this passage, that persons wounded in the chest breathe, for a time, with extraordinary force, and die not but by loss of blood; whence it follows that Sarpedon,

Glaucus, my friend, among these warring chiefs  
 Thyself a chief illustrious! thou hast need  
 Of all thy valour now, now strenuous fight,  
 And, if thou bear within thee a brave mind,  
 Make war and war's calamities thy joy.  
 First, marching through the host of Lycia, rouse  
 Our chiefs to combat for Sarpedon slain,  
 Then haste, thyself, to battle for thy friend.  
 For shame and foul dishonour, which no time  
 Shall e'er oblit'rate, I must prove to thee,  
 Should the Achaians of my glorious arms  
 Despoil me here, in prospect of the fleet\*.  
 Fight, therefore, thou, and others urge to fight.

without any violation of the laws of nature, may be supposed still to have had power of speech left sufficient for his last injunctions given to Glaucus.—B. & V.

\* Sarpedon certainly was not slain *in the fleet*, neither can the Greek expression *νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι* be with propriety interpreted—in *certamine de navibus*—as Clarke and Madame Dacier are inclined to render it. *Juvenum in certamine*, seems equally an improbable sense of it. Eustathius, indeed, and Terrasson, supposing Sarpedon to assert that he dies in the middle of the fleet (which was false in fact), are kind enough to vindicate Homer by pleading in his favour, that Sarpedon, being in the article of death, was delirious, and knew not, in reality, where he died. But Homer, however he may have been charged with now and then a nap (a crime of which I am persuaded he is never guilty) certainly does not slumber here, nor needs to be so defended. *Ἀγῶν* in the 23d Iliad means the *whole extensive area* in which the games were exhibited, and may therefore here, without any strain of the expression, be understood to signify

He said, and cover'd by the night of death  
 Nor look'd nor breath'd again; for on his chest  
 Implanting firm his heel, Patroclus drew  
 The spear enfolded with his vitals forth,  
 And the soul follow'd as the weapon went.  
 His steeds the Myrmidons detain'd; they, now  
 His steeds no more, indignant felt the sway  
 Of other hands, and snorted to be gone.

Grief past endurance and distress o'erwhelm'd  
 The soul of Glaucus, hopeless to perform  
 As he was charg'd. He press'd his wounded arm,  
 Scarce able to sustain the pangs he felt  
 Since Teucer shooting from the barrier's height  
 Had pierc'd it, to defend the fleet from fire,  
 And thus in pray'r Apollo's aid implor'd:

O Thou! who, whether in the fruitful realm  
 Of Lycia, or in Troy, canst hear alike,  
 And in all regions under Heav'n relieve  
 The suppliant in distress, now pity me.  
 Behold this rankling wound; it goads with pain  
 My tortur'd hand. No pow'r of mine may staunch

*the whole range of shore on which the ships were stationed. In which case Sarpedon represents the matter as it was, saying that he dies—  
 νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι—that is, in the neighbourhood of the ships, and in full prospect of them.*

The Translator assumes not to himself the honour of this judicious remark. It belongs to Mr. Fuseli.



This purple stream ; my feeble shoulder scarce  
Itself sustains ; nor could I lift my spear  
To his annoyance, should I seek the foe.  
Our noblest chief, Sarpedon, in the dust  
Extended lies, and, though the son of Jove,  
By Jove neglected. But, O glorious King!  
Neglect not thou thy suppliant ; heal my wound,  
Assuage its anguish ; strengthen me to rouse  
My Lycian friends, and to withstand, myself,  
Our fiercest foes in conflict for the dead.

He ceas'd, nor su'd in vain. At once the God  
Chas'd all his anguish ; dried the streaming wound ;  
And with its wonted force his soul inspir'd.  
He, conscious of his granted pray'r, rejoic'd  
In his celestial healer's sudden aid,  
And, first, the leaders of the Lycian host,  
Chief after chief, exhorted to contend  
For slain Sarpedon ; then, with hasty strides  
Borne from his own into the lines of Troy,  
Agenor first he sought ; the noble son  
Of Panthous, next, Polydamas ; renown'd  
Æneas then ; and, last, the chief of all,  
Illustrious Hector, whom he thus reprov'd :

Now, Hector ! now, thou hast indeed resign'd  
All care of thy allies, who, for thy sake,  
Lost both to friends and country, on these plains

Perish, unaided and unmiss'd by thee.  
 There lies Sarpedon. He, who led to fight  
 Our shielded bands, and from whose might in arms  
 And justice Lycia drew her chief defence\*.  
 Him brazen Mars hath vanquish'd by the spear  
 Of Menœtiades. But stand ye firm!  
 Let indignation fire you, O my friends!  
 Lest, stripping him of his resplendent arms,  
 The Myrmidons with foul dishonour shame  
 His body, through resentment of the deaths  
 Of num'rous Grecians slain by spears of ours.

He ceas'd; then grief seiz'd ev'ry Trojan heart  
 Deep, inconsolable at such a loss,  
 For that Sarpedon, though an alien born,  
 Had ever been a bulwark of the town,  
 Had led to its defence a num'rous band,  
 And peer had none in all the band he led.  
 At once toward the Danaï they mov'd,  
 Ardent for battle. Furious to avenge  
 The slain Sarpedon Hector led them on.  
 Mean-time, the bold Patroclus rous'd the Greeks,

\* The poet unites the two great means of security to all governments. The same sentiment is found in Æschylus.—B. and V.

Ὅπε γὰρ Ἴσχυς συζυγῆσι καὶ Δίκη,  
 Ποία ξυνωρίς τῶνδε καρτερωτέρα;

When Pow'r and Justice draw in the same yoke,  
 Can any driver wish an abler pair?

And animating either Ajax first  
Eager themselves already, thus he said :

Heroic pair! now make it all your joy  
To chase the Trojan host, and such to prove  
As erst, or even bolder, if ye may.

The brave Sarpedon, who ascended first\*  
Our wall, lies breathless. Let us bear him hence,  
Strip and dishonour him, and in the blood  
Of his protectors drench the ruthless spear.

So Menœtiades his warriors urg'd,  
Themselves courageous. Then the Lycian host  
And Trojan here, and there the Myrmidons  
With all the host of Greece in close array,  
Rush'd into furious contest for the dead  
With deaf'ning clamours; clang'd their brazen arms,  
And Jove with Night's pernicious shades o'erhung  
The wasteful battle, to enhance the more  
Their conflict for the body of his son.  
First then the Trojans from their order shock'd

\* I have thus rendered ἐσήλατο because Hector was in fact the first who sprang *through* the rampart; for which reason the scholiast also recommends this interpretation, and understands the word as synonymous with ἐφηλατο. Homer himself describing the manner of Sarpedon's assault upon the barrier, says—

Ὡς ῥα τότε ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα θυμὸς ἀνῆκε  
Τείχος ἐπαΐξει.

But others give ἐσήλατο the sense of ἐσαλεύσεν —pulled down.—V.

The bright-ey'd Grecians\*, slaying not the least  
Nor meanest Myrmidon, Epigeus, son  
Of the renown'd Agacles. He had rul'd  
In populous Budeum erst, but, charg'd  
With slaughter of a kinsman, thence had fled  
To Peleus and to Thetis his espous'd,  
Who, with that breaker of the ranks, their son  
Achilles, sent him to the field of Troy.  
Him seizing fast the body, with a stone  
Illustrious Hector on the forehead smote,  
And cleft his head within its pond'rous guard  
Asunder; prostrate on the slain he fell  
In shades of soul-divorcing death involv'd.  
Patroclus, grieving for his slaughter'd friend,  
Rush'd through the foremost warriors. As the hawk  
Swift-wing'd before him starlings drives or daws,  
With such rapidity Patroclus drove  
Full on the Lycian and the Trojan host  
Resentful of his fellow-warrior's fall,  
And seeking Sthenelaüs with a stone,  
Son of Ithæmenes, the rugged mass  
Directed to his neck and burst the nerves.  
Then Ilium's van, with Hector, all retir'd.

\* To have called them the *handsome* or the *beauteous* Grecians would have been almost ludicrous, yet that is what Homer means by the word *ἐλίκωπας*. With him it is frequent to express beauty by a single circumstance of it; so in the present instance he gives *the eye* as a sample of the whole.

Far as a slender javelin cuts the air  
Hurl'd with collected force, or in the games,  
Or even to annoy a cruel foe,  
So far the Greeks repuls'd the host of Troy.  
Then Glaucus first \*, chief of the shielded bands  
Of Lycia, slew Bathycles, valiant son  
Of Calchon ; Hellas was his home, and none  
Of all the Myrmidons was rich as he.  
But Glaucus, while he press'd the Lycian host,  
Turn'd on him suddenly, and with a spear  
Transpierc'd his bosom ; sounding, down he fell.  
Deep sorrow, that a valiant chief had fall'n,  
Fill'd all the Greeks, the Trojans equal joy ;  
At once they rallied, flew to Glaucus' aid,  
And gather'd fast around him, while the Greeks,  
Still fearless and still resolute, advanc'd.  
Then, by Meriones a Trojan died  
Of noble rank, Laogonus, the son  
Undaunted of Onetor great in Troy,  
Priest of Idæan Jove ; between the ear  
And jaw he pierc'd him with a mortal force,  
Swift flew the life, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
Æneas, in return, his brazen spear  
Hurl'd at Meriones with ardent hope

\* *First*, because he was the *first* who turn'd upon the Greeks and renewed the battle ; and the Trojans afterward gather round him, the more zealous in his defence for that reason.—B. & V.

To pierce him, while, with nimble steps and short  
 Behind his buckler made, he pac'd the field \*;  
 But he, forewarn'd and bowing low his head,  
 Eluded it, and in the distant soil  
 The quiv'ring weapon rock'd itself to rest.

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*  
 \*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \* †

Indignant then Æneas thus exclaim'd :

Meriones ! I sent thee such a spear  
 As, reaching thee, should have for ever marr'd  
 Thy step, accomplish'd dancer as thou art.

To whom the brave Meriones replied :  
 Æneas ! Thou wilt find it hard, how great  
 Soe'er thy might, to quell the force of all,  
 Who would repulse thee. Thou art also doom'd

\* *ὑπασπίδια προβιβῶντος*. A similar expression occurs in Book XIII, 158. There we read *ὑπασπίδια προποδίζων*. Which is explained by the scholiast in Villoison to signify—advancing with quick short steps, and at the same time covering the feet with a shield. A practice which, unless they bore the *ἀμφιβρότην ἀσπίδα*, must necessarily leave the upper parts exposed.

It is not improbable, though the translation is not accommodated to that conjecture, that Æneas, in his following speech to Meriones, calls him *ὀρχηστήν*, with a view to the agility with which he performed this particular step in battle. For Meriones was a Cretan, and the Cretans are said to have been great proficient in the Pyrrhic or military dance.—B. & V.

† Two lines occurring here in the original, which contain only the same matter as the two preceding, and which are found neither in the MSS. used by Barnes nor in the Harleian, the Translator has omitted them in his version as interpolated and superfluous.

Thyself to die, and may but spear of mine  
Once reach thee at the waist, whatever strength  
Or magnanimity be thine to boast,  
Thy glory in that moment thou resign'st  
To me, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd\*.

He said, but him Patroclus thus reprov'd :  
Why speaks Meriones, although in fight  
Approv'd thus proudly ? Nay, my gallant friend !  
The Trojans never will for taunt of ours  
Renounce the body. Blood must first be spilt.  
Tongues in debate, but hands in war decide ;  
Deeds therefore now, not wordy vaunts, we need.

So saying he led the way, whom follow'd close  
Godlike Meriones. As from the depth  
Of some lone wood, that clothes the mountain's side,  
The fellers at their toil are heard remote,  
So, from the face of Ilium's ample plain  
Reverberated, was the din of brass  
And of tough targets heard, by falchions huge  
Hard-smitten, and by spears of double edge.  
None then, no, not the quickest to discern  
Had known divine Sarpedon, from his head  
To his foot-sole with mingled blood and dust  
Polluted, and o'erwhelm'd with weapons. They

\* Pluto was celebrated for his swift steeds, because Death overtakes every man, and there is no escape from it.

Around the body swarm'd. As hovel-flies  
In spring-time buzz around the brimming pails  
With milk bedew'd, so compass'd they the dead.  
Nor Jove averted once his glorious eyes  
From that dread contest, but with watchful note  
Mark'd all, much musing on the bloody death  
Of brave Patroclus; whether best it were,  
That Hector now should slay him on the corse  
Of slain Sarpedon, and should strip his arms  
After fierce combat in that very spot,  
Or he should still that arduous strife prolong.  
At length this counsel pleas'd him; that the friend  
Of Peleus' son should yet again compel  
The Trojan host with Hector to the walls  
Of Ilium, slaught'ring many by the way.  
First then, with fears unmanly he possess'd  
The heart of Hector; mounting to his seat  
He turn'd to flight himself, and bade his host  
Fly also; for he knew Jove's purpose chang'd\*.  
Nor stood the Lycians then, but even they  
Fled also, shock'd and heartless to behold  
Their king extended with his bosom gor'd,  
And whelm'd with heaps of slain; for on his corse,  
While Jove prolong'd the strife, had many fall'n.

\* Ἰρὰ τέλαντα—Voluntatem Jovis cui cedendum.—So it is interpreted in the Scholium MSS. Lipsiensis.—Vide Schaufelbergerus.



Then soon of all his dazzling arms they stripp'd  
 Sarpedon, and Menœtius' valiant son  
 Consign'd the spoil to warriors of his band,  
 Who bore it to the ships. Mean-time his will  
 The Thund'rer to Apollo thus express'd\* :

Phœbus, my son, delay not ; from beneath  
 Yon hill of weapons drawn Sarpedon cleanse  
 From sable gore ; then, bearing him remote,  
 Lave him in waters of the running stream,  
 With oils divine anoint, and in attire  
 Immortal clothe him. Last, to Death and Sleep  
 Swift bearers both, twin-born, deliver him ;  
 For hence to Lycia's opulent abodes  
 They shall transport him quickly, where, with rites  
 Funereal, his next kindred and his friends  
 Shall honour him, a pillar and a tomb  
 (The dead man's portion) rearing to his name.

He ceas'd ; nor was Apollo slow to hear  
 His father's will, but from th' Idæan heights

\* Here again Zenodotus is offended, and because the poet has not expressly told us when or how Jupiter and Apollo came together, alters the line so as to make it say that the former from the top of Ida bawled to the latter on the plain. But how easy is it to suppose that Apollo has ascended Ida, though that circumstance has not been mentioned!—V.

This short episode seems introduced merely to relieve the ear for a few moments from the din of battle.—V.

Descending swift into the dreadful field,  
Godlike Sarpedon's body from beneath  
The hill of weapons drew, which, borne remote,  
He lav'd in waters of the running stream,  
With oils ambrosial bath'd, and cloth'd in robes  
Immortal. Then to Death and gentle Sleep,  
Swift-bearers both, twin-born, he gave the charge,  
Who plac'd it soon in Lycia's wealthy realm.

Mean-time Patroclus, calling to his steeds  
And to Automedon, the Trojans chas'd  
And Lycians, on his own destruction bent  
Infatuate; for Pelides' charge observ'd  
Had sav'd him from his miserable doom.  
But vain are wisest counsels, that oppose  
The will of Jove. He quells the boldest heart,  
And (as Patroclus found) with ease defeats  
The glorious ardour which Himself inspires.  
Who, then, Patroclus! first, who last by thee  
Fell slain, what time thyself wast call'd to die\*?  
Adrastus first, then Perimus he slew,  
Offspring of Megas; then Autonöus,  
Echechlus, Melanippus and Epistor,

\* The poet seldom mentions Patroclus, in this book especially, without an apostrophe; an argument of his affection for the character.—V. And we may fairly infer, from his strong sympathy with a person whom he celebrates for the sweetness of his disposition and manners, a conclusion in favour of his own.

Pylartes, Mulus, Elusus. All these  
He slew, and from the field chas'd all beside.  
Then, doubtless, had Achaia's sons prevail'd  
To enter Troy's proud gates, such havock made  
He with his spear, but that the son of Jove  
Apollo, on a tower's conspicuous height  
Station'd, devoted him for Ilium's sake.  
Thrice to an angle of the lofty wall  
Patroclus sprang; and, with immortal hands  
Thrice smiting his resplendent shield, the God  
Shock'd him to earth again; but when he rush'd  
A fourth time, demon-like, to the assault,  
Him thus Apollo awfully rebuk'd:

Patroclus, warrior of renown, retire!  
The fates ordain not that imperial Troy  
Stoop to thy spear, nor to the spear itself  
Of Peleus' son, though mightier far than thou.

So he; and, fearing to provoke still more  
The radiant God, Patroclus left the wall.  
But Hector in the Scæan gate his steeds  
Detain'd uncertain whether thence to drive  
Amid the warring multitude again,  
Or, loud commandment issuing, to collect  
His host within the walls. Him musing long  
Apollo, clad in semblance of a young  
And valiant chief approach'd; Asius he seem'd,

Illustrious uncle of the Chief of Troy,  
Brother of Hecuba, and Dymas' son,  
Who on the Sangar's banks in Phrygia dwelt.  
Apollo, so disguis'd, him thus bespake :

Why, Hector, hast thou left the fight ? this sloth  
Not well befits thee. O that I as far  
Thee pass'd in force as thou transcendest me,  
Then, not unpunish'd long, shouldst thou retire ;  
Come, drive thy rapid steeds abroad and seek  
Mencæti'us' son, to slay him if thou mayst,  
And Phœbus have decreed that glory thine.

So saying, Apollo join'd the host again.  
Then noble Hector bade his charioteer  
Valiant Cebriones his coursers lash  
Back into battle, while the God himself  
Ent'ring the throng confus'd the Greeks, and gave  
Glory to Hector and the host of Troy.  
But Hector, leaving all beside unslain,  
Impell'd with furious haste his rapid steeds  
Against Patroclus ; on the other side  
Patroclus from his chariot to the ground  
Leap'd ardent ; in his left a spear he bore,  
And in his right a marble fragment rough,  
Large as his grasp. With full collected might  
He hurl'd it ; neither was the weapon slow  
To find whom he had mark'd, or sent in vain.

He smote the charioteer of Hector, bold  
 Cebriones, king Priam's spurious son,  
 Full on the forehead, while he sway'd the reins.  
 The bone that force withstood not, but the rock  
 With ragged angles rough dash'd both his brows  
 In pieces, and his eyes fell at his feet.  
 He, diver-like, from his exalted stand  
 Behind the steeds pitch'd headlong, and expir'd;  
 O'er whom, Patroclus of equestrian fame!  
 Thou didst exult with taunting speech severe:

Ye Gods, with what agility he dives!  
 Ah! it were well if in the fishy Deep  
 This man were occupied; he might no few  
 With oysters satisfy, although the waves  
 Were churlish, plunging headlong from his bark  
 As easily as from his chariot here.  
 So then—in Troy, it seems, are divers too\*!

\* Though Homer never in any of his banquets sets fish before his heroes, it is plain from this passage, that they were not unacquainted with that sort of diet. Yet neither fish nor fowl were customary viands at the tables of the ancients, probably because they were not deemed sufficiently nutritive, to feed the strength of heroes. In the *Odyssey* indeed we find the companions of Ulysses employed in catching both for food; but they were constrained to it by a deficiency of their usual provisions, and were so little contented with such substitutes for more solid sustenance, that they slew the oxen of the Sun rather than they would want it longer.

*Though the waves were churlish* is a circumstance, which greatly imbitters the sarcasm, as it compares him not to a diver only, but

So saying, on bold Cebriones he sprang  
 With all a lion's force, who, while the folds  
 He ravages, is wounded in the breast,  
 And, victim of his own fierce courage, dies  
 So didst thou spring, Patroclus ! to despoil  
 Cebriones, and Hector opposite  
 Leap'd also to the ground. Then contest such  
 Arose between them as two lions wage  
 Contending in the mountains for a deer  
 New-slain, both hunger-pinch'd and haughty both.  
 So Hector and Patroclus, brave alike,  
 That prize disputing equal ardour felt  
 To pierce each other with the ruthless spear.  
 First, Hector seiz'd his head, nor loos'd his hold,  
 Patroclus, next, his feet, while all beside  
 Of either host in furious battle join'd.

to a diver so keen in pursuit of his prey, as not to be deterred from it by the roughest weather.—V.

Homer has been censured by some for the cruelty of this insult, with which Patroclus triumphs over the dead Cebriones—but what has been observed by Dr. Clarke concerning the character of Achilles, that the poet represents him *such as he was, not such as he ought to have been*, is equally true respecting all his heroes. And it is well remarked by the ingenious author of No. I, in the *Olla Poetica*, that the cause of virtue suffers nothing by an exhibition of the imperfections incident to a character in other respects worthy of imitation ; because the conduct in such instances is related merely, not defended, and every man is naturally qualified to distinguish between vice and virtue.

As when the East wind and the South contend  
To shake some deep wood on the mountain's side,  
Or beech, or ash, or rugged cornel old,  
With stormy violence the mingled boughs  
Smite and snap short each other, crashing loud,  
So, Trojans and Achaïans, mingling, slew  
Each other, equally disdaining flight.  
Around Cebriones stood many a spear,  
And many a shaft sent smartly from the nerve  
Implanted deep, and many a stone of grasp  
Enormous sounded on their batter'd shields  
Who fought to gain him. He, involv'd, the while,  
In circling dust, at all his bulky length  
Extended lay, nor his superiour skill  
To rule the fiery steed remember'd more.

While yet the sun ascending climb'd the heav'ns,  
Both show'r'd their weapons and the people fell ;  
But when he journey'd westward, by a change  
Surpassing hope the Grecians then prevail'd.  
Forth from beneath a hill of darts they drew  
Valiant Cebriones, and stripp'd his arms  
At leisure, distant from the battle's roar.  
Then sprang Patroclus on the Trojan host.  
Thrice, like another Mars, he sprang with shouts  
Tremendous, and nine warriors thrice he slew.  
But when the fourth time, demon-like, he rush'd

To the assault, too plainly then appear'd,  
Ah hapless youth! thy destiny at hand;  
For then it was that Phœbus terrour-clad  
Encounter'd thee in that tremendous field.  
He notic'd not his coming, in such clouds  
Impenetrably dark involv'd he came.  
With palms expanded, on his shoulders broad  
He such a stroke impress'd, and on his spine  
As dimm'd his sight with dizziness; he dash'd  
His helmet to the ground, and under foot  
Of many a prancing steed it roll'd and rang.  
Then first that wavy crest defilement gross  
Of dust and blood endur'd; unworthy stains!  
Till then impossible; for how should dust  
The tresses of that helmet shame, with which  
Achilles, fighting, fenc'd his brows divine?  
But Jove now made it Hector's; he awhile  
Bore it, himself to swift perdition doom'd.  
His spear brass mounted, pond'rous, huge, and long,  
Fell shiver'd from his grasp. His shield that swept  
His ancle, with its belt dropp'd from his arm,  
And Phœbus loos'd the corslet from his breast.  
Confusion seiz'd his brain; his noble limbs  
Quak'd under him, and panic-stunn'd he stood.  
Then came a Dardan chief, who from behind  
Enforc'd a pointed lance into his back



Between the shoulders\* ; Panthus' son was he,  
Euphorbus, famous for equestrian skill,  
For spearmanship, and in the rapid race  
Past all of equal age. He twenty men  
(Although a learner yet of martial feats,  
And by his steeds then first to battle borne)  
Dismounted. He, Patroclus, mighty chief!  
Adventur'd first to throw a lance at thee,  
But slew thee not; then, snatching from the wound  
His ashen beam, he ran into the crowd,  
Nor dar'd encounter thee although unarm'd.  
Then, both by mortal and immortal hands  
At once assail'd, and all his force subdu'd,  
Patroclus shrank and to his friends retir'd.  
But Hector, soon as his retreat he saw,  
And saw him wounded, issuing from his ranks  
Came spear in hand, and pierc'd him in the groin.  
Sounding he fell. Loud groan'd Achaia's host.  
As when the lion and the sturdy boar  
Contend in battle on the mountain-tops  
For some scant rivulet which both desire,  
Erelong the lion quells the panting boar,

\* Patroclus turning to see who smote him, when he received the stroke on his back from Apollo, Euphorbus seized that opportunity to wound him in that part which would not otherwise have been opposed to him.—V.

So Hector, spear in hand, of life bereav'd  
Patroclus, who had first laid many a friend  
Of Hector low, and thus in accents wing'd  
With fierce delight exulted in his fall :

It was thy thought, Patroclus, to have laid  
Our city waste, and to have wafted hence  
Our wives and daughters to thy native land,  
Their day of liberty for ever set.  
Fool ! for their sakes the feet of Hector's steeds  
Fly into battle, and myself excel,  
For their sakes, all our bravest at the spear,  
That I may turn from them that evil hour  
Necessitous. But thou art vulture's food.  
Unhappy youth ! all valiant as he is,  
Achilles hath no succour giv'n to thee,  
Who, when he sent thee whither he himself  
Would not, thus doubtless gave thee oft in charge.  
Ah, well beware, Patroclus, glorious chief !  
That thou revisit not these ships again,  
Till first on hero-slaying Hector's breast  
Thou cleave his bloody corslet. So he spake,  
And with vain words thee credulous beguil'd.  
To whom, Patroclus ! with a feeble voice  
And falt'ring utt'rance, thou didst thus reply:  
Now, triumph Hector ! for Saturnian Jove  
And Phoebus, first despoiling me themselves

Of all defence, have made the viet'ry thine,  
 And thine with ease. Else—twenty, of thy force,  
 My might encount'ring here, had here expir'd\*,  
 But me relentless Fate and Phœbus made  
 Their victim first; Euphorbus, from behind,  
 Assail'd me next, and thou, more basely still,  
 Didst wound me, last, whom they had slain before,  
 But mark me, for inexorable Fate  
 Now speaks by me; thou shalt not long survive;  
 Achilles comes; the vengeful, and renown'd  
 Æacides, and thou shalt also die†.

He said, and from his languid limbs dismiss'd,  
 To Pluto's drear abode his spirit pass'd  
 Sad and disconsolate; deploring life  
 In life's best season lost.—Then him, though dead,  
 As living still, the conqu'ror thus address'd:

Patroclus! wherefore these prophetic strains  
 Of instant death to me? Achilles' spear  
 Shall menace, it may chance, my life in vain,

\* A man who, cast down by misfortune, raises himself like a fallen athletic, and instead of whining speaks with a firm tone and rather loftily, is not for that reason to be deemed a boaster, but a person of great courage, and one who is not easily conquered.—C.

† The expiring hero prophesies, because it was an opinion among the ancients that the human spirit in the article of dissolution acquired a faculty of looking into futurity. And he deplores, after death, his deprivation of so athletic a frame, lest he should be appointed to animate another not so honourable.—V.

And he by mine, himself, may perish first.

He said; and on the body stretch'd supine  
His heel impressing, from the deadly wound  
Tugg'd forth his lance, and ardent flew to pierce  
The swift Achilles' godlike charioteer  
Automedon. But him, the steeds conferr'd  
On Peleus by the Gods, a glorious gift!  
Defying all pursuit, soon snatch'd away.

## ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

Sharp contest ensues around the body of Patroclus. Hector puts on the armour of Achilles. Menelaus, having dispatched Antilochus to Achilles with news of the death of Patroclus, returns to the battle, and, together with Meriones, bears Patroclus off the field, while the Ajaces cover their retreat.

## BOOK XVII.

NOR Menelaus, Atreus' valiant son,  
Knew not that Menœtiades had fall'n  
By Trojan hands in battle; forth he rush'd  
All bright in burnish'd armour through his van,  
And as some heifer with maternal fears  
Now first acquainted, compasses around  
Her young one, murmuring with tender moan,  
So mov'd the Hero of the amber locks  
Around Patroclus, before whom his spear  
Advancing and broad shield, he death denounc'd  
On all opposers; nor the dauntless son

Of Panthus inattentive stood long time  
 To slain Patroclus, but approach'd the dead,  
 And warlike Menelaus thus bespake\* :

Prince! Menelaus! Atreus' mighty son!  
 Go. Leave the body and these gory spoils;  
 For of the Trojans or allies of Troy  
 None sooner drew Patroclus' blood than I.  
 Seek not to rob me, therefore, of my praise  
 Among the Trojans, lest my spear assail  
 Thee also, and thou perish in thy prime †.

To whom, indignant, Atreus' son replied:  
 Self-praise, the Gods do know, is little worth.  
 But neither lion may in pride compare  
 Nor panther, no, nor savage boar whose heart's  
 High temper flashes in his eyes, with thee  
 And with the warriors of thy father's house ‡.

\* Patroclus being slain, Menelaus is the first to notice it, either on account of their similarity of manners and disposition (for if Patroclus was humane and gentle, such was Menelaus also, as appears from his willingness to have spared Adrastus), or because most of the other Grecian chiefs were wounded; all, indeed, except Ajax, who ought not, as Menelaus is obliged to do, to retreat on the approach of Hector.—V.

† As in the chase the spoils of the animal, his hide and head, were his property who first struck the prey, so was the armour his who first pierced an enemy slain in battle.

‡ The wild boar is mentioned last as the most savage of the three, for he is untamable, which the lion and leopard are not; the latter likewise use some precaution when they are attacked, but the wild boar none.—V.

Yet Hyperenor of equestrian fame  
Liv'd not his lusty manhood to enjoy,  
Who scoffingly defied my force in arms,  
And call'd me most contemptible in fight  
Of all the Danaï. But him, I ween,  
His feet bore never hence to cheer at home  
His wife and parents with his glad return.  
So also shall thy confidence be tam'd,  
If thou oppose me. I command thee, go—  
Mix with the multitude; withstand not me,  
Lest evil overtake thee. To be taught  
By suff'rings only, is the part of fools\*.

He said, but him sway'd not, who thus replied :  
Now, Menelaus ! shall that haughty boast,  
That thou hast slain my brother, cost thee dear.  
Thou mad'st a widow whom he lately made  
His happy bride ; thou gav'st the deadly wound,  
That whelm'd his parents in the deepest wo ;  
And that same head and those resplendent arms  
To Panthus and to Phrontis borne by me  
May much console them all ; nor shall they want  
Those comforts long, if all that I possess  
Of courage, force, or skill may gain the prize.

\* The death of Hyperenor by the hand of Menelaus has been so slightly mentioned, that it may be expedient to refer the reader to the passage. He will find it transiently touched in the last paragraph of the fourteenth book.—V.

He said, and strove, but vainly, spear in hand  
 To pierce Atrides' shield ; for at the disk  
 Of stubborn brass his blunted weapon staid.  
 Then, Menelaus (supplicating, first,  
 The Sire of all\*) pierc'd deep, as he retir'd  
 Euphorbus' throat, and, bearing on the beam  
 Enforc'd it, till the point stood forth behind.  
 Sounding he fell ; loud rang his batter'd arms.  
 His locks, which e'en the Graces might have own'd,  
 Blood sullied, and his ringlets wound about  
 With twine of gold and silver, swept the dust,  
 As the luxuriant olive by a swain  
 Rear'd in some solitude where rills abound,  
 Puts forth her buds, and, fann'd by genial airs

\* The expedience and utility of prayer Homer misses no opportunity of enforcing. Cold and comfortless as the religious creed of the Heathens was, they were nevertheless piously attentive to its dictates, and to a degree that may serve as a reproof to many professed believers of Revelation.

The allegorical history of prayer given us in the ninth book of the Iliad from the lips of Phœnix, the speech of Antilochus in the 23d, in which he ascribes the ill success of Eumelus in the chariot-race to his neglect of prayer, and that of Pisistratus in the 3d book of the Odyssey, where, speaking of the newly arrived Telemachus, he says—

\_\_\_\_\_ for I deem  
 Him wont to pray ; since all of ev'ry land  
 Need succour from the Gods . . . . .

are so many proofs of the truth of this remark ; to which a curious reader might easily add a multitude.



On all sides, hangs her boughs with whitest flow'rs,  
But by a sudden whirlwind from the trench  
Uptorn, lies all extended on the field,  
Such, Panthus' warlike son Euphorbus seem'd,  
By Menelaus, son of Atreus, slain,  
And suddenly of all his arms despoil'd.  
But as the lion on the mountains bred,  
Glorious in strength, when he hath seiz'd the best  
And fairest of the herd, with savage fangs  
First breaks her neck, then laps the bloody paunch  
Torn wide ; mean-time, around him, but remote,  
Dogs stand and herdsmen shouting, yet by fear  
Repress'd, annoy him not or dare approach ;  
So there, all wanted courage to oppose  
The glorious Menelaus. Then, with ease  
He should have borne Euphorbus' armour thence,  
But that Apollo the illustrious prize  
Denied him, who in semblance of the chief  
Of the Ciconians, Mentés\*, prompted forth  
Against him Hector terrible as Mars,  
Whose spirit thus in accents wing'd he rous'd :

Hector ! Thou follow'st, but with vain pursuit,  
Achilles' steeds, steeds scornful of control  
By mortal hands, unless Achilles, son

\* The Ciconians, therefore, had more chiefs than one, for their chief mentioned in the catalogue is named Euphemes.

Of an immortal mother, sway the reins.  
Mean-time, hath Menelaus, in defence  
Of dead Patroclus, slain thy noble friend  
Euphorbus, son of Panthus, and depriv'd  
Thyself and Troy for ever of his aid.

So spake the God, and to the fight return'd.  
But grief intolerable at that word  
Seiz'd Hector ; darting through the shielded ranks  
An eager look, that moment he descried  
The Spartan chief despoiling of his arms  
Euphorbus, and Euphorbus in the dust  
Extended, bleeding. Forth into the field,  
All bright in dazzling armour with a shout  
That pierc'd the skies, and with the lightning's speed,  
At once he flew. Nor Menelaus' ear  
That cry perceiv'd not, and, his noble heart  
Consulting sorrowfully, thus he mus'd :

Alas ! if I forsake these gorgeous spoils,  
And leave Patroclus for my glory slain,  
I fear lest the Achaïans at that sight  
Incens'd, reproach me ; and if, urg'd by shame,  
I fight with Hector and his host, alone,  
Lest, hemm'd around by multitudes, I fall ;  
For Hector hither leads his whole array.  
But why these musings ? To oppose in fight  
One fenc'd and seconded by pow'r divine,

Is to be whelm'd with ruin like a flood\*.  
 Me, therefore, none of all Achaia's host  
 Will roughly censure, seeing my retreat  
 From Hector, whom the Gods themselves assist.  
 But might the battle-shout of Ajax once  
 Reach me, with force united we would strive,  
 Even in opposition to a God,  
 To rescue, for Achilles' sake, his friend.  
 Task arduous ! but less arduous than this.

While he thus meditated, swift advanc'd  
 The Trojan ranks, with Hector at their head.  
 He then, retiring slow, and turning oft,  
 Forsook the body. As by dogs and swains  
 Driv'n from the stalls with clamours and with spears  
 A bearded lion goes ; his noble heart  
 Abhors retreat, and slow he quits the prey,  
 So Menelatus with slow steps forsook  
 Patroclus, and, at length, arriv'd in front  
 Of his own foll'wers, thence, with wistful looks  
 On all sides sought the Telamonian chief.  
 Him leftward soon of all the field he mark'd  
 Encouraging aloud his band, whose hearts

\* The sentiment is this, and there cannot be a juster. He who fights against a man protected by Heaven, fights against Heaven itself, and must therefore perish, nor perish only, but by a stroke of signal and exemplary vengeance.

Phœbus with irresistible dismay  
Himself had fill'd. He ran, and at his side  
Standing, incontinent him thus bespake:

Ajax, my friend ! Menœtius' son is dead.  
Come—Let us hasten, for Achilles' sake,  
To rescue from the Trojans, if we may,  
The slain, though bare, for Hector hath his arms.

He said ; then trouble fill'd the gen'rous soul  
Of Ajax ; issuing through his foremost line,  
Erelong, with Menelaus he arriv'd  
Where Hector trail'd Patroclus through the dust  
Despoil'd and bare ; impatient once again  
To trail him bound, behind his chariot-wheels,  
Then cast him headless to the dogs of Troy.  
But Ajax came. The tow'r-like shield approach'd ;  
When Hector, mingling with his host again,  
Sprang to his chariot, and, to blazon more  
His praise in Ilium, thither sent, consign'd  
To faithful Trojan hands, his precious spoils.  
But Ajax with his broad shield guarding stood  
Slain Menœtiades, as for his whelps  
The lion stands ; him through some forest drear  
Leading his little ones the hunters meet :  
Fire glimmers in his looks, and down he draws  
His whole brow into frowns that overwhelm his eyes,

So, guarding slain Patroclus, Ajax low'r'd\*.  
On th' other side, with tender grief oppress'd  
Unspeakable, brave Menelaus stood.  
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian band,  
Son of Hippolochus, with looks of scorn  
On Hector cast, him sharply thus reprov'd :

O Hector ! warlike in ostent alone !  
Fame falsely speaks thee brave, and should commend  
Thy prudence most that prompts thee when to fly.  
Now think, and deeply, by what likeliest means  
Your city, self-defended, may withstand  
Her num'rous foes ; for, of the Lycian host,  
Whose ceaseless toil in arms hath ever prov'd  
A thankless task, shall none assist thee more.  
Inglorious chief ! whose body wilt thou save  
Hereafter, who hast now Sarpedon left,  
Thy guest and friend, to be disgrac'd and torn

\* Homer describes the object as if he had seen it, yet probably paints after the report of others. A chase of this kind was a worthier theme of conversation, than those which furnish so much idle gossip to the sportsmen of our country, and a hearer with a mind inquisitive and observant as Homer's would attend to the narrative with delight.

It is observed, that the lion never leads his cubs about, and that Homer, though he ascribes this office to the male for dignity-sake, intends the female. The translator, for the same reason, judg'd it best to follow his example.—Homer, it is likewise observed, never once mentions the lioness.—V.

Among the Grecians? Ofttimes, while he liv'd,  
Thyself and Ilium at his hands receiv'd  
No trivial benefit; and when he fell  
In Ilium's cause, ye left him to the dogs.  
Now, therefore, shall the Lycians to their home  
By my advice, and, heedless what befalls,  
To swift perdition leave the tow'rs of Troy.  
For were your spirit such as prompts the brave,  
To guard their home at whatsoever cost  
Of toil and danger, we should soon prevail,  
To drag Patroclus from the field to Troy;  
Whose body, once secur'd within the fence  
Of Ilium's walls, the Grecians should redeem,  
And gladly, with Sarpedon and his arms\*.  
For when Patroclus died, the foremost man  
Of all the Grecians, and the chief who boasts  
The bravest foll'wers, lost his noblest friend.  
But thee, too conscious of his mightier arm  
In battle, Ajax with his looks alone  
Subdu'd, and sent thee to thy refuge here.

To whom, with aspect stern, the Trojan chief:  
And whence hath Glaucus privilege to speak

\* Glaucus supposed the body of Sarpedon borne from the field by the Grecians, and deposited in the fleet, ignorant that Apollo had been charged with the care of it by Jupiter, and had conveyed it to Lycia.—V.

Thus proudly ? O my friend ! I deem'd thee once  
Wisest of all the Lycians ; but thy words  
Now spoken, charging me with dastard fear  
Of big-bon'd Ajax, merit my reproof.  
The roar of battle and the prancing steed  
Appal not me, but I, perforce, obey  
The irresistible control of Jove,  
Who quells the bravest heart, and disappoints  
With ease the courage which himself inspir'd—  
But hither, friend ! stand with me. Mark my deed.  
Prove me, if I be found, as thou hast said,  
An idler all the day, or if by force  
I not compel some Grecian to renounce  
Patroclus, ev'n the boldest of them all.

He ceas'd, and to his host exclaim'd aloud :  
Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons  
Of Dardanus, O be ye men, my friends !  
Now summon all your fortitude, while I  
Put on the armour of Achilles, won  
From the renown'd Patroclus slain by me.

So saying, illustrious Hector from the clash  
Of spears withdrew, and with his swiftest pace  
Departing, overtook, not far remote  
The bearers of Achilles' arms to Troy.  
Apart from all the horrors of the field  
Withdrawn, he chang'd his armour ; gave his own

To be by them to sacred Ilium borne,  
And the immortal arms of Peleus' son  
Achilles, by the ever-living Gods  
To Peleus giv'n, put on. Those arms the sire,  
Now old himself, had on his son conferr'd,  
But in those arms his son grew never old.

Him soon as Jove beheld retir'd from all,  
And putting on divine Achilles' arms,  
Contemplative he shook his brows, and said :

Ah hapless chief! thy death, although at hand,  
Nought troubles thee. Thou wear'st his heav'nly arms,  
Who all excels, the terrour of his foes.  
His friend, though bold yet gentle, thou hast slain,  
And hast the brows and bosom of the dead  
Unseemly bar'd; yet, bright success awhile  
I give thee; so compensating thy lot,  
From whom Andromache shall ne'er receive  
Those glorious arms, for thou shalt ne'er return\*.

So spake the Thund'rer, and his sable brows  
Shaking, confirm'd the word. To Hector's size

\* This speech of Jupiter seems to be introduced by the poet merely with a view to console and conciliate his Grecian auditory. They could not but feel indignation at the thought of Hector clad in the armour of Achilles; but foretelling the speedy death of Hector, in a manner too the most pathetic, he changed at once their resentment into pity.



He made the armour apt, and Mars his soul  
With fury fill'd; he felt his limbs afresh  
Invigorated, and with loudest shouts  
Return'd to his illustrious allies.

To them he seem'd, in that bright armour clad,  
Himself Achilles; rank by rank he pass'd  
Through all the host, exhorting ev'ry chief,  
Asteropæus, Mesthles, Phorcys, Medon,  
Thersilochus, Deisenor, augur Ennomus,  
Chromius, Hippothoüs; all these he rous'd  
To battle, and in accents wing'd began:

Hear me, ye myriads, neighbours and allies!  
For not through fond desire to fill the plain  
With multitudes, have I conven'd you here  
Each from his city, but that, well-inclin'd  
To Ilium, ye might help to guard our wives  
And little ones against the host of Greece.  
Therefore it is that forage large and gifts  
Providing for you, I exhaust the stores  
Of Troy, and drain our people for your sake.  
Turn then direct against them, and his life  
Save each, or lose; it is the course of war.  
The man, who, in despite of Ajax, drags  
The dead Patroclus to the lines of Troy,  
Shall, with myself, who stripp'd his glorious arms,

Partake the spoil, and, with myself, the fame\*.

He ended; they compact with lifted spears  
Bore on the Danaï, conceiving each  
Warm expectation in his heart to wrest  
From Ajax son of Telamon, the dead.  
Vain hope! he many a lifeless Trojan heap'd  
On slain Patroclus, but at length his speech  
To warlike Menelaus thus address'd:

Ah Menelaus, valiant friend! I hope  
No longer, now, that even we shall 'scape  
Ourselves from fight; nor fear I so the loss  
Of dead Patroclus, with whose flesh the dogs  
And fowls of Ilium shall erelong be gorg'd,  
As for my life I tremble and for thine,  
That cloud of battle, Hector, such a gloom  
Sheds all around; death manifest impends.  
Haste—call our best, if even they can hear†.

He spake, nor Menelaus not complied,

\* Ye are fed, he says, at the expense of Troy, and at an expense to her that she can ill afford, therefore lay down your lives for the city. It seems a strange contract, life for a scanty maintenance; but it is such as military men make, and others wonder at it.

† A brave man may fear though he will not fly; a good seaman may suffer some anxiety at sight of an approaching tempest, though his presence of mind will not desert him, when he would prepare his ship to encounter it.—V.

But call'd aloud on all the chiefs of Greece :

Friends, senators, and leaders of the pow'rs  
Of Argos ! who with Agamemnon drink  
And Menelaus at the public cost,  
Each bearing rule o'er many, by the will  
Of Jove advanc'd to honour and renown !  
The task were difficult to single out  
Chief after chief by name amid the blaze  
Of such contention ; but O come yourselves  
Indignant forth, nor let the dogs of Troy  
Patroclus rend, and gambol with his bones\* !

He ceas'd, whose voice Oïleus' son the swift  
Perceiving with quick ear, of all the chiefs  
Ran foremost ; after whom Idomeneus  
Approach'd, and, dread as homicidal Mars,  
Meriones. But never mind of man  
Could ev'n in silent recollection name  
The whole vast multitude, who, following these,  
Renew'd the battle on the part of Greece.  
The Trojans first, with Hector at their head,  
Wedg'd in close phalanx, rush'd to the assault.

\* The scholiast observes, like a true Grecian, that Menelaus had no need to summon them by their names. Challenged by their rank and by their glory they fly all at once to his assistance, acknowledging no appellation more readily than that he gives them—Men of renown and honour.

As when within some rapid river's mouth  
The billows and stream clash, on either shore \*  
Loud sounds the roar \* of waves ejected wide,  
Such seem'd the clamours of the Trojan host.  
But the Achaians, one in heart, around  
Patroclus stood, bulwark'd with shields of brass,  
And over all their glitt'ring helmets Jove  
Darkness diffus'd, for he had held him dear  
While yet he liv'd friend of Æacides,  
And, now, abhorring that the dogs of Troy  
Should rend him, urg'd the Greeks to his defence.  
The Trojans first prevail'd ; repuls'd the Greeks  
And dragg'd the dead, but none of all their host,  
With all their fury slew. Nor stood the Greeks  
Long time aloof, soon rallied by the voice  
Of Ajax, in his form and in his act

\* There is no word in our language expressive of loud sound, at all comparable in effect to the Greek *Bo-o-osin*. I have therefore endeavoured by the juxtaposition of two words similar in sound, to palliate in some small degree a defect which it was not in my power to cure.

It is said of Solon, that having successfully imitated most of Homer's beauties, when he attempted to produce a passage that might rival this comparison, struck with astonishment at its superiority to all that he could execute, he burned his poem.—C. Plato is said to have found himself equally foiled by it, and to have burned his also.—V. & C. It is certain, that the felicity of Homer's lines passes all encomium.

Inferiour to Æacides alone. . .

Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd,  
In force resembling most some savage boar,  
Which, in the mountains bursting through the brakes,  
The swains disperses and their hounds with ease;  
Like him, illustrious Ajax, mighty son  
Of Telamon, at his assault dispers'd  
With ease the close embattled ranks, who fought  
Around the dead Patroclus, strong in hope  
To achieve him, and to make the glory theirs.  
Hippochoüs, Pelasgian Lethus' son,  
A noble youth, ambitious to deserve  
Applause from Hector and the Trojan host,  
Binding Patroclus' ancles with a thong  
Together, grasp'd his feet, and toil'd to draw  
The lifeless load from conflict safe away.  
But mischief, swifter than his readiest friends  
Could baffle, reach'd him. Sudden in assault,  
And spear in hand, illustrious Ajax smote  
His glitt'ring helmet with an arm so strong,  
And with a beam so pond'rous, that his point  
Sheer to its bottom split the crested brass.  
Plung'd to its neck, the spear let forth at once  
Life's current and the brain. He nerveless sank,  
Let fall Patroclus' feet, and fell himself  
Prone on the body; never more to see

Fruitful Larissa, never to requite  
Their kind solitudes who gave him birth,  
In bloom of life by dauntless Ajax slain.  
Then Hector hurl'd at Ajax, but the spear  
Pass'd *him* forewarn'd of its approach, and pierc'd  
Schedius Iphitides ; he, noblest chief  
Of the Phocensians, over many reign'd,  
Dwelling in Panopeus the far-renown'd.  
Ent'ring beneath the clavicle \* the point  
Right through his shoulder's summit pass'd behind,  
And on his loud-resounding arms he fell.  
Next, Ajax wounded at his waist the son  
Of Phœnops, valiant Phorcys, while he stood  
Guarding Hippothoüs ; through his hollow mail  
Enforc'd the weapon drank his inmost life,  
And in his palm, supine, he clench'd the dust.  
Then, Hector with the foremost chiefs of Troy  
Fell back ; the Argives sent a shout to Heav'n,  
And dragging Phorcys and Hippothoüs thence  
Stripp'd both †. In that bright moment Ilium's host  
Fear-quell'd before Achaia's warlike sons  
Should have re-enter'd Ilium, and the Greeks

\* Or collar-bone.

† If they could drag Phorcys and Hippothoüs, why not Patroclus? Because the Trojans, more ambitious to make prize of him, than to rescue their own, directed all their efforts to obtain him, and neglected the bodies of their countrymen.—V.

By matchless might and fortitude their own  
 Had snatch'd a vict'ry from the grasp of fate,  
 But that, himself, the King of radiant shafts  
 Æneas rous'd; Epytis' son he seem'd  
 Periphas, ancient in the service grown  
 Of old Anchises, whom he dearly lov'd;  
 His form assum'd, Apollo thus began:

Æneas! I have seen the glorious chiefs,  
 Who by their people's valour and their own,  
 No foreign aid at hand\*, have, in despite  
 Of adverse Heav'n, secur'd their tott'ring tow'rs.  
 But we so dread the Grecians, that we yield  
 The vict'ry theirs, which Jove designs our own.

He ended, whom Æneas marking, knew  
 At once the glorious Archer of the skies,  
 And thus to distant Hector call'd aloud:

Hector! Ye chiefs of Troy, and her allies!  
 Shame is our portion, if we climb again  
 The heights of Ilium, slaves of hopeless fear,  
 And fugitive before the Grecian host.  
 For I have learn'd, this moment, from a God

\* This is the import of *πλήθει τε σφετέρων, πεποιθότας*. Ye, he says, have the Gods on your side, and are aided by numerous allies, yet suffer yourselves to be worsted; unlike to some whom I have seen, who, unsupported by others, and with the Gods against them, have yet conquered.

Standing beside me, that in Jove himself,  
Whose counsels all events of war obey,  
The Trojans have a friend. Now, therefore, face  
Once more the foe, nor suffer that, in peace,  
They reach the ships, and bear Patroclus home.

He spake, and starting far into the van  
Stood foremost forth; they, wheeling, fac'd the Greeks.  
Then, spear in hand, Æneas smote the friend  
Of Lycomedes, brave Leocritus,  
Son of Arisbas. Lycomedes mov'd  
With pity saw his fall, and drawing nigh  
First stood, then hurling his resplendent lance  
Pierc'd Apisaon, son of Hippasus,  
And captain of a band, beneath his chest  
Right through the liver, and at once he died.  
He from Pæonia's fruitful land to Troy  
Came forth, except Asteropæus, brave  
Past all his host. Asteropæus saw,  
And rush'd impatient to the van, prepar'd  
For furious fight, but room for fight found none,  
So thick a fence of shields and ported spears  
Fronted the guard of Menœtiades.  
For Ajax, passing, ceaseless, through the ranks,  
Gave them strict charge, that none should fall behind,  
None step before, ambitious of renown,  
But all, in even undisturb'd array,



Move round Patroclus' body, spear in hand.  
Such order gave huge Ajax ; purple gore  
Drench'd all the ground ; in slaughter'd heaps they fell  
Trojans and Trojan aids of dauntless hearts  
And Grecians ; for not even they the fight  
Wag'd bloodless, though with far less cost of blood.  
Each mindful to avert his fellow's fate\*.

Thus burn'd the battle ; thou hadst deem'd the sun  
And moon alike extinguish'd in the skies,  
Beneath a cope so dense of darkness strove  
Unceasing all the most renown'd in arms  
For Menœtiades. Mean-time the war,  
By Greeks and Trojans in all other parts  
Was wag'd beneath serenest skies ; the sun  
On them his radiance darted ; not a cloud,  
From mountain or from vale ascending, slak'd  
His fervour ; there at distance due they fought  
And paus'd by turns, and shunn'd the cruel dart.  
But in the middle field not war alone  
They suffer'd, but night also ; ruthless rag'd  
The iron storm, and all the mightiest bled.  
Two glorious chiefs, the while, Antilochus  
And Thrasymedes, tidings none had heard

\* The line gives a lesson to soldiers, teaching them, that union of heart and spirit, and affection for each other, are the surest means of victory.—V.

Of brave Patroclus slain, but deem'd him still  
 Living, and troubling still the host of Troy ;  
 For watchful \* only to prevent the flight  
 Or slaughter of their fellow-warriors, they  
 Maintain'd a distant station, so enjoin'd  
 By Nestor when he sent them to the field.  
 But fiery conflict arduous employ'd  
 The rest all day continual ; knees and legs,  
 Feet, hands, and eyes of those who fought to guard  
 The valiant friend of swift Æacides  
 Were smear'd with sweat and dust. As when a man  
 A huge ox-hide drunken with slipp'ry lard  
 Gives to be stretch'd, his servants all around  
 Dispos'd, just intervals between, the task  
 Ply strenuous, and while many straining hard  
 Extend it equal on all sides, it sweats.  
 The moisture out, and drinks the unction in,  
 So they, few paces interpos'd, by turns  
 Pull'd at the body, now toward the ships,  
 And now toward the city, dragging thence,  
 As these or those prevail'd, their envied prize.

\* The proper meaning of ἐπιστομένω—is not simply *looking on*, but *providing against*. And thus their ignorance of the death of Patroclus is accounted for. They were ordered by Nestor to a post, in which they should have little to do themselves, except to superintend others, and were consequently too remote from Patroclus to see him fall, or even to hear that he had fallen.—V.

Wild tumult rag'd around him ; neither Mars  
Gath'rer of hosts to battle, nor herself  
Minerva in her fiercest wrath, had view'd  
That conflict with disdain, to such a length  
Extended Jove that day the bloody toil  
Of steeds and men for Menœtiades.  
Nor knew divine Achilles or had aught  
Heard of Patroclus slain, for from the ships  
Remote they fought, beneath the walls of Troy.  
He, therefore, fear'd not for his death, but hope  
Indulg'd much rather, that, the battle push'd  
To Ilium's gates, he should return alive.  
For that his friend, unaided by himself  
Or even aided, should prevail to lay  
Troy waste, he nought suppos'd ; by Thetis warn'd  
In secret conf'rence oft, he better knew  
Jove's purpose ; yet not even she had borne  
Those dreadful tidings to his ear, the loss  
Immeasurable of his dearest friend.

They all around the dead fought spear in hand,  
Slaying and spoiling mutually, and thus  
A mail-clad warrior of the Greeks exclaim'd—

Shame were it, Grecians ! should we seek by flight  
Our galleys now ; yawn earth beneath our feet  
And here ingulf us rather ! Better far,

Than to permit the Trojan host to win  
The glorious day, and drag Patroclus home.

Thus also spake a valiant man of Troy :  
My friends ! though fate ordain us all to die  
Around this body, stand ! let none retire.

So spake the warrior prompting into act  
The courage of his friends, and such they strove  
On both sides ; high into the vault of Heav'n  
The iron din pass'd through the desert air.  
Mean-time the horses of Æacides,  
From fight withdrawn, when once they understood  
Their charioteer outstretch'd in dust beneath  
The arm of homicidal Hector, wept.  
Them oft with hasty lash Diore's son  
Automedon assail'd ; with gentle speech  
Address'd them oft, oft threaten'd them aloud,  
But neither homeward, to the ships that lin'd  
The sounding shore, nor to the Grecian host  
Would they return, but motionless alike  
Stood both, as stands the column of a tomb  
Some chief's or matron's ; bowing low their heads  
They ceas'd not to deplore with many a tear  
Whom they had lost, and each his glossy mane,  
Dishevell'd now, polluted in the dust.  
Jove saw their grief with pity, and his brows

Shaking, within himself thus, pensive, said\*:

Ah, wherefore, hapless pair! by gift divine  
 Were ye to Peleus giv'n, a mortal king,  
 Yourselves immortal and from age exempt?  
 Was it that ye might share in human woes?  
 For, of all things that breathe or creep the earth,  
 No creature lives so mere a wretch as man.  
 Yet shall not Priameian Hector ride  
 Triumphant, drawn by you. Myself forbid.  
 Suffice it that vain-gloriously he boasts  
 Those arms his own. Your spirit and your limbs  
 I will invigorate, that ye may bear  
 Safe hence Automedon into the fleet.  
 For I ordain the Trojans still to spread  
 Carnage around victorious, till they reach  
 The gallant barks, and till the sun at length  
 Descending, sacred darkness cover all†.

\* The scholiast observes on this passage, that the horse is a sagacious animal, not unobservant of what happens in battle, especially to his own master.—V.

† This whole passage is designed by the poet as a lesson of humiliation to man. If these creatures owed their unhappiness to their intercourse with human kind, then, man himself must be still happier than they. In fact, considering him with reference to the present life only, we find him in all endowments, reason alone excepted, inferiour to the brutes.—The poet makes Jupiter the speaker, that the instruction may have the greater weight and influence.—V.

He said, and with new might the steeds inspir'd,  
They, shaking from their hair the dust, between  
The van of either army whirl'd along  
The rapid chariot. Fighting as he pass'd,  
Though fill'd with sorrow for his slaughter'd friend,  
Automedon high-mounted swept the field  
Impetuous as a vulture scatt'ring geese ;  
Now would he vanish, and now, turning, chase  
Through the whole multitude his trembling foe ;  
But whomsoe'er he follow'd, none he slew,  
Nor was it possible, that, borne alone  
In that dread chariot, he should both direct  
The spear aright, and guide the fiery steeds.  
At length Alcimedon, his friend in arms,  
Son of Laerceus son of Æmon, him  
Observing, from behind the chariot hail'd  
The flying warrior, whom he thus bespake :  
What pow'r divine, Automedon ! distorts  
Thy sober judgement to so wild a course ?  
Thy friend is slain ; exulting Hector wears  
The armour of Æacides ; and thou,  
Still fighting, brav'st the foremost foe, alone.  
Then answer thus Automedon return'd :  
And who like brave Alcimedon to rule  
The force and fire of these immortal steeds,  
Save only, godlike in the noble art,

Patroclus, while he liv'd? Thou, therefore, take  
The whip and reins, which he shall hold no more,  
While I, dismounting, hasten to the fight.

He ceas'd; Alcimedon without delay  
Mounting the battle-chariot, seiz'd at once  
The lash and reins, and from his seat down leap'd  
Automedon. Them noble Hector mark'd,  
And to Æneas at his side began:

Illustrious chief of Ilium's warlike host,  
Æneas! I have notic'd yonder steeds  
Of swift Achilles in the foremost fight  
Conspicuous, but under sway of hands  
Unskilful; whence no little hope I feel,  
That we might seize them, wert thou so inclin'd;  
Since never would those two presume to rush  
To the encounter of a force like ours\*.

He ended, nor Anchises' valiant son  
Refus'd his counsel; then with targets firm  
Of season'd hide brass-plated thrown athwart  
Their shoulders, both advanc'd, with whom a youth  
Of godlike form, Aretus, also went

\* Hector, already possessed of the armour of Achilles, is desirous that his horses may become Trojan property also, and he calls Æneas to assist him in this exploit, not only as a brave man, but because he had been severely mortified by the loss of his own, of which he had been deprived by Diomedes.—V.

And Chromius. Ardent hope they all conceiv'd  
To slay those chiefs, and from the field to drive  
Achilles' lofty steeds. Vain hope! for them  
No bloodless strife awaited with the force  
Of brave Automedon; he, pray'r to Jove  
First off'ring, felt his angry soul with might  
Heroic fill'd, and thus his faithful friend  
Alcimedon, incontinent, address'd :

Alcimedon! hold not the steeds remote,  
But breathing on my back; for I expect  
That never Priameïan Hector's rage  
Shall limit know, or pause, till, slaying us,  
He mount, himself, Achilles' fiery steeds,  
And chase the Greeks, or perish in the van.

So saying, he call'd aloud on Menelaus  
With either Ajax : O illustrious chiefs,  
Of Argos, Menelaus, and ye bold  
Ajaces\*! leaving all your best to cope  
With Ilium's pow'rs, and to protect the dead,  
From friends still living ward the bitter day.  
For hither borne, two warriors, prime of all  
The Trojans, Hector and Æneas rush  
Right through the battle. The events of war

\* The Latin plural of Ajax is sometimes necessary, because the English plural—Ajaxes—would be insupportable.



Heav'n orders\* ; therefore even I will give  
My spear its flight, and Jove dispose the rest !

He said, and brandishing his massy spear  
Dismiss'd it at Aretus ; full he smote  
His ample shield, nor staid the pointed brass,  
But penetrating sheer the disk, his belt  
Pierc'd also, and stood planted in his waist.  
As when some vig'rous youth with sharpen'd axe  
A pastur'd bullock smites behind the horns  
And hews the muscle through : he, at the stroke  
Springs forth and falls, so sprang Aretus forth,  
Then fell supine, and in his bowels stood  
The keen-edg'd lance still quiv'ring till he died†.  
Then Hector, in return, his radiant spear  
Hurl'd at Automedon, who, of its flight  
Forewarn'd, his body bowing prone, deceiv'd

\* *Θεῶν ἐν γόνασι κεῖται*—*Lie in the lap of the Gods*. A similar expression occurs in the proverbs of Solomon.

*The lot is cast into the lap, but the disposal thereof is of the Lord.*

† At first, like an ox wounded behind the horns, he sprang forward, but he fell not prone, as an ox would fall, the force of the stroke repulsing and casting him on his back.—V.

*Quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram*

*Taurus, et incertam excussit cervice securim*, *Æn.* II. 223. Scaliger accounts the simile of Virgil far superiour to that of Homer, but no comparison can properly obtain between them. Virgil describes the bull ineffectually wounded, and breaking away from the altar ; Homer a bull mortally wounded, springing forward at the stroke and falling.—C.

The weapon, which, implanted in the soil  
Behind him, shook to its superiour end,  
Till, spent by slow degrees, its fury slept. •  
And now, with hand to hilt, for closer war  
Both stood prepar'd, when through the multitude  
Advancing at their fellow-warrior's call  
Each Ajax suddenly their farther strife  
Prevented. Aw'd at once by their approach  
Hector retir'd, with whom Æneas went  
Also and godlike Chromius, leaving there  
Aretus with his vitals torn, whose arms  
Automedon, all terrible as Mars  
Stripp'd off, and thus exulted o'er the slain :

My soul some portion of her grief resigns  
Consol'd, although by slaughter of a worse,  
For loss of valiant Menœtiades.

So saying, within his chariot he dispos'd  
The gory spoils, then mounted it himself  
With hands and feet impurpled, as with blood  
Some lion, after his repast, a bull.

And now around Patroclus rag'd again  
Dread strife deplorable ; for from the skies  
Descending at the Thunderer's command,  
Whose purpose now was to assist the Greeks,  
Pallas enhanc'd the fury of the fight.  
As when, in view of mortals, Jove displays

On high his beauteous bow, a sign ordain'd  
 Of war, or numbing frost, which all the works  
 Of man suspends and saddens all the flocks,  
 So she, envelop'd with a radiant cloud  
 Ent'ring Achaia's host, fir'd ev'ry breast.  
 But meeting Menelaus first, brave son  
 Of Atreus, both the form and mighty voice  
 Of Phoenix she assumed\*, and thus she spake :

Shame, Menelaus, shall to thee redound  
 For ever, and reproach, should dogs devour  
 The faithful friend of Peleus' noble son  
 Beneath Troy's battlements ; but stand, thyself,  
 Undaunted, and encourage all the host.

To whom the son of Atreus bold in arms :  
 Alas, my Phoenix, ancient friend rever'd!'  
 Would Pallas give me might, and shield me safe  
 From flying dart and spear, with willing mind  
 I would defend Patroclus, for his death  
 Hath touch'd me deep†. But Hector, like a fire,  
 Lays waste the field, nor knows his spear a pause,  
 For this day's glory Jove hath destin'd his.

\* The Goddess with great propriety assumes the form of Phoenix, who might not only claim attention as chief of a phalanx, and on account of his age, but as a person particularly interested in the event of the contest, being the friend and preceptor of Achilles.—V.

† *Hath touched me* is the literal translation of ἐσέμασσετο. μασσασθαι γὰρ, το ἀψασθαι.—V.

He ceas'd, whom Pallas, Goddess azure-ey'd  
Hearing, rejoic'd that of the heav'nly pow'rs  
He had invok'd *her* foremost to his aid.  
His shoulders with new might, and limbs she fill'd,  
And persevering boldness to his breast  
Imparted, such as prompts the fly, which oft  
From flesh of man repuls'd, her purpose yet  
To bite holds fast, resolv'd on human blood\*.  
His stormy bosom with such courage fill'd  
By Pallas, to Patroclus he approach'd,  
And hurl'd with rapid haste his glitt'ring spear.  
There was a Trojan leader, Podes, son  
Of old Eëtion†, valorous and rich,  
Whom Hector most of all his Trojan friends  
Respected, in convivial pleasures sweet  
His chos'n companion. As he sprang to flight,  
The hero of the golden locks his belt  
Struck with full force, and sent the weapon through.  
Sounding he fell, and from the Trojan ranks

\* The hero is not himself compared to a fly, for such a comparison would degrade any hero, but his courage is said to have resembled the courage of that insect,—V. which nothing can exceed in boldness and pertinacity.

† Not the father of Andromache, but a person of the same name. The brothers of Andromache had all been put to death by Achilles. His riches also mark him out for another; for the same hero had pillaged the house of Eëtion of Thebes, and brought away all his property.—V.

Atrides dragg'd the body to his own\*.  
Then drew Apollo near to Hector's side,  
And in the form of Phœnops, Asius' son,  
Of all the foreign guests at Hector's board  
His fav'rite most, the hero thus address'd :

What Greek will now fear Hector, who, himself,  
Fears Menelaus? maiden-like, of late,  
Was he, but now, triumphant and alone  
Drags from the ranks of Troy Eëtion's son,  
The valiant Podes, ever true to thee.

He spake, and sorrow like a wintry cloud  
Involv'd the mind of Hector dark around ;  
Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd  
All clad in dazzling brass. Then, lifting high  
His tassel'd ægis radiant, Jove with storms  
Envelop'd Ida ; flash'd his lightnings, roar'd  
His thunders, and the mountain shook, while he  
Dispers'd the Greeks before the host of Troy.

First fled Peneleus, the Bœotian chief,  
Whom facing firm the foe Polydamas  
Had on his shoulder's summit slightly harm'd,  
Grazing the bone† ; for nigh at hand he threw.

\* The scholiast remarks, that a *bon vivant* could not die by a fitter wound than one received in the bowels, nor by a fitter hand than that of Menelaus, the Spartans being all abstemious.—V.

† The commentators are perplexed by this passage, and unable to comprehend how a wound can be termed a slight one, that reaches to the bone.—V. But the difficulty seems small. There is generally

Leïtus also\*, son of the renown'd  
 Alectryon, pierc'd by Hector in the wrist,  
 Disabled left the fight; trembling he fled  
 And peering narrowly around, nor hop'd  
 To lift a spear against the Trojans more.  
 Hector, pursuing Leïtus, the point  
 Encounter'd of Idomeneus the brave  
 Full on his chest; but in his mail the lance  
 Snapp'd, and the Trojans shouted to the skies.  
 He, in his turn, cast at Deucalion's son,  
 Idomeneus, who in that moment gain'd†  
 A chariot-seat; him narrowly he miss'd,  
 And wounded Cœranus instead, the friend

so little flesh on the upper part of the shoulder, that the point of a spear could hardly graze it so as to wound it at all without grazing the bone also. A hurt, however, received there, would effectually disable the arm, and is therefore sufficient to account for the flight of Peneleus, whose fellow-warrior Leïtus retreats also for a similar reason; not because he is dangerously hurt, but because he can no longer use his weapons.

\* Leïtus was another chief of the Bæotians.

† Δίφρω ἐφ' ἑσάβροτος.—Yet we learn soon after that he fought on foot. But the scholiast explains the expression thus—*νεύσει τῷ δίφρῳ ἐπιβαύροτος*. The fact was, that Idomeneus had left the camp on foot, and was on foot when Hector prepared to throw at him. But Cœranus, charioteer of Meriones, observing his danger, drove instantly to his aid. Idomeneus had just time to mount, and the spear, designed for him, struck Cœranus.—For a right understanding of this very intricate and difficult passage, I am altogether indebted to the scholiast as quoted by Villoison.

And follower of Meriones to Troy  
From wealthy Lyctus, and his charioteer.  
For when he left, that day, the gallant barks  
Idomeneus had sought the field on foot,  
And triumph proud, full sure, to Ilium's host  
Had yielded, but that Cœranus in haste  
Arriv'd to his relief, from him the dire  
Event averting, which himself incurr'd,  
Victim of Hector's homicidal arm.  
Him Hector smiting between ear and jaw  
Push'd from their sockets with the lance's point  
His firm-set teeth, and sever'd sheer his tongue.  
Dismounted down he fell, and from his hand  
Let slide the flowing reins, which, to the earth  
Stooping, Meriones in haste resum'd,  
And briefly thus Idomeneus address'd ;  
Now drive, and cease not, to the fleet of Greece ;  
Thyself seest victory no longer ours.  
He said, and brave Idomeneus, himself,  
Now fearing, swiftly drove toward the fleet.  
Nor Ajax saw not, or the Spartan prince  
The scale of vict'ry verging to the side  
Of Ilium, in the sov'reign hand of Jove,  
And thus the Telamonian chief exclaim'd :  
Now may we plainly see,—the blindest may—  
Jove granting vict'ry to the pow'rs of Troy.

Whose ev'ry weapon, whether shaft or spear  
From base or brave, himself directs aright,  
While ours, dismiss'd in vain, all pierce the ground.  
Thus left, consider we what likeliest means,  
Ourselves, we can employ, to bear away  
The dead Patroclus, and to cheer, at length,  
Our anxious friends, who, watching our return,  
Far more expect an inroad on the ships  
From Hector, than that, Hector's rage repuls'd,  
Ourselves shall ever reach them safe again\*.  
O for some Grecian now to bear with speed  
The tidings to Achilles' ear, untaught,  
As I conjecture, yet, the doleful news  
Of his Patroclus slain ! but no such Greek  
May I discern, such universal gloom  
Both men and steeds envelops all around.  
Father of Heav'n and Earth ! deliver thou  
Achaia's host from darkness ; clear the skies ;  
Give day ; (and since thy sov'reign will is such)  
Destruction with it—but O give us day† !

\* The translator here follows the interpretation preferred by the scholiast. The original expression is ambiguous, and may signify either, that *we shall perish in the fleet ourselves*, or that Hector will soon be in the midst of it.—V.

† A noble instance of the heroism of Ajax, who asks not deliverance from the Trojans, or that he may escape alive, but light



He spake, whose tears Jove saw with pity mov'd  
And chas'd the shades ; the sun beam'd brightly forth,  
And the whole battle met the eye. Then spake  
The hero thus to Atreus' mighty son :

Now, Menelaus, haste ; seek Nestor's son  
Antilochus ; and, if he still survive,  
Charge him, that with his utmost speed he bear  
To brave Achilles, tidings of the loss  
Immeasurable, of his dearest friend.

He ceas'd, nor Menelaus, dauntless chief  
That task refus'd, but went ; yet neither swift  
Nor willing. As a lion leaves the stalls  
Wearied himself with harassing the guard,  
Who, interdicting him his purpos'd prey,  
Watch all the night ; he, famish'd, yet again  
Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof  
By spears from daring hands dismiss'd, but more  
By flash of torches, which, though fierce, he dreads,  
Till, at the dawn, sullen he stalks away\* ;  
So from Patroclus Menelaus went,

only, without which he could not possibly distinguish himself. The tears of such a warrior, and shed for such a reason, are singularly affecting.

\* The whole simile is introduced for the sake of this last line, and intended merely to illustrate the reluctance with which Menelaus withdraws. The preceding parts of it are not applicable to him in his present circumstances.

Heroic chief! reluctant; for he fear'd  
Lest the Achaians should resign the dead,  
Through consternation, to the host of Troy.  
Departing; therefore, earnestly he charg'd  
Meriones and either Ajax, thus:

Ye dauntless leaders of the Grecian host!  
Now call to mind the gentle manners sweet  
Of poor Patroclus; for Achilles' friend,  
While yet he liv'd, was ever kind to all.

So saying, the hero, amber-hair'd, his steps  
Turn'd thence, the field exploring with an eye  
Keen as the eagle's, keenest-ey'd of all  
That wing the air, whom, though he soar aloft,  
The lev'ret 'scapes not hid in thickest shades,  
But down he stoops, and at a stroke she dies;  
So, noble Menelaus! were thine eyes  
Turn'd into ev'ry quarter of the host  
In search of Nestor's son, if still he liv'd.  
Him, soon, encouraging his band to fight,  
He notic'd on the left of all the field,  
And sudden standing at his side, began:

Antilochus! O hear me, noble friend!  
And tidings thou shalt learn of such a deed,  
As best had never been. Thou know'st, I judge,  
And hast already seen, how Jove exalts  
To victory the Trojan host, and rolls

Distress on ours; but ah! Patroclus lies,  
Our chief Achaian, slain, whose loss the Greeks  
Fills with regret. Haste, therefore, to the fleet,  
Inform Achilles; bid him haste to save,  
If save he may, the body of his friend;  
He can no more, for Hector hath his arms.

He ceas'd. Antilochus with horror heard  
Those tidings; mute long time he stood, his eyes  
With sorrow delug'd, and his voice suppress'd.  
Yet nought the more neglected he the word  
Of Menelaus. Setting forth to run,  
He gave his armour to his noble friend  
Laodocus, who thither turn'd his steeds,  
And, weeping as he went, on rapid feet  
Sped to Achilles with that tale of wo.

Nor could the noble Menelaus stay,  
To give the weary Pylian band, bereft  
Of their belov'd Antilochus, his aid,  
But leaving them to Thrasymedes' care,  
He flew to Menœtiades again,  
And either Ajax, instant, thus address'd:

He seeks the fleet, and with his utmost speed  
Achilles there; of whose arrival, now,  
With whatsoever rage he may resent  
This deed of Hector, I must yet despair,  
For, can he face, unarm'd, the Pow'rs of Troy?

Now, therefore, think how likeliest we may save  
Patroclus hence, and from the stroke of Fate,  
That threatens us in this tumultuous field,  
Escape, ourselves, into the fleet of Greece.

To whom the tow'ring Ajax in return:  
Brave Menelaus ! Thou hast well advis'd.  
Thou, therefore, aid Meriones to lift  
And bear Patroclus from the field, while we,  
Long-time accustom'd, side by side, to endure  
Severest conflict, and, as nam'd alike,  
So, one in heart, sustain the brunt alone.

He ended ; they, enfolding in their arms  
The dead, upbore him high above the ground  
With force united ; after whom Troy's host,  
Seeing the body lifted from the field  
Shouted, and with impetuous onset all  
Throng'd after them. As hounds before a band  
Of youthful hunters, on the wounded boar  
Make fierce assault ; awhile at utmost speed  
They stretch toward him, hung'ring for the prey,  
But oft as, turning suddenly, the brawn  
Withstands them, scatter'd on all sides escape,  
The Trojans so, thick thronging in the rear,  
Ceaseless with swords and spears of double edge  
Annoy'd them sore ; but oft as in retreat  
The dauntless heroes, the Ajaces, turn'd

To face them, deadly wan grew ev'ry cheek,  
And not a Trojan dar'd with onset rude  
Molest them more in conflict for the dead.

Thus they, laborious, forth from battle bore  
Patroclus to the fleet, tempestuous war  
Their steps attending, rapid as the flames  
Which, kindled suddenly, some city waste ;  
Consum'd amid the blaze house after house  
Sinks, and the wind, mean-time, roars through the fire,  
So them a deaf'ning tumult as they went  
Pursu'd, of horses and of men spear-arm'd.  
And as two mules with em'lous efforts draw\*  
Through rugged ways down from the distant hills  
Huge timber, beam or mast ; sweating they go,  
And overlabour'd to faint weariness,  
So they the body bore, while, turning oft,  
Th' Ajaces check'd the Trojans. As a mound  
Planted with trees and stretch'd athwart the mead  
Repels an overflow ; the torrents loud  
Baffling, it sends them far away to float

\* It is observed of oxen, that they draw equally, and are contented to take each his due share of the labour, but that mules are emulous of each other, and contend which shall toil the most ; so that sometimes one will draw the whole weight, and sometimes the other.—V. This is the true meaning of *κρατερὸν μένος ἀμφιβαλόντες*, not as it is interpreted in the marginal Latin, *validum robur induxi*. The scholiast accordingly explains it thus, *το βαρος ἀντιμεταβαλλόντες ἀλλήλοις*.—V.

VOL. II.

P

The level land, nor can they with the force  
Of all their waters burst a passage through,  
So firmly either Ajax in the rear  
Repress'd the Trojans; but the Trojans them  
Attended still, of whom Æneas most  
Annoy'd them, and the glorious chief of Troy.  
They, as a cloud of starlings or of daws  
Fly screaming shrill, warn'd timely of the kite  
Or hawk, devourers of the smaller kinds,  
So fled (while Hector and Æneas urg'd  
The swift pursuit) with never-ceasing cries  
Achaia's sons, escape, their only care,  
And many a lance, and many a glitt'ring shield  
Within the foss, and on the bord'ring plain,  
Through terror left, for respite none they found.

## ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

Achilles, by command of Juno, shows himself to the Trojans, who fly at his appearance; Vulcan, at the instance of Thetis, forges for him a suit of armour.

## BOOK XVIII.

**THUS** burn'd the battle like devouring fire.

Mean-time, Antilochus with rapid steps  
Came to Achilles. Him he found before  
His lofty barks, conjecturing the truth.

He groan'd, and to his noble self he said :

Ah ! wo is me—why falls Achaia's host  
Back on the fleet, thus broken and confus'd ?  
I tremble lest the Gods my fears fulfil  
Of evils which my mother hath erewhile  
Foretold me, that while I shall yet survive,  
My bravest Myrmidon by Trojan hands  
Is doom'd to fall, and view the sun no more.  
Brave Menœtiades is, doubtless, slain.

Ah vainly brave! The Trojans once expell'd,  
 I bade thee shun the force of Hector's arm,  
 And seek, at once, the rescu'd ships again\*.

While thus he mus'd, the noble Nestor's son  
 Approach'd him, and in tepid tears dissolv'd  
 His most unwelcome message thus declar'd :

Oh brave Achilles! Charg'd with heaviest news  
 Of one who well deserv'd a gentler fate  
 I seek thee. Menœtiades is dead.  
 Between the warring hosts his body lies  
 In fierce dispute, and Hector hath his arms †.

Then clouds of sorrow fell on Peleus' son,  
 And, grasping with both hands the ashes, down  
 He pour'd them on his head, his graceful brows

\* Actor, grandfather of Patroclus, was a Locrian, and born in Opoeis, but his wife by whom he had Menœtius was of Oenone, a city of Phthia. Patroclus therefore was a Myrmidon on the mother's side only.—B. & V. But why did Achilles, thus forewarned by Thetis, permit his friend to expose himself? It is accounted for by the commentator from his supposed ignorance both of the name and the time, and he might not recollect the prophecy, till reminded of it by the flight of the Greeks on this occasion.—V.

† Brief as Antilochus is in his narration, he omits nothing proper to be told, but in four lines expresses his own sorrow, the death of Patroclus, the loss of armour, the contest for his body, and who had slain him. The scholiast observes, that though there is admirable propriety in this conciseness, it has not been imitated by the tragedians, who are tediously circumstantial in their recitals of disastrous incidents.—V.



Dishonouring, and thick the sooty show'r  
 Descending settled on his fragrant vest.  
 Then, stretch'd in ashes, at the vast extent  
 Of his whole length he lay, disord'ring wild  
 With his own hands, and rending off his hair\*.  
 The maidens, captiv'd by himself in war  
 And by Patroclus, shrieking from the tent  
 Ran forth, and hemm'd the glorious chief around.  
 All smote their bosoms, and all, fainting, fell.  
 On the other side, Antilochus, dissolv'd  
 In tears, held fast Achilles' hands, and groan'd  
 Continually from his heart, through fear  
 Lest Peleus' son should perish self-destroy'd.  
 With dreadful cries *he* rent the air; whose voice  
 Within the gulfs of ocean, where she sat  
 Beside her ancient sire, his mother heard,

\* Zoilus found great fault with the excessive grief manifested by Achilles on this occasion, calling it weak and womanish, and observing, that no instance of such passionate sorrow is seen even among the barbarians, for such he affects to call the Trojans; Hecuba herself, he says, mourned less extravagantly the dragging of her son's body.—V. Zenodotus makes several apologies for the poet, but he seems to need none. The character of Achilles justifies him. *Nîl illi medium*. Vehement and uncontrollable in every thing, he mourns as he resents, without bounds or measure. If consistency, therefore, be a beauty, the passage is no blemish, but proves, on the contrary, a passage highly honourable to the poet, as an instance of his exquisite judgement, and skill in human nature.

And hearing, shriek'd; around her, at the voice  
Assembled all the Nereids of the Deep.  
Cymodoce, Thalia, Glauca came,  
Nisæa, Spio, Thoa, and with eyes  
Protub'rant beauteous Halia; came with these  
Cymothoë, and Actæa, and the nymph  
Of marshes, Limnorea; nor delay'd  
Agave, nor Amphithoë the swift,  
Iæra, Doto, Melita; nor thence  
Was absent Proto, or Dynamene,  
Callianira, Doris, Panope,  
Pherusa or Amphinome, or fair  
Dexamene, or Galatea prais'd  
For matchless form divine; Nemertes pure  
Came also, with Apseudes crystal-bright,  
Callianassa, Mæra, Clymene,  
Janeira and Janassa, sister pair,  
And Orithya, and with azure locks  
Luxuriant, Amatheia; nor alone  
Came these, but ev'ry ocean-nymph beside.  
The silver cave was fill'd; each smote her breast,  
And Thetis, loud lamenting, thus began\*:

\* This whole catalogue of nymphs is rejected by Zenodotus, as having more of Hesiod's manner in it than of Homer's, who names neither the Muses nor the Ilithyæ. The conclusion of it he even terms ridiculous, observing that the poet seems to have tired him-

Ye sister Nereids hear! that ye may all  
 From my own lips my boundless sorrow learn.  
 Ah me forlorn and parent to no end  
 Of an illustrious birth! who, having borne  
 A noble son magnanimous, the chief  
 Of heroes, saw him like a thriving plant  
 Shoot, under my maternal care, aloft,  
 And sent him early in his gallant fleet  
 Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy.  
 But him from fight return'd I shall receive  
 Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more,  
 And while he lives and views the light of day,  
 Grief is his doom, nor can my presence aught  
 Avail him; yet I go, that I may see  
 My darling son, and from his lips be taught  
 What wo he feels, who shares not now the war.

So saying she left the cave, whom all her nymphs  
 Attended weeping, and where'er they pass'd  
 The parting billows open'd wide a way.  
 At fruitful Troy arriv'd, in order fair  
 They climb'd the beach, where by his num'rous barks

self also at last, and to find it necessary to cut short the matter by  
 generalizing the rest of the assembly.—V. But the criticism seems  
 a frivolous one; for we need only advert to the catalogue of the  
 ships to be convinced that nominal specification is by no means fo-  
 reign from the manner of Homer.

Encompass'd, swift Achilles sighing lay.  
Then, drawing nigh to her afflicted son  
The Goddess with a piercing shriek his brows  
Between her palms compress'd, and thus inquir'd :

Why weeps my son? what sorrow wrings thy soul?  
Speak, hide it not. The Thund'rer hath perform'd  
The pray'r which erst with lifted hands thou mad'st,  
That all Achaia's host, depriv'd of thee,  
Might be compell'd into the fleet, and foul  
Disgrace incur, there prison'd for thy sake.

To whom Achilles, groaning deep, replied :  
My mother ! it is true ; Olympian Jove  
That pray'r fulfils ; but thence what joy to me,  
Patroclus slain? the friend whom erst I lov'd  
As life itself\*, far more than all besides,  
That friend have I destroy'd ; the Trojan chief  
Hath slain and stripp'd him of my glorious arms  
The wonder of all eyes, a matchless gift  
Giv'n by the Gods to Peleus on that day  
When thee they doom'd into a mortal's arms†.

\* The disciples of Pythagoras being desired to define a friend, did it by calling him, Another self.—V.

† The occasion of the marriage of Thetis with Peleus was this : Jupiter, enamoured of Thetis, pursued her with an intent to ravish her, but was prevented by Prometheus, who met him on Mount Caucasus, and, prophesying, informed him, that the son of Thetis should be greater than his father. Jupiter, therefore, fearing to be

Oh that with these thy deathless ocean-nymphs  
Dwelling content, thou hadst my father left  
T' espouse a mortal bride ! so hadst thou 'scap'd  
Pangs numberless, which thou must now endure  
For thy son's death, whom thou shalt never meet  
From Troy return'd, in Peleus' mansion more.  
For life I covet not, nor longer wish  
To mix with human kind, unless my spear  
May find out Hector, and atonement take  
By slaying Him, for my Patroclus slain.

To whom, with streaming tears, the Goddess thus :  
Swift comes thy destiny as thou hast said,  
For after Hector's death thine next ensues.

Then answer, thus, indignant he return'd :  
Death seize me now ! since, when my friend was slain,  
My doom was, not to succour him. He died  
From home remote, and wanting me to save him.  
Now, therefore, since I neither visit more  
My native land, nor, present here, have aught  
Avail'd Patroclus or my many friends,  
Whom noble Hector hath in battle slain,  
But here I sit unprofitable grown,  
Earth's burden, though of such heroic note,

superseded in his throne, abstained from the Goddess, and in honour of Æacus gave her in marriage to Peleus. Achilles was the fruit of their union, who not only surpassed his father in military achievements but all the heroes of his day.

If not in council foremost (for I yield  
That prize to others) yet in feats of arms  
Such as none other in Achaia's host,  
O! perish Discord from among the Gods  
Henceforth, and from among the human race,  
With wrath, which sets the wisest hearts on fire;  
Sweeter than dropping honey to the taste,  
But in the breast an ever-gath'ring smoke\*!  
Such was my wrath which Agamemnon rous'd,  
The king of men. But since the past is fled  
Irrevocable, howsoe'er distress'd,  
Renounce we now vain musings on the past,  
Content through sad necessity. I go  
In quest of noble Hector, who hath slain  
My lov'd Patroclus, and such death will take  
As Jove ordains me and the Pow'rs of Heav'n  
At their own season, send it when they may.  
For not the might of Hercules himself,  
Of all men dearest to Saturnian Jove,  
Could death escape, but even him the force

\* Here it is that the drift of the whole poem is fulfilled. The evils consequent on the quarrel between him and Agamemnon at last teach Achilles himself this wisdom, that wrath and strife are criminal and pernicious; and the confession is extorted from his own lips, that the lesson may be the more powerfully inculcated. To point the instruction to leaders of armies only is to narrow its operation unnecessarily; the moral is of universal application, and the poet's beneficent intentions are wronged by one so partial.

Of Juno's wrath, and Destiny subdued ;  
And if myself am also doom'd to fall,  
I, then, shall also rest ; but I will win  
Immortal glory now, and, in revenge,  
Make many a Trojan and Dardanian wife  
Wipe her soft cheeks, and many a mother mourn.  
Long time have I been absent from the field \*,  
And they shall know it. Love me as thou mayst,  
Yet thwart me not, for I am fix'd to go.

Whom Thetis answer'd, Goddess of the Deep :  
Thou hast well said, my son ! it is no blame,  
To save from threaten'd death our suff'ring friends.  
But thy magnificent and dazzling arms  
Are now in Trojan hands ; them Hector wears  
Exulting, but ordain'd not long t' exult,  
So habited ; his death is also nigh.  
But thou with yonder warring multitudes  
Mix not, till thou behold me here again ;  
For with the rising sun I will return  
To-morrow, and will bring thee glorious arms,  
By Vulcan forg'd himself, the King of fire.

She said, and turning from her son aside,  
The sisterhood of Ocean thus address'd :

\* Fifteen days only ; but fifteen days seemed an age to Achilles.  
He had abstained from battle during the twelve days which the  
Gods had spent in Æthiopia, and three have passed since their  
return.—V.

Plunge ye again into the briny Deep,  
And to the hoary Sov'reign of the floods  
Report as ye have heard. I seek the heights  
Olympian now, with purpose to obtain  
From Vulcan, glorious artist, if I may,  
Arms of excelling beauty for my son.

She said; they plung'd into the waves again,  
And silver-footed Thetis, to the heights  
Olympian soaring swiftly to obtain  
Arms for renown'd Achilles, disappear'd.  
Mean-time with infinite uproar the Greeks  
From Hector's hero-slaying arm had fled  
Home to their galleys station'd on the banks  
Of Hellespont. Nor yet Achaia's sons  
Had borne the body of Patroclus clear  
From flight of darts away, but still again  
The multitude of warriors and of steeds  
Came on, by Priameian Hector led  
Rapid as fire. Thrice, noble Hector seiz'd  
His ancles from behind, that he might drag  
Patroclus, shouting to his host the while;  
But thrice, the two Ajaces, cloth'd with might,  
Shock'd and repuls'd him reeling. He with force  
Still inexhausted issuing through his ranks  
By turns assail'd the heroes, and by turns  
Stood clamouring, yet not a step retir'd;



But as the hinds deter not from his prey  
A tawny lion by keen hunger urg'd,  
So could not both Ajaces, warriors bold,  
Intimidate and from the body drive  
Hector; and he had dragg'd him thence and won  
Immortal glory, but that Iris, sent  
Unseen by Jove\* and by the pow'rs of Heav'n  
From Juno, to Achilles brought command  
That he should sally. At his side she stood  
And in wing'd accents thus the chief address'd:

Hero! most terrible of men, arise!  
Protect Patroclus, for whose sake the war  
Stands at the fleet of Greece. Mutual prevails  
The slaughter, these the dead defending, those  
Determin'd hence to drag him to the gates  
Of lofty Ilium. But beyond them all  
Illustrious Hector ardently contends  
To win him, purposing to lop his head,  
And to exhibit it impal'd on high.  
Thou then arise, nor longer on the ground  
Lie stretch'd inactive; let the thought with shame  
Touch thee, of thy Patroclus made the sport  
Of Trojan dogs, whose corse, if it return

\* Wherefore *unseen by Jove*? since Jove himself favoured the rescue of the body. Because Jupiter had promised victory to Hector till the day should close, and this measure of Juno had a tendency to defeat that promise.—V.

Dishonour'd home, \*brings with it thy reproach.

To whom Achilles matchless in the race :  
Iris divine ! who sent thee from the skies ?

Then, thus, the swift ambadress replied :  
Jove's glorious consort. And by Jove himself,  
And all the blest inhabitants besides  
Of bright Olympus, unperceiv'd I came.

Her answer'd then Pelides, glorious chief :  
How, wanting armour, can I seek the fleet \* ?  
My mother also charg'd me to expect  
Her prompt return with arms, that she will ask  
At Vulcan's hand. Mean-time I know not whose  
Might serve me, save alone the sev'n-fold shield  
Of Telamonian Ajax, whom I deem  
Not unemploy'd himself ; but with his spear  
Now dealing slaughter in my friend's defence.

To whom the swift-wing'd messenger of Heav'n :  
Full well we know thine armour Hector's prize.  
Yet, issuing to the margin of the foss,  
Show thyself only. Panic-seiz'd, perchance,

\* Why did not Achilles use the armour of Patroclus ? For if his own would fit Patroclus, those of Patroclus, it is to be supposed, would equally have fitted him.—B. & V. The best answer is given by Crates, who says that Automedon had put it on, the more effectually to deceive the Trojans, who, mistaking Patroclus for Achilles, would be confirmed in that opinion by seeing Automedon in the habit of Patroclus. Achilles, therefore, had not even that resource left him.—V.

The Trojans shall from fight desist, and yield  
To the o'ertoil'd though dauntless sons of Greece  
Short respite; it is all that war allows.

So saying, the rapid Iris disappear'd.  
Then rose at once Achilles dear to Jove,  
Athwart whose shoulders broad Minerva cast  
Her Ægis fring'd terrific, and his brows  
Encircled with a golden cloud, that shot  
Fires insupportable to sight abroad.  
As when some island, situate afar  
On the wide waves, invested all the day  
By cruel foes from their own city pour'd,  
Upsends a smoke to Heav'n, and torches shows  
On all her turrets at the close of eve  
Which flash against the clouds, kindled in hope  
Of aid from neighbour maritime allies,  
So from Achilles' head light flash'd to Heav'n.  
Without the rampart and beside the foss  
He stood, but mix'd not with Achaia's host,  
Obedient to his mother's wise command.  
He stood and shouted; Pallas also rais'd  
A dreadful shout, and tumult infinite  
Excited throughout all the host of Troy.  
As when fierce foes approach the city walls  
Shrill sounds the trumpet to alarm the town,  
Such, in that moment, and so shrill was heard

Thy voice, Æacides ! and tumult-toss'd  
Was ev'ry bosom at the brazen tone \*.  
With swift recoil the long-man'd coursers thrust  
The chariots back, all boding wo at hand,  
And ev'ry charioteer astonish'd saw  
Fires, that fail'd not, illumining the brows  
Of Peleus' son, by Pallas kindled there.  
Thrice, o'er the trench, Achilles sent his voice  
Sonorous, and confusion at the sound  
Thrice seiz'd the Trojans, and their fam'd allies.  
Twelve, in that moment, of their noblest died  
By their own spears and chariots, and with joy  
The Grecians from beneath a hill of darts  
Dragging Patroclus, plac'd him on his bier.  
Around him throng'd his fellow-warriors bold,  
All weeping, after whom Achilles went  
Fast-weeping also at the doleful sight  
Of his true friend on his funereal bed  
Extended, gash'd with many a mortal wound,  
Whom he had sent into the fight with steeds  
And chariot, but receiv'd him thence no more.

\* The poet gives credibility to this sally of Achilles unarmed, by assigning him Pallas and her Ægis for his protection ; credibility likewise to the effect of his voice, by seconding it with that of the Goddess. Without such aid, his appearance would have been the extremest rashness, and such consequences of his shouts by no means supposable.—V.

And now majestic Juno sent the sun,  
Unwearied minister of light, although  
Reluctant, down into the Ocean stream.  
So the sun sank, and the Achaians ceas'd  
From the all-wasting labours of the war\*.  
On th' other side, the Trojans, from the fight  
Retiring, loos'd their steeds, but ere they took  
Thought of refreshment, in full council met.  
It was a council at which no man sat,  
Or dar'd; all stood; such terror had on all  
Fallen, for that Achilles had appear'd  
After long pause from battle's arduous toil.  
First spake Polydamas the prudent son  
Of Panthus, above all the Trojans skill'd  
Both in futurity and in the past.  
He was the friend of Hector, and one night  
Gave birth to each. In council one excell'd,  
And one still more in feats of high renown.  
Thus then, admonishing them, he began:  
My friends! weigh well the occasion. Back to Troy  
E'en now by my advice, nor wait the morn  
Here, on the plain, from Ilium's walls remote.

\* The sun is said to set with reluctance, because his setting-time was not yet come. Jupiter had promised Hector, that he should prevail till the sun should go down, and *sacred darkness cover all*; Juno therefore, impatient to arrest the victor's progress, and having no other means of doing it, shortens the time allotted him.

Long<sup>h</sup> as resentment of his wrongs sustain'd  
 From Agamemnon fir'd Achilles' breast,  
 Our task was easier, and well-pleas'd I slept  
 Fast by the ships, for I could hope that soon  
 Success should make them ours ; but terroure, now,  
 Lest Peleus' mighty son come forth again  
 To battle, seizes me, and I despair.  
 A spirit proud as his will scorn the plain,  
 On which the adverse hosts prevail by turns,  
 And will at once strike at your citadel,  
 Impatient till he make your wives his prey.  
 Haste—let us home—else thus shall it befall;  
 Night's balmy influence in his tent detains  
 Achilles now, but rushing arm'd abroad  
 To-morrow, should he find us ling'ring here,  
 None shall mistake him then ; then happiest he  
 Who soonest shall escape to sacred Troy,  
 For dogs shall make and vultures on our flesh  
 Plenteous repast. Oh spare mine ears the tale !  
 But if, though troubled, ye can yet receive  
 My counsel, here assembled we will hold  
 The host all night ; mean-time, her gates and tow'rs  
 With all their mass of solid timbers, smooth  
 And cramp'd with bolts of steel, will keep the town \*.

\* Σθένος is in this place interpreted by the scholiast as synonymous with *σπαρὸν*.—B. & V.

But early on the morrow we will stand  
All arm'd on Ilium's tow'rs. Then, if he choose,  
His galleys left, to compass Troy about,  
He shall be task'd enough; his lofty steeds  
Shall have their fill of coursing to and fro  
Beneath, and gladly shall to camp return.  
But waste the town he shall not, nor attempt,  
With all the utmost valour that he boasts,  
To force a pass; dogs shall devour him first.

To whom brave Hector louting, and in wrath:  
Polydamas, I like not thy advice,  
Who wouldst confine the Trojan host again  
Within their bulwarks. Is confinement there  
So pleasant then, that still ye covet more?  
Time was, when in all regions under Heav'n  
Men prais'd the wealth of Priam's city stor'd  
With gold and brass; but all our houses now  
Stand emptied of their hidden treasures rare.  
Jove in his wrath hath scatter'd them; our wealth  
Is marketted, and Phrygia hath a part  
Obtain'd, and part Mœonia's lovely land\*.

\* The Trojans in a besieged state could not cultivate their lands, consequently could not supply either themselves or their allies with necessaries of their own produce; they were, therefore, obliged to procure them at great cost from the Phrygians and Mœonians, their neighbours, and in that sort of traffic had consumed the greater part of their riches.

But since the son of wily Saturn old  
 Hath giv'n me glory now, and to enclose  
 The Argives where the ocean hems them in,  
 Fool! taint not with such talk the public mind.  
 For not a Trojan here will thy advice  
 Pursue, or shall; it hath not my consent.  
 But thus I counsel: Take we, band by band,  
 Throughout the host our supper, and let all,  
 Prepar'd against nocturnal danger, watch.  
 And if a Trojan here be rack'd in mind  
 Lest his possessions perish, let him cast  
 His golden heaps into the public maw\*,  
 Far better so consum'd than by the Greeks†.  
 Then, with the morrow's dawn, all fair array'd  
 In battle, we will give them at their fleet  
 Sharp onset, and if Peleus' noble son  
 Have ris'n indeed to conflict for the ships,  
 The worse for him. I shall not for his sake  
 Avoid the deep-ton'd battle, but abide

\* Καταδημοβορῆσαι.

† Suspecting that Polydamas had advised a retreat through a secret fear lest the city, being assaulted by Achilles in its present defenceless state, should be taken, and all his treasures perish, he directs this part of his speech particularly to him.—B. & V. Such a sarcastic inuendo must be very mortifying to Polydamas, and at the same time the expedient proposed would be sure to please the people. We find them accordingly vehement and clamorous in their applauses.



His force undaunted. Either he shall gain  
Or I, great glory. Mars his favours deals  
Impartial, and the slayer oft is slain.

So counsell'd Hector, whom with shouts of praise  
The Trojans answer'd. Fools, and by the pow'r  
Of Pallas of all sober thought bereft !  
For all applauded Hector, who had giv'n  
Advice pernicious, and Polydamas,  
Whose counsel was discreet and wholesome, none.  
So then they took repast. But all night long  
The Grecians o'er Patroclus wept aloud,  
While, standing in the midst, Pelides led  
The lamentation, heaving many a groan,  
And on the bosom of his breathless friend  
Imposing, sad, his homicidal hands.  
As the grim lion, from whose gloomy lair  
Among thick trees the hunter hath his whelps  
Purloin'd, too late returning mourns his loss,  
Then, up and down, the length of many a vale  
Courses, exploring fierce the robber's foot,  
Incens'd as he, and with a sigh deep-drawn  
Thus to his Myrmidons Achilles spake :

How vain, alas ! my word pronounc'd that day  
At random, when to sooth the hero's fears,  
Menœtius, then our guest, I promis'd him  
His noble son at Opœis again,

Living and laden with the spoils of Troy !  
But Jove performs not all the thoughts of man,  
For we were both ordain'd to tinge the soil  
Of Ilium with our blood ; nor I shall see,  
Myself, my father in his mansion more  
Or Thetis, but must find my burial here.  
Yet, my Patroclus ! since the earth expects  
Me next, I will not thy funereal rites  
Finish, till I shall bring both head and arms  
Of that bold chief, who slew thee, to my tent.  
I also will smite off, before thy pile,  
The heads of twelve illustrious sons of Troy,  
Resentful of thy death. Mean-time, among  
My lofty galleys thou shalt lie, with tears  
Mourn'd day and night by Trojan captives fair  
And Dardan compassing thy bier around,  
Whom we, at price of labour hard, ourselves  
With massy spears in battle toiling took  
From many an opulent city, now no more.

So saying, he bade his train surround with fire  
A tripod huge, that they might quickly cleanse  
Patroclus from all stain of clotted gore.  
They on the blazing hearth a tripod plac'd,  
Infus'd the water, thrust dry wood beneath,  
And soon the flames encompassing around  
Its ample belly, warm'd the flood within.

Soon as the water in the singing brass  
Simmer'd, they bath'd him, and with limpid oil \*  
Anointed; filling, next, his ruddy wounds  
With unguent mellow'd by nine circling years,  
They stretch'd him on his bed, then, cover'd him  
From head to feet with linen texture light,  
And with a wide unsullied mantle, last.  
All night the Myrmidons around the swift  
Achilles, his dead friend deploring, stood,  
And Jove his spouse and sister thus bespake:

So then, Imperial Juno! not in vain  
Thou hast attempted to arouse once more  
The swift Achilles; yon Achaians, sure  
Are thy own children; thou hast borne them all.  
To whom the awful Goddess ample-ey'd:  
What word hath pass'd thy lips Saturnian Jove!  
A man, though mortal merely, and to me  
Inferiour in device, might have achiev'd  
That labour easily. Can I, who boast  
Myself the chief of Goddesses, and such  
Not by birth only, but as thine espous'd,  
Who art thyself Supreme of all the Gods,

\* The oil was of a drying kind, and such as would resist putrefaction.—B. & V. The use of it was a necessary precaution, since Achilles had much to achieve, before he should accomplish the funeral rites of Patroclus.

Can I with anger burn against the house  
Of Priam, and want means of just revenge\*?

Thus they in Heav'n their mutual conf'rence held.  
Mean-time, the silver-footed Thetis reach'd  
The starry mansion of the King of fire,  
Eternal, brazen-vaulted, by himself  
Uprear'd; a wonder ev'n in eyes divine.  
She found him sweating, at his bellows huge  
Toiling industrious; tripods bright he form'd  
Twenty at once, his palace-wall to grace  
Rang'd in harmonious order. Under each  
Two golden wheels he set, on which (a sight  
Marvellous!) into council they should roll

\* Zenodotus expunges this episodical discourse between Jupiter and Juno.—B. & V. But we, says Barnes, yield not always the profoundest deference to the judgement of Zenodotus. There is no doubt, that without this dialogue the subject would be well connected; but more elegantly with it. For it is ironically, and in a way of pleasantry only, that Jupiter charges this event on Juno as the effect of her management; since nothing can be more evident than it is from the premises, that he himself had always intended it.—B. Juno had, indeed, by her message, which Iris delivered to Achilles, commanded him to produce himself in sight of the Trojans; so far she was the authoress of what had passed, and justly chargeable. Knowing, however, that she had done a thing not unacceptable to Jupiter, she avows and justifies it. The episode is therefore properly introduced, and serves to explain and account for the interference of Juno contrary to the interdict of Jove. She might venture to disobey him, when by her disobedience she seconded his intentions.

Self-mov'd, and to his house, self-mov'd, return.  
Thus far the work was finish'd, but not yet  
Their ears of exquisite design affix'd,  
For them he stood adjusting, and prepar'd  
The rivets. While thus busied he his skill  
Divine exerted, to his palace-gate  
The silver-footed Thétis now advanc'd,  
Whom Charis, Vulcan's well-attir'd spouse\*,  
Beholding from the palace portal, flew  
To seize the Goddess' hand, and thus inquir'd :

Why, Thetis ! worthy of all reverence  
And of all love, com'st thou to our abode,  
Unfrequent here ? But enter, and accept  
Such welcome as to such a guest is due.

So saying, she introduc'd and to a seat  
Conducted her with argent studs adorn'd  
And foot-stool'd sumptuously ; then, calling forth  
Her spouse, the glorious artist, thus she said :

Haste, Vulcan ! Thetis wants thee ; linger not.  
To whom the artist of the skies replied :

A Goddess then, whom justly I respect  
And venerate is here, who when I fell

\* The commentators observe, that grace and beauty being required in all works of art, Vulcan, therefore, has two wives, respectively the patronesses and dispensers of these properties. Charis, of grace, which her name signifies, and Venus, of beauty.—B. & V.

Sav'd me, what time my shameless mother sought  
To hide me, for my lameness, from her view.  
Then had I been indeed forlorn, had not  
Eurynome and Thetis (fair Eurynome  
A daughter of the Ocean) interpos'd.  
Nine years with them residing, for their use  
I form'd nice trinkets, clasps, rings, pipes, and chains,  
While loud around our hollow cavern roar'd  
The surge of the vast Deep, nor God nor man,  
Save Thetis and Eurynome, my life's  
Preservers, knew where I was kept conceal'd\*.  
Since, therefore, she is come, I cannot less  
Than recompense to Thetis amber-hair'd  
With readiness the boon of life preserv'd†.  
Haste, then, and hospitably spread the board  
For her regale, while with my best dispatch  
I lay my bellows and my tools aside.

\* Vulcan may perhaps in this passage remind the reader of Caliban. Caliban lives much among the rocks, and Vulcan here, in a sea-side cavern. Caliban is a sort of human monster, and Vulcan is almost as uncouthly discriminated from his fellow Gods. Both express their gratitude in a way perfectly conformable to their characters and habits. Caliban promises to supply Stephano with marmosets and pig-nuts, and Vulcan furnishes toys and gewgaws for his benefactress Thetis.—Something very like Shakspeare's turn of thought is not unfrequently discernible in Homer.

† The poet represents Vulcan as mindful of the benefit received, not Thetis reminding him of the benefit she had conferred; for that

He spake, and vast in bulk and hot with toil  
 Rose limping from beside his anvil-stock  
 Upborne with pain on legs tortuous and weak.  
 First, from the forge dislodg'd he thrust apart  
 His bellows, and his tools collecting all  
 Bestow'd them, careful, in a silver chest;  
 Then, all around with a wet sponge he wip'd  
 His visage, and his arms and brawny neck  
 Purified, and his shaggy breast from smutch;  
 Last, putting on his vest, he took in hand  
 His sturdy staff, and shuffl'd through the door\*.  
 Beside the King of fire two golden forms  
 Majestic mov'd, that serv'd him in the place  
 Of handmaids; young they seem'd, and seem'd alive,  
 Nor want they intellect, or speech, or force,  
 Or prompt dexterity by the Gods inspir'd.  
 These his supporters were, and at his side

had been to reproach him.—My opinion is, says Demosthenes, that the receiver of a benefit should hold fast the remembrance of it for ever, but that the benefactor should forget it immediately.—V.

\* A critic has censured this description of Vulcan for its coarseness; but I would ask him, how he would paint a blacksmith? White perhaps. But so does not Homer, who was a stranger to false delicacy, gives to every object its proper colours, and to every character its just attributes. Fastidious refinement is the bane of modern poetry, and has deeply infected even some of our best judges. But after all, if the translation is faithful, as he is sure it is, the translator has nothing to answer for.

Attended diligent, while He, with gait  
Uncouth approaching Thetis where she sat  
On a bright throne, seiz'd fast her hand and said :

Why, Thetis ! worthy as thou art of love  
And of all reverence, hast thou arriv'd,  
Unfrequent here ? Speak—tell me thy desire,  
Nor doubt my services, if thou demand  
Things possible, and possible to me.

Then Thetis, weeping plenteously, replied :  
Oh Vulcan ! Is there on Olympus' heights  
A Goddess with such load of sorrow oppress'd  
As, in peculiar, Jove assigns to me ?  
Me only, of all ocean-nymphs, he made  
Spouse to a man, Peleus Æacides,  
Whose bed, although reluctant and perforce,  
I yet endur'd to share\*. He now, the prey  
Of cheerless age, decrepid lies, and Jove  
With other woes still heaps my wretched head.  
He gave me to bring forth and rear a son  
Of matchless might, who like a thriving plant  
Upran to manhood†, while his lusty growth  
I nourish'd as the husbandman his vine  
Set in a fruitful field, and being grown

\* She consented to the marriage reluctantly, foreknowing the evils which destiny had connected with it,—V.

† 'Ανέδραμε.



I sent him early in his gallant fleet  
Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy ;  
But him from fight return'd I shall receive  
Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more,  
And while he lives and sees the light of day,  
Sorrow is his inevitable doom,  
Nor aid resides or remedy in me.  
The virgin, his own portion of the spoils,  
Allotted to him by the Grecians—her  
Atrides, king of men, resum'd, and grief  
Devour'd Achilles' spirit for her sake.  
Mean-time, the Trojans shutting close within  
Their camp the Grecians, have forbidden them  
All egress, and the senators of Greece  
Have sought with splendid gifts to soothe my son.  
He, indispos'd to rescue them himself  
From ruin, sent, instead, Patroclus forth  
Clad in his own resplendent armour, chief  
Of the whole host of Myrmidons. Before  
The Scæan gate from morn to eve they fought,  
And, on that self-same day had Ilium fall'n,  
But that Apollo, to advance the fame  
Of Hector, slew Menœtius' noble son  
Full-flush'd with vict'ry. Therefore at thy knees  
Suppliant I fall, imploring from thine art  
A shield and helmet, greaves of shapely form

With clasps secur'd, and corslet for my son.  
For those once his faithful friend hath lost,  
Slain by the Trojans, and Achilles lies,  
Himself, extended mournful on the ground.

Her answer'd then the artist of the skies :  
Dismiss thy cares. Be confident in me.  
I would that in thy son's last awful hour,  
I could as surely screen him from the death  
That threatens him, as soon he shall receive  
Arms of such splendour, that, by thousands seen,  
They shall excite astonishment in all.

He said, and to his bellows quick repair'd,  
Which turning to the fire he bade them heave.  
Full twenty bellows working all at once  
Breath'd on the furnace, blowing easy and free  
The manag'd winds, now forcible, as best  
Suited dispatch, now gentle, if the will  
Of Vulcan and his labour so requir'd.  
Impenetrable brass, tin, silver, gold  
He cast into the forge, then, settling firm  
His pond'rous anvil on the block, one hand  
With his huge hammer fill'd, one with the tongs.  
He fashion'd first a massy shield and broad  
Of labour exquisite, for which he form'd  
A triple border beauteous, dazzling bright,  
And loop'd it with a silver brace behind.

The shield itself with five strong folds he forg'd,  
 And with devices multiform the disk  
 Capacious charg'd, toiling with skill divine\*.

There he describ'd the Earth, the Heav'n, the sea,  
 The sun that rests not, and the moon full-orb'd.  
 There also, all the stars which round about  
 As with a radiant frontlet bind the skies,  
 The Pleiads and the Hyads, and the might  
 Of huge Orion, with him Ursa call'd,  
 Known also by his popular name, the Wain,  
 Which wheeling round the pole still looks toward  
 Orion; only star of these denied  
 To slake his beams in Ocean's briny baths†.

\* Plutarch, speaking of this wonderful shield, expresses himself thus:

When Vulcan furnishes that golden shield engraven with the figures of the heavens, the earth and sea, exhibiting the majesty of the sun, and the beauty of the moon, together with the many constellations which crown the whole; cities also differently situate and circumstanced, and animals endued with motion, where is the artificer to be found who may be in any degree compared with him?

† The Pleiads are a constellation consisting originally of seven stars placed in the side of Taurus. They were the fabled offspring of Atlas and Pleione, daughter of Oceanus. One of them, named Electra, has long since disappeared; unable, as the mythologists say, to endure the sight of Troy laid waste, she abandoned her place in the heavens rather than behold it.—B. & V.

The Hyads are also seven stars, and on the horns of Taurus. They were Nymphs of Dodona, to whom Jove, when he had pro-

Two splendid cities also there he form'd,  
 Such as men build. In one were to be seen  
 Rites matrimonial solemniz'd with pomp  
 Of sumptuous banquets; forth they led the brides  
 Each from her chamber, and along the streets  
 With torches usher'd them, and with the voice  
 Of Hymenæal song, heard all around.  
 Here, striplings danc'd in circles to the sound  
 Of pipe and harp, while in the portals stood  
 Women, admiring, all, the gallant show.  
 Elsewhere was to be seen in council met  
 The close-throng'd multitude. There strife arose.

duced Bacchus from his thigh, consigned the care of his education. Bacchus having discovered the vine, they travelled with him into all countries, imparting to each the benefit. But when Lycurgus persecuted their pupil, and drove him into the sea, Jupiter, compassionating their distress, rescued them from his fury, and made them a constellation.—B. & V.

They had their name either from their resemblance in form to the Greek (*υ*) or from *Tw* to rain, because showers were ascribed to their influence.—B. & V.

Orion is the largest of all the stars. But his history is too filthy to be related. The story of each may be found recorded at large in the scholia edited by Barnes.

The Ursa Major is that of which Homer speaks, the Minor not being discovered in his time, but afterward by Thales the Milesian.—B. & V. It encircles the pole with an inclination or bend toward Orion, as a bear may be supposed to watch the hunter. For the occasion on which this star received the name Bootes, see the note on line 32, Book 22.

Two citizens contended for a mulct,  
The price of blood. This man affirm'd the fine  
All paid, haranguing vehement the crowd,  
That man denied that he had aught receiv'd,  
And each, producing witnesses, appear'd  
Impatient for th' award. Mean-time the people  
As favour sway'd them, clamour'd loud for each.  
The heralds quell'd the tumult; rev'rend sat  
On polish'd stones the Elders in a ring,  
Each with a herald's sceptre in his hand,  
Which holding they arose, and all in turn  
Gave sentence. In the midst two talents lay  
Of gold, his prize who best should judge the strife.  
The other city by two glitt'ring hosts  
Invested stood, and a dispute arose  
Between the hosts, whether to burn the town  
And lay all waste, or to divide the spoil\*.  
Mean-time, the citizens, still undismay'd,

\* Homer is supposed by the commentators to have intended by the first of these two cities Athens in particular, and Eleusis by the second;—B. & V. but the reasons given in support of this supposition are faneiful and precarious. Such also are their solutions of a hundred mysteries and occult meanings, which they discover in this passage, smothering all the beauties of it with endless allegories and wearisome explanations. This humour was epidemic among the ancient critics, and influenced their judgement to such a degree that they found philosophical enigmas even in the anvil and bellows of Vulcan.

Surrender'd not the town, but taking arms  
Prépar'd an ambush, and the wives and boys  
With all the hoary elders kept the walls.  
They sallied ; Mars and Pallas led them on,  
Each golden, and in golden tunic clad,  
And from the multitude of humbler form  
Distinguish'd, with propriety, as Gods,  
By beauty, size, and majesty of mien.  
Arriving at the spot for ambush chos'n,  
A river's side, where cattle of each kind  
Drank, down they sat, all arm'd in dazzling brass.  
Apart from all the rest, sat also down  
Two spies, both looking for the flocks and herds.  
Soon they appear'd, and at their side were seen  
Two shepherd swains, each playing on his pipe  
Careless, and of the danger nought appris'd.  
Swift ran the spies, perceiving their approach,  
And intercepting suddenly the herds,  
And flocks of silver fleece, slew also those  
Who fed them. The besiegers, at that time  
In council, by the sound alarm'd, bestrode  
At once their steeds, and hasted to the place.

The learned reader, should he think it worth while, may easily convince himself how much they have doted on this subject, by resorting to the scholia ; and the unlearned may be satisfied to want that which would only prove an insipid and tedious interruption.

Then, standing on the river's brink they fought  
 And push'd each other with the brazen lance\*.  
 There Discord rag'd, there Tumult, and the force  
 Of ruthless Destiny ; she now a chief  
 Seiz'd newly wounded, and now captive held  
 Another yet unhurt, and now a third  
 Dragg'd breathless through the battle by his feet,  
 And all her garb was dappled thick with blood.  
 Like living men they travers'd and they strove  
 And dragg'd by turns the bodies of the slain†.

He also grav'd on it a fallow field  
 Rich, spacious, and well-till'd. Ploughers not few,  
 There driving to and fro their sturdy teams,  
 Labour'd the land ; and oft as in their course  
 They came to the field's bourn, so oft a man

\* These figures are evidently endued with motion, whence a necessary inference ensues, that Homer, though it is not to be supposed that he could be acquainted with such self-moving machinery as we call clock-work, had clear apprehensions of its practicability. Many other circumstances of this wonderful description suggest the same remark.

† This assertion warrants the preceding note, and makes the reasonableness of the observation unquestionable ; so likewise do the tripods on which Vulcan was employed when Thetis reached his mansion, and to which he imparted spontaneity, that they might convey themselves to the session of the Gods and back again. And, lastly, his two golden handmaids are figures evidently formed on the same principles of mechanism, and are both automata.

Met them, who in their hands a goblet plac'd  
Charg'd with delicious wine. They frequent turn'd  
Each to his furrow, toiling as in haste  
To reach the border; and as land new plough'd  
The glebe behind them show'd a blackish hue  
Though golden. Wonderful effect of art!

There too he form'd the likeness of a field  
Crowded with corn, in which the reapers toil'd  
Each with a sharp-tooth'd sickle in his hand.  
Along the furrow here, the harvest fell  
In frequent handfuls, there, they bound the sheaves.  
Three binders of the sheaves their sultry task  
All plied industrious, and behind them boys  
Attended, filling with the corn their arms  
And off'ring still their bundles to be bound.  
Amid them, staff in hand, the master stood  
Enjoying mute the order of the field,  
While, shaded by an oak apart, his train  
Prepar'd the banquet, a well-thriven ox  
New-slain, and the attendant maidens mix'd  
Large supper for the hinds of whitest flour.

There also, laden with its fruit, he form'd  
A vineyard all of gold; purple he made  
The clusters, and the vines supported stood  
By poles of silver set in even rows.  
The trench he colour'd sable, and around



Fenc'd it with tin. One only path it show'd,  
By which the gath'ers when they stripp'd the vines  
Pass'd and repass'd. There, youths and maidens blithe  
In frails of wicker bore the luscious fruit,  
While, in the midst, a boy on his shrill harp  
Harmonious play'd, and, ever as he struck  
The chord\*, sang to it with a slender voice.  
They smote the ground together, and with song  
And sprightly reed came dancing on behind.

There too a herd he fashion'd of tall beeves,  
Part gold, part tin. They, lowing, from the stalls  
Rush'd forth to pasture by a river-side  
Rapid, sonorous, fring'd with whisp'ring reeds.  
Four golden herdsmen drove the kine afield,  
By nine swift dogs attended. Dreadful sprang  
Two lions forth, and of the foremost herd  
Seiz'd fast a bull. Him bellowing they dragg'd,  
While dogs and peasants hasted to his aid.  
The lions tore the hide of the huge prey,  
And lapp'd his entrails and his blood. Mean-time

\* Some say that *Λίνος* in the original is a proper name, and that the boy sang the dirge of Linus. Linus is said to have been the first who gave wires to the harp, which till then had been strung with thread, and for this reason to have been slain by Apollo envious of his improvement.—V.

The herdsmen, troubling them in vain, their hounds  
Encourag'd ; but no tooth for lions' flesh  
Found they, and, therefore, stood aside and bark'd.

There also the illustrious smith divine  
Amidst a pleasant grove a pasture form'd,  
And sprinkled all its breadth with silver sheep  
Num'rous, and stalls, and huts, and shepherds' tents.

To these the glorious artist added next  
A varied dance, resembling that of old  
In Crete's broad isle by Dædalus composed  
For bright-hair'd Ariadne. There the youths  
And youth-alluring maidens, hand in hand,  
Danc'd jocund, ev'ry maiden neat-attir'd  
In finest linen, and the youths in vests  
Well-woven, glossy as the glaze of oil.  
These all wore garlands, and bright falchions, those,  
Of burnish'd gold in silver trappings hung :—  
They, with well-tutor'd step, now, nimbly ran  
The circle, swift, as when, before his wheel  
Seated, the potter twirls it with both hands  
For trial of its speed, now, crossing quick  
They pass'd at once into each other's place.  
A circling crowd survey'd the lovely dance,  
Delighted : two, the leading pair, their heads  
With graceful inclination bowing oft,

Pass'd swift between them, and began the song\*.

Last, with the might of Ocean's boundless flood  
He fill'd the border of the wond'rous shield.

When, thus, the massy shield magnificent  
He had accomplish'd, for the hero next  
He forg'd, more ardent than the blaze of fire.  
A corslet; then, a pond'rous helmet bright  
Crested with gold, well fitted to his brows,  
And with laborious art divine adorn'd.  
He also made him greaves of molten tin†.

The armour finish'd, bearing in his hand  
The whole, he set it down at Thetis' feet.  
She, stooping like a falcon, left at once  
Snow-crown'd Olympus, bearing to the Earth  
The dazzling wonder fresh from Vulcan's hand.

\* Theseus, at the instance of Ariadne, having been delivered by Dædalus from the Cretan labyrinth by means of a thread with which he furnished him for that purpose, instituted at his return a dance of boys and girls, in which were represented all the windings of the maze from which he had escaped, and which dance Dædalus is said to have composed on the occasion.—B. & V.

† Little is said on the subject of the corslet, because the poet had before employed himself in the description of Agamemnon's. In like manner, having minutely described the funeral of Patroclus, he is as brief as possible when he speaks of Hector's.—V.

## ARGUMENT OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and, clothed in new armour forged by Vulcan, leads out the Myrmidons to battle.

## BOOK XIX.

NOW rose the morn in saffron vest attir'd  
From Ocean, with new day for Gods and men,  
When Thetis at the fleet of Greece arriv'd,  
Bearing that gift divine. She found her son  
All tears\*, and close enfolding in his arms  
Patroclus, while his Myrmidons around  
Wept also; she amid them, graceful, stood,  
And, seizing fast his hand, him thus bespake:  
Howe'er reluctant, leave we now, my son!

\* Brave men are always great weepers—was a sort of proverbial saying in Greece. Accordingly, there are few of Homer's heroes, who do not weep plentifully on occasion. True courage is doubtless compatible with the utmost sensibility.—V.

Patroclus on the bier to which the Gods  
Long since ordain'd him, and, thyself, receive  
By Vulcan's skill supplied these glorious arms,  
Such as no mortal shoulders ever bore.

So saying, she plac'd the armour on the ground  
Before him, and the whole bright treasure rang.  
Awe-struck, the Myrmidons all turn'd away  
Their dazzled eyes, and, trembling, fled the place.  
Not so Pelides. He no sooner saw  
The gift divine, than in his breast he felt  
Redoubled wrath; a splendour, as of fire,  
Flash'd from his eyes. Delighted, in his hand  
He held the glorious bounty of the God,  
And, wond'ring at those strokes of art divine,  
With eager speech his mother thus address'd:

The God, my mother! hath bestow'd in truth  
On me such armour as demanded skill  
Like his, surpassing far all pow'r of man.  
Now, therefore, I will arm. But anxious fears  
Possess me, lest intrusive flies, mean-time,  
Breed worms within the spear-inflicted wounds  
Of Menœtiades, and fill with taint  
Of putrefaction all his lifeless frame.

But him the silver-footed Goddess fair  
Thus answer'd: O, my son! let no such fear  
Or care distress thee. It shall be my task,

To drive the noisome swarms, which on the slain  
In battle feed, afar; and should he lie  
The year complete, his flesh shall yet be found  
Untainted, and, it may be, fragrant too.  
But thou, the heroes of Achaia's host  
Convening, in their ears thy wrath renounce  
Against the king of men, then, instant, arm  
For battle, and put on thy glorious might.

So saying, the Goddess rais'd his courage high.  
Then, through the nostrils of the dead she pour'd  
Ambrosia, and the ruddy juice divine  
Of nectar, antidotes against decay.

And now forth went Achilles by the side  
Of Ocean, calling with a dreadful shout  
To council all the heroes of the host.  
Then, even they who never else were seen  
But in the fleet, helmsmen and those who held  
In stewardship the food and public stores,  
All flock'd to council; for that now at length,  
After long abstinence from dread exploits  
Of war, Achilles had shone forth again.  
Two went together, halting on the spear  
(For still they felt the anguish of their wounds),  
Noble Ulysses and brave Diomede,  
And took an early seat; whom follow'd last  
The king of men, by Coön in the field

Of furious battle wounded with a lance.

The Grecians all assembled, in the midst

Upstood the swift Achilles, and began\* :

Atrides ! we had doubtless better sped,  
Both thou and I, thus doing, when at first  
With cruel rage we burn'd, a girl the cause.

I would that Dian's shaft had in the fleet  
Slain her, that self-same day when I destroy'd  
Lyrnessus, and by conquest made her mine† !

Then had not many a Grecian, lifeless now,  
Clinch'd with his teeth the ground, my wrath the  
cause ;

Whence triumph hath to Hector and his host  
Resulted, but to ours occasion sad  
For long remembrance of our mutual strife.

But evils past let pass, yielding perforce  
To sad necessity. My wrath shall cease :  
I here resign it ; it hath burn'd too long.

Thou, therefore, summon forth the host to fight,

\* Achilles in the first book also summons a council himself, and not, as was customary, by a herald. It seems a stroke of character, and intended by the poet to express the impetuosity of his spirit, too ardent for the observance of common forms, and that could trust nobody for the dispatch he wanted.

† The wish seems rather a cruel one, especially when we recollect, that, in his answer to Ulysses in the nocturnal conference, Book IX, he professes that he loved Briseis at his heart. But when we reflect that she had been, eventually and by occasion, the cause of his friend's death, we seem to have found a sufficient apology for it.

That meeting them in battle I may learn,  
 If still the Trojans purpose at our fleet  
 To watch us this night also. But I judge  
 That driven by my spear to rapid flight,  
 They shall escape with weary limbs at least\*.

He ended, and the dauntless Grecians all  
 Rejoic'd, that Peleus' mighty son had cast  
 His wrath aside. Then, not into the midst  
 Proceeding, but at his own seat, upstood  
 Atrides, king of men, and thus began† :

Friends! Grecian heroes! ministers of Mars!  
 Arise who may to speak, he claims your ear.  
 Even the ablest orator is wrong'd  
 And hurt by interruption. Who can hear

\* Ἀσπασίως γόνυ κάμψειν—Shall be glad to bend their knee, i. e. to sit and repose themselves.—C. & V.

† Different opinions have obtained concerning the posture is which Agamemnon spoke, some alleging, that he spoke sitting on account of his wound,—C. & V. and because he was ashamed of the humiliating circumstance in which he found himself.—B. C. & V. But the reasons are both futile. For how should a wound in his arm disable him to stand,—C. & V. and why should he be ashamed to concede, when Achilles was not? The words however with which he begins seem to make it clear, that he spoke standing—

Ἐξάστος μὲν καλὸν ἀκθεμεν.

It was, perhaps, for greater dignity' sake, and for no other cause, that he left not the place where he sat, but arose and spoke immediately.

The poet's art, in giving us to understand the murmurs of the assembly, without telling us what they were, is beautiful.



Amid the roar of tumult? or who speak?  
The clearest voice, best utt'rance, both are vain.  
I shall address Achilles. Hear my speech  
Ye Argives, and with understanding mark.  
This censure is not new; the Greeks have oft  
Condemn'd me thus; yet am not I to blame;  
But Jove, and Fate, and she who roams the shades  
Erynnis, made me furious on that day  
In council, when I seiz'd Achilles' prize.  
For what could I; All things obey the Gods.  
Jove's daughter, Ate, most pernicious Pow'r!  
By whom all suffer, challenges from all  
Rev'rence and fear. Delicate are her feet,  
Which scorn the ground, and over human heads  
She glides\*, injurious to the race of man,  
Of two who strive, at least entangling one.  
She injur'd, on a day, dread Jove himself  
Most excellent of all in Earth or Heav'n,  
When Juno, although female, even Him  
Beguil'd, what time Alcmena should have borne,  
In bulwark'd Thebes, the force of Hercules.  
For Jove had vaunted thus to all the Gods:  
Hear all! both Gods and Goddesses, attend!  
That I may make my purpose known. This day

\* Because the head is the seat of the mind, which it is the especial purpose of Ate to irritate and disorder.—V.

The birth-presiding Ilithya brings  
A hero forth to light, who, sprung from those  
That sprang from me, his empire shall extend  
Over all kingdoms bord'ring on his own.

To whom thus Juno, purposing deceit :  
Thou wilt defraud us, and this word of thine  
Wilt ne'er accomplish. But Olympian Jove !  
Swear now th' inviolable oath, that He  
Who shall, this day, fall from between the feet  
Of woman, drawing his descent from thee,  
Shall rule all kingdoms bord'ring on his own.

She said, and Jove, suspecting nought her wiles,  
The great oath swore, to his own grief and wrong.  
At once from the Olympian summit flew  
Juno, and to Achaian Argos borne,  
There sought the noble wife of Sthenelus\*,  
Offspring of Perseus. Pregnant with a son  
Six months, she now the seventh saw at hand,  
But him the Goddess premature produc'd,  
And check'd Alcmena's pangs already due.  
Then, joyful to have so prevail'd, she bore  
Herself the tidings to Saturnian Jove :

Lord of the candent lightnings! Sire of all!  
I bring thee tidings. The great prince, ordain'd

\* By some called Antibia, by others, Nicippe.—B. & V.

To rule the Argive race, this day is born,  
Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son  
Of Perseus; therefore he derives from thee,  
Nor shall the throne of Argos shame his birth\*.

She spake; then anguish stung the heart of Jove  
Deeply, and seizing by her glossy locks  
The Goddess Ate, in his wrath he swore,  
That never to the starry skies again  
And the Olympian heights he would permit  
The universal mischief to return.

So saying, he whirl'd and cast her from the skies.  
She, instant mingling with all works of men,  
Caus'd many a pang to Jove, who saw his son  
Laborious functions base, and of his birth  
Unworthy, at Eurystheus' will enjoin'd.

So also I, when Hector at the fleet  
Destroy'd us, could not but regret the crime,  
Which Ate first impell'd me to commit.  
But since, infatuated by the Gods  
I err'd, behold me ready to appease  
With gifts of price immense whom I have wrong'd.  
Thou, then, arise to battle, and the host  
Rouse also. Not a promise yesternight  
Was made thee by Ulysses in thy tent

\* Perseus was himself the son of Jupiter and Danaë.

On my behalf, but shall be well perform'd.  
Or if it please thee, though impatient, wait  
Short season, and my train shall bring thee gifts  
Ev'n now ; that thou mayst understand and know,  
That my peace-off rings are indeed sincere.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift :  
Atrides ! Agamemnon ! passing all  
In glory ! retribution fair and just  
By gifts to make me, or to make me none—  
That rests with thee. But let us to the fight  
Incontinent. It is no time to play  
The game of rhet'ric, and to waste the hours  
In speeches. Much remains yet unperform'd.  
Achilles must go forth. He must be seen  
Once more in front of battle, wasting wide  
With brazen spear the crowded ranks of Troy.  
Mark Him—and as He fights, fight also ye.

To whom Ulysses ever-wise replied :  
Nay—Urge not, valiant as thou art thyself,  
Achaia's sons up to the battlements  
Of Ilium, by repast yet unrefresh'd,  
Godlike Achilles !—For when phalanx once  
Shall clash with phalanx, and the Gods with rage  
Both hosts inspire, the contest shall not then  
Prove short. Bid rather the Achaians take  
Both food and wine, for they are strength and might.

To stand all day till sunset to a foe  
 Oppos'd in battle, fasting, were a task  
 Might foil the best; for though his will be prompt  
 To combat, yet the pow'r must by degrees  
 Forsake him; thirst and hunger he must feel,  
 And his limbs failing him at ev'ry step.  
 But he who feeds his vigour to the full  
 Eating, and drinking wine, although he fight  
 All day, yet feels his courage unimpair'd,  
 Nor weariness perceives till all retire\*.  
 Come then—dismiss the people with command,  
 That each prepare replenishment. Mean-time  
 Let Agamemnon, king of men, his gifts  
 In presence here of the assembled Greeks  
 Produce, that all may view them, and that thou

\* It is easy for a reader disposed to mirth, to find a subject of it in a passage simple as this; but there are good sense and truth in it. The French and Austrian generals, neither of them probably very familiar with Homer, were influenced however by the same opinion, when in the late dreadful battle on the confines of Austrian Brabant, which lasted with little interruption from seven in the morning till five in the evening, during a short truce they took occasion on both sides to refresh the troops, giving each man such replenishment as the opportunity allowed.

The battle alluded to is that fought on the eighteenth of March in the year 1793.

Plato, as well as Homer, recommends the use of wine as an inspirer of courage, and the Spartans drank it unmixed and freely before they encountered an enemy.—V.

Mayst feel thine own heart gladden'd at the sight.  
And let him also, standing in the midst,  
Swear to thee, that he renders back the maid  
A virgin still, and strange to his embrace,  
And let thy own composure prove, the while,  
Thy reconcilment. Lastly, let him spread  
A princely banquet for thee in his tent,  
That thou mayst want no part of just amends.  
Thou too, Atrides, shalt hereafter prove  
More just to others ; for no shame it is,  
When kings themselves appease whom first they  
wrong'd.

Then answer thus the king of men return'd:  
Ulysses ! Thou art worthy to advise ;  
Just and discreet in all that thou hast said,  
And I have listen'd to thee with delight.  
Willing I am, yea more, I wish to swear  
As thou hast said, for by the Gods I can  
Most truly ; but, impatient though he be,  
Let Peleus' son, with all assembl'd here,  
Endure short interval, till from my tent  
The gifts arrive, and oaths of peace be sworn.  
To thee I give it in peculiar charge,  
That choosing forth the most illustrious youths  
Of all Achaia, thou produce the gifts  
From my own ship ; all those which yesternight

We promis'd, nor the women leave behind.  
And let Talthybius throughout all the camp  
Of the Achaians, seek in haste a boar  
For sacrifice to Jove and to the Sun.

Then thus Achilles matchless in the race :  
Atrides ! most illustrious ! king of men !  
Expedience bids us to these cares attend  
Hereafter, when some pause, perchance, of fight  
Shall happen, and the martial rage which fires  
My bosom now, shall somewhat less be felt.  
Our friends, by Priameian Hector slain,  
Now, wounded, strew the field, for him hath Jove  
Exalted high, and giv'n him great renown.  
But haste ; take *ye* refreshment ; though, in truth,  
Might I direct, the host should by all means  
Unfed to battle, and at set of sun  
All sup together, this affront reveng'd.  
But as for me, no drop shall pass my lips  
Or morsel, whose companion lies with feet  
Turn'd to the vestibule, a mangled corse,  
And compass'd by my weeping train around,  
No want of food feel I. My wishes call  
For carnage, blood, and agonies, and groans.

But him, excelling in all wisdom, thus  
Ulysses answer'd : O Achilles ! son  
Of Peleus ! bravest far of all our host !

Me, in no scanty measure, thou excell'st  
Wielding the spear, and thee in prudence, I  
Not less. For I am elder, and have learn'd  
What thou hast yet to learn. Bid then thine heart  
Endure with patience to be taught by me.  
Men, sated soon with battle, loathe the field  
On which the most abundant harvest falls,  
Reap'd by the sword; and when the hand of Jove,  
Dispenser of the great events of war,  
Turns once the scale, the harvest then is o'er\*.  
Shall we abstain from food for all who die?  
That were indeed severe; since day by day  
No few expire, and respite could be none.  
The dead, die whoso may, should be inhum'd.  
This, duty bids, but bids us also deem  
One day sufficient for our sighs and tears.  
Ourselves, all we who still survive the war,  
Have need of sustenance, that we may bear  
The lengthen'd conflict with recruited might,  
Cas'd in enduring brass.—Ye all have heard  
Your call to battle; let none ling'ring stand

\* The application of this remark to the matter in dispute between Achilles and Ulysses, appears to be this: If men go hungry into battle, they soon grow weary of slaughter, and if the battle turn against them, which on account of their weakness through long fasting is a probable event, the slaughter of the enemy is then at an end.—But the passage seems to be an *opprobrium criticorum*.



In expectation of a farther call,  
Which if it sound, shall thunder prove to him  
Who lurks among the ships. No. Rushing all  
At once into the field, excite we fierce  
And fiery conflict with the host of Troy.

So saying, the sons of Nestor, glorious chief,  
He chose, with Meges Phyleus' noble son,  
Thoas, Meriones, and Melanippus,  
And Lycomedes. These, together, sought  
The tent of Agamemnon, king of men.  
They ask'd, and they receiv'd. At once were brought  
The seven promis'd tripods from the tent,  
Twice ten bright caldrons, twelve high-mettled steeds,  
Sev'n lovely captives skill'd alike in arts  
Domestic, of unblemish'd beauty rare,  
And last, Briseïs with the blooming cheeks.  
First went Ulysses, bearing, by the scale,  
Ten golden talents, whom the chosen Greeks  
Attended laden with the remnant gifts.  
Full in the midst they plac'd them. Then arose  
King Agamemnon; and beside the king,  
His herald, loud in utt'rance as a God,  
Talthybius, standing, held the victim boar.  
Atrides, drawing forth his knife which hung  
Always attach'd to his huge falchion's sheath,  
Sever'd the bristly forelock of the boar,

A previous off'ring. Next, with lifted hands  
To Jove he pray'd, while, all around, the Greeks  
Sat list'ning silent to the Sov'reign's voice.  
He look'd to the wide Heav'n, and thus he pray'd :

First, Jove be witness ! of all Pow'rs above  
Best and supreme ; Earth next, and next the Sun !  
And last, who under Earth the guilt avenge  
Of oaths sworn falsely, let the Furies hear !  
For no respect of amorous desire,  
Or other purpose, have I laid mine hand  
On fair Briseïs, but within my tent  
Untouch'd, immaculate she hath remain'd.  
And if one word be false, may all the woes,  
With which the Gods mark perjury, be mine !

So saying, he pierc'd the victim in his throat,  
And, whirling him around, into the Deep  
Talthybius cast him to be fishes' food\*.  
Then, rising, thus Achilles spake again :

Jove ! Father ! dire calamities, effects  
Of thy appointment, fall on humankind.  
Never had Agamemnon in my breast  
Such fury kindled, or my lovely prize  
Torn from me, but that inauspicious Jove

\* A sacrifice made in confirmation of an oath was never eaten.—  
B. & V. See Book III.

Design'd the slaughter of our num'rous friends.  
Go, Grecians ! take ye food, and then to battle\*.

So saying, Achilles suddenly dissolv'd  
The hasty council, and all flew dispers'd  
To their own ships. Then those illustrious gifts  
His Myrmidons within the hero's tent  
Dispos'd, and the selected damsels led  
Each to a seat, while others of his train  
Drove forth the steeds to pasture with his herd.  
But when Briseïs, bright as Venus, saw  
Patroclus lying mangled by the spear,  
Infolding him around, she shriek'd and tore  
Her bosom, her smooth neck and beauteous cheeks.  
Then thus, divinely fair, with tears she said :

Ah my Patroclus ? dearest friend of all  
To hapless me, departing from this tent  
I left thee living, and now, gen'rous chief !  
Restor'd to it again, here find thee dead.  
How rapid in succession are my woes !  
I saw, myself, the valiant prince, to whom

\* The gods of the heathens seem to have been very convenient characters, when there was a want of somebody to whom the blame of any mischief might be imputed. The two heroes having discovered at last, Agamemnon, that he had been infatuated by Ate, and Achilles, that Jupiter had pre-ordained their quarrel, discover likewise, that neither of them was at all in fault, and are therefore perfectly reconciled.

My parents gave me \*, slain before our walls,  
 And there, regretted still, three brothers lost,  
 My mother's sons. But when Achilles slew  
 My husband, and in ashes laid the town †  
 Of noble Mynes, thou by ev'ry art  
 Of tender friendship didst forbid my tears,  
 Oft telling me that thou wouldst make me bride  
 Of Peleus' godlike son, wouldst waft me hence  
 To Phthia, and set forth our nuptial feast  
 Among the Myrmidons. Thee, therefore, kind  
 And gentle ever, I must ever mourn ‡.

\* By *ἔδοσαν* some understand *betrothed* only, and affirm that Briseis was actually a virgin;—V. but others are of a different opinion, of which number is Barnes; who observes that, anciently, very young widows were spoken of as still in a state of virginity, and in confirmation of his assertion refers to the prophet Joel, c. i, v. 8, *Lament like a virgin girded with sackcloth for the husband of her youth*. And it is equally confirmed in the Ode of Horace ad Iccium. Lib. i, 29.

—————Quæ tibi *virginum*,  
*Sponso necato*, barbara serviet?

and when in the sequel Briseis says, that Patroclus had promised to make her the *Κερίδιην ἄλοχον* of Achilles, the expression is understood by those who favour this opinion to be elliptic, and *ὡς* omitted.—On the whole, the interpretation of Barnes seems not ill supported.

† Lyrnessus.—C.

‡ As has been before remarked, the poet misses no opportunity of celebrating the gentle manners of Patroclus, of which his kind treatment of this female captive, the promises he made her, and the pleasing prospects he set before her, are the clearest, and, recorded as they are by herself, the most indisputable evidence.

She spake, and all her fellow-captives heav'd  
Responsive sighs, deploring each, in show,  
The dead Patroclus, but, in truth, herself\*.  
Achaia's chiefs then all assembled round  
Achilles, praying him to eat, but he  
Groan'd, and still resolute, their suit refus'd—

If I have here a friend on whom by pray'rs  
I may prevail, I pray that ye desist,  
Nor longer press me, mourner as I am,  
To eat or drink, for till the sun go down  
I am inflexible, and *will* abstain.

He said, and to their sev'ral tents dismiss'd  
The other chiefs, but Atreus' royal sons,  
Ulysses, Nestor, and Idomeneus,  
With Phoenix, his rever'd and valiant friend,  
Abiding still, with cheerful converse kind  
Essay'd to sooth him, whose afflicted soul  
All soothing scorn'd, till he should once again  
Rush on the rav'ning edge of bloody war.  
Then, sighing with remembrance, thus he said:  
Time was, unhappiest, dearest of my friends!

\* This, in the judgement of Madame Dacier, is the finest stroke in all the Iliad. Nothing, she observes, can be more natural than the representation made by the poet of these unhappy young women, who, already weary of their captive state, take occasion from every mournful object that occurs to weep afresh, though in reality little interested by any of them.—C.

When even thou, with diligent dispatch,  
Thyself, hast spread a table in my tent,  
The hour of battle drawing nigh between  
The Greeks and warlike Trojans. But there lies  
Thy body wounded now, and, for thy sake,  
Though dearth be none, I neither drink nor eat,  
Since heavier wo I can have none to fear.  
No, not if tidings of my father's death,  
Should reach me, who, this moment, weeps, perchance,  
In Phthia tears of tenderest regret  
For such a son; while I, remote from home,  
Fight for detested Helen under Troy.  
Nor even were *He* dead, whom, if he live,  
I rear in Scyros, my own darling son,  
My Neoptolemus of form divine\*.

\* An island of the Cyclades.—B. & C. Peleus having been forewarned by Thetis, that his son Achilles should be slain at Troy, consigned him to the care of Lycomedes, king of Scyros, having first disguised him as a girl. As such he was educated with the daughters of Lycomedes. But the oracle having declared, that Troy could not be taken without him, Ulysses, Phoenix, and Nestor were deputed by the Grecians to ask him from his father. Peleus affirming, that he was not at home, they repaired to Scyros, and suspecting (but we are not told for what reason) that he was to be found among the king's daughters, by the advice of Ulysses, they spread before the young people arms and distaffs, implements of war and of female industry. The latter were instantly seized by the princesses, and the former by Achilles. But previous to this detection

For still this hope I cherish'd in my breast  
Till now, that, of us two, myself alone  
Should fall at Ilium, and that thou, restor'd  
To Phthia, shouldst have wafted o'er the waves  
My son from Scyros to his native home,  
That thou mightst show him all his heritage,  
My train, and my magnificent abode.  
For either dead already I account  
Peleus, or doubt not that his residue  
Of miserable life shall quickly fail  
Through stress of age and expectation sad  
That tidings of my death shall, next, arrive.

So spake Achilles weeping, around whom  
The chiefs all sigh'd, each with remembrance pain'd  
Of some lov'd object left at home. Mean-time  
Jove, with compassion mov'd, their sorrow saw,  
And in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake :

Daughter ! thou hast abandon'd, as it seems,  
Yon virtuous chief for ever ; shall no care  
Thy mind engage of brave Achilles more ?  
Lo ! where he sits before his gallant fleet  
Lamenting his slain friend ; the other Greeks  
Eat and are satisfied ; he only fasts.

of his sex, the young hero had deflowered one of his royal play-mates, by name Deodamia. She made him father of Pyrrhus, afterward called Neoptolemus.—V.

Go, then—and that he hunger not, instil  
Ethereal sustenance into his breast.

So saying, he urg'd Minerva prompt before.  
In form a shrill-voic'd harpy of broad wing  
Through ether down she darted, while the Greeks  
In all their camp for instant battle arm'd.  
Ambrosial sweets and nectar she instill'd  
Into his breast, lest he should suffer loss  
Of strength through abstinence, then soar'd again  
To her great Sire's unperishing abode.  
And now the Grecians from their gallant fleet  
All pour'd themselves abroad. As when the snow,  
Descending thick from Jove, is driv'n by gusts  
Of the clear-blowing North, so smil'd the field  
With dazzling casques, boss'd bucklers, hauberks  
strong\*,

And polish'd weapons issuing from the fleet.  
Upwent the flash to Heav'n; wide all around  
The champaign laugh'd with beamy brass illum'd,  
And tramlings of the warriors on all sides

\* Homer says—*ὤρηκές τε κραταιγύαλοι*—And Pausanias explaining the expression informs us, that the corslet or breastplate had sometimes a piece of armour connected with it by studs, which served as a covering for the back. Thus armed they deemed themselves sufficiently guarded even without the security of a shield. Phorcys is mentioned as an instance of a warrior thus accoutred, whom Ajax pierces immediately through his mail.—B. & C. See Book XVII, l. 366.



Resounded, amidst whom Achilles arm'd.  
He gnash'd his teeth, fire glimmer'd in his eyes,  
Anguish intolerable wrung his heart  
And fury against Troy, while he put on  
His glorious arms, the labour of a God.  
First, to his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd  
Studded with silver, then, his corslet bright  
Brac'd to his bosom, his huge sword of brass  
Athwart his shoulder slung, and his broad shield  
Uplifted last, luminous as the moon.  
Such as to mariners a fire appears,  
Kindled by shepherds on the distant top  
Of some lone hill; they, driv'n by stormy winds,  
Reluctant roam far off the fishy Deep,  
Such from Achilles' burning shield divine  
A lustre struck the skies; his pond'rous helm  
He lifted to his brows; starlike it shone,  
And shook its curling crest of bushy gold,  
Consummate work of Vulcan's glorious art.  
So clad, the godlike hero trial made  
If his arms fitted him, and gave free scope  
To his proportion'd limbs; they buoyant prov'd  
As wings, and high upbore his airy tread.  
Forth from its case he drew his father's spear,  
Heavy, and huge, and long. That spear, of all  
Achaia's sons, none else had pow'r to wield;

Achilles only could the Pelian beam  
Brandish, by Chiron for his father hewn  
From Pelion's top for slaughter of the brave.  
His coursers, next, Automedon prepar'd  
And Alcimus, adjusting with dispatch  
The fair caparisons ; they thrust the bits  
Into their mouths, and to the chariot seat  
Extended and made fast the reins behind.  
Then seiz'd Automedon the splendid scourge  
Commodious to his grasp, and sprang at once  
Into his place ; behind him, arm'd complete  
Achilles mounted, as the orient sun  
All dazzling, and with awful tone his speech  
Directed to the coursers of his sire :

Xanthus, and Balius of Podarges' blood  
Illustrious ! see ye that, the battle done,  
The chief whom now ye bear ye render back  
To the Achaians in far other sort,  
Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, dead\*.

\* We are not warranted to account any practice unnatural and absurd, merely because it does not obtain among ourselves. I know not that any historian has recorded this custom of the Grecians, but that it was a custom among them occasionally to harangue their horses, we may assure ourselves on the authority of Homer, a poet too attentive to nature, to have introduced into his work any such speeches, would they have appeared as strange to his countrymen as they do to us.

It is not Achilles only who addresses his steeds, which, being immortal and bred by Apollo, might be supposed particularly intelli-

So he, and Xanthus from beneath the yoke  
Speaking, his matchless courser, thus replied,  
By Juno vocal made, but hanging low  
His brows, and sweeping with his mane the ground:

And doubtless so we will. This day at least

We bear thee safe from battle, stormy chief!

Yet thee the hour of thy destruction swift

Approaches, hastened by no fault of ours,

But by the force of fate and pow'r divine.

For not through sloth or tardiness in us

The Trojans stripp'd Patroclus of his arms,

But, most illustrious of the pow'rs divine,

Latona's offspring slew him in the van,

Designing glory to the chief of Troy.

We Zephyrus himself, although esteem'd

Swiftest of all the winds of Heav'n, in speed

Could equal, but the Fates thee also doom

gent, but Hector does it also in the eighth Book, and Antilochus in the chariot race, whose horses were not only of terrestrial origin, but the slowest in the camp of Greece. Such harangues, therefore, may be supposed to have been not unfrequent; and though it is not to be imagined, that any sort of instruction would teach a horse language, the tone of voice might have a considerable effect. It is not uncommon to see a whole team more terrified by curses strained through the teeth of a brutal driver, than even by the whip itself, and perhaps, were they accustomed to it, a tone of voice suited to the purpose might encourage them as much. But some say—V. that this whole address to his horses is designed by Achilles as an indirect reproof to Automedon.

By human hands to fall, and hands divine.

The interposing Furies at that word  
Suppress'd his utterance, and indignant, thus,  
Achilles, swiftest of the swift, replied \* :

Why, Xanthus, prophesiest thou my death ?  
It ill beseems thee. I already know  
My doom to perish distant far from home.  
Yet cease I not the more from feats of arms,  
Till Troy shall have receiv'd her fill of war.  
He said, and shouting drove into the van.

\* The line of the original that ascribes the articulation with which Xanthus was endued, to Juno, is struck out by some commentators as spurious, and apparently with good reason. For why should Juno interpose to afflict Achilles? The Furies may more naturally be deemed the authors of portentous signs and terrible premonitions, and if they, as the poet here assures us, took from the horse his utterance, it is most consistent to infer, that they had given it.—B. & V.

## ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

By permission of Jupiter, the Gods descend into the battle, and range themselves on either side respectively. Neptune rescues Æneas from death by the hand of Achilles, from whom Apollo soon after rescues Hector. Achilles slays many Trojans.

## BOOK XX.

THUS stood the Grecians at their gallant fleet  
Marshall'd by thee, Achilles, glorious chief,  
Insatiable with war! and opposite  
The Trojans on the rising ground appear'd\*.  
Mean-time, Jove order'd Themis, from the head  
Of the deep-fork'd Olympian to convene  
The Gods in council. She to ev'ry part

\* This rising ground was five stadia in circumference, and was between the river Simoïs and a village named Ilieon, in which Paris is said to have decided between the Goddesses. It was called Callicolone, being the most conspicuous ground in the neighbourhood of the city.—B. & V.

Proceeding, bade them to the courts of Jove\*.  
 Nor of the Floods was any absent thence,  
 Oceanus except†, or of the nymphs  
 Who haunt the pleasant groves, or dwell beside  
 Stream-feeding fountains, or in meadows green.  
 Within the Thund'rer's courts arriv'd, they sat  
 Before the portico on polish'd seats  
 With ingenuity divine contriv'd  
 By Vulcan for the Sov'reign of the skies‡.  
 Thus all the Gods were in the courts of Jove  
 Assembled; nor was Neptune slow to hear  
 The voice of Themis, but (the billows left)  
 Came also; in the midst his seat he took,  
 And ask'd, incontinent, the mind of Jove§:

\* Iris is the messenger of the Gods on ordinary occasions, Mercury on those of importance. But Themis is now employed because the affair in question is a council, and to assemble and to dissolve councils, the poet tells us in another place, is her peculiar province.—V.

The return of Achilles to battle is made as magnificent as possible. A council in Heaven precedes it, and a battle of the Gods is the consequence.—V.

† Oceanus is said not to have been summoned, lest, being the parent of them all, by his venerable presence he should have withheld the rest from fighting.—B. & V.

‡ 'Αἰθεσαι εἰσι τοιοὶ προσωοί, ὅφ' ἦλιν καταλαμπομενοί.—V.

§ The readiness with which Neptune obeys the summons is particularly noticed, on account of the resentment he so lately expressed, when he was commanded by Jupiter to quit the battle.—B. & V.

Why, King of lightnings! hast thou call'd again  
The Gods to council? Is the battle's rage,  
Now kindling between yonder hosts, the cause?  
To whom the Sov'reign of the boundless air:  
Neptune! thou know'st already my design,  
And wherefore ye are call'd. Although ordain'd  
So soon to die, they interest me still.  
Myself shall, on Olympus' top reclin'd,  
Well-pleased survey them; but let all beside  
Descending to the field, there join and aid,  
As each shall choose, the Trojans or the Greeks.  
For should Achilles, though alone, assail  
The unassisted Trojans, he would drive,  
At once, to flight, their whole collected pow'r.  
His looks appall'd them ever, and I fear  
Lest, frantic for his loss, he even pass  
The bounds of Fate; and desolate the town.

So spake the son of Saturn kindling war  
Inevitable, and the Gods set forth  
With minds discordant to the bloody field.  
Juno, and Pallas, and the sov'reign Lord  
Of Ocean, sought the fleet, with whom were join'd  
Hermes, inventor of the noblest arts,  
And Vulcan, rolling on all sides his eyes  
Tremendous, but on limping feet and legs  
Unequal. To the Trojans Mars repair'd

With Phœbus never shorn\*, Dian shaft-arm'd,  
 Xanthus, Latona, and the Queen of smiles†.  
 So long as the immortal Gods mix'd not  
 With either host, so long Achaia's sons  
 Exulted, seeing, after tedious pause,  
 Achilles in the field, and terrour shook  
 The knees of ev'ry Trojan at the view

\* *Never shorn* because the rays of the sun are inseparable from it.—C.

† The commentators are extremely circumstantial and prolix in accounting for the attachment of every Divinity in the field to this or that party. Juno, they say, assists the Greeks, because she is the Goddess who presides over marriage, and hates adultery; consequently she hates the Trojans, who fight in the cause of an adulterer. Minerva takes the same side on a principle of resentment, having been refused the prize of beauty by Paris; a reason, which may be supposed not a little to influence Juno likewise. Neptune joins them, because Laomedon defrauded him of his wages; Mercury, because being the patron of heralds, he abhorred the Trojans for the sake of the treacherous counsel of Antimachus, who would have slain Ulysses and Menelaus acting in that office. And Vulcan, because he hated Mars, who had been too free with Venus.—B. & V.

On the other hand, Mars sides with the Trojans from similarity of sentiment, and because they alike delight in blood. Apollo, because he is an archer, and the Trojans were famous for archery, especially such was Paris. Paris too excelled on the lyre and in personal appearance—both attributes of Apollo. Diana and Latona naturally follow Phœbus. Xanthus can do no less than aid the Trojans, being a Trojan river; nor Venus, because, in the contest for the prize of beauty, Paris had decided in her favour, and because she was the mother of Æneas.—B. & V.

This is only a small part of what has been imagined on the subject, but an inquirer of moderate curiosity will perhaps deem it quite sufficient.



Of swift Pelides like another Mars  
On carnage bent and bright in arms again.  
But when the Olympian Pow'rs had enter'd once  
The multitude, then Discord, at whose voice  
The million maddens, vehement arose ;  
Then, Pallas at the trench without the wall  
By turns stood shouting, and by turns a shout  
Terrific sent along the sounding shore,  
While, gloomy as a tempest, opposite,  
Mars shouted also, from the lofty tow'r  
Of Ilium now, now running o'er the hill  
Callicolone, on the Simois' side.

Thus the Immortals ever blest impell'd  
Both hosts to battle, and dire inroad caus'd  
Of strife among them. Sudden from on high  
The Sire of Gods and men thunder'd ; mean-time,  
Neptune the earth and the high mountains shook ;  
Down from her summit to her lowest base  
Ida spring-fed the agitation felt  
Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece.  
Upstart'd from his throne, appall'd, the King  
Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears  
Through Hell proclaim'd, lest Neptune, o'er his head  
Shatt'ring the vaulted Earth, should wide disclose  
To mortal and immortal eyes his realm  
Of horror, thirst, and wo, detested sight

Ev'n to the Gods themselves\* ; with such a sound  
 The Pow'rs eternal into battle rush'd.  
 Oppos'd to Neptune, sov'reign of the waves,  
 Apollo stood with his wing'd arrows arm'd ;  
 To Mars, Minerva ; to Jove's awful spouse  
 Diana of the golden bow, whose joy  
 Is in the shouts and tumults of the chase,  
 Sister of Phœbus ; Mercury to fair  
 Latona, and to Vulcan, vast and deep  
 The eddy-whirling flood by mortal men  
 Scamander call'd, but Xanthus by the Gods†.

So Gods encounter'd Gods. But most desire  
 Achilles felt to pierce the crowd and rush

\* There is no person, says Tollius in his notes on Longinus, unless he be altogether illiterate and deaf to sacred song, who does not tremble while he reads this passage in Homer, and partake with Pluto in his fears lest he should see Hell laid open. But Plato quarrels with the description, as likely to inspire a dread of death, and so much the worthier to be expunged, as it excels in poetical merit.—C.

† Hercules, on a certain occasion tormented with thirst, besought Jupiter in prayer to discover to him if it were but a thread of water. The God, unwilling that his son should perish by such means, with a thunderbolt, opened the earth, and gave him the rill he wanted, which Hercules, scooping a channel for it, improved into a river, and the river from that circumstance was named Scamander.—Scamander, therefore, is derived by those who give this account of it, from *Σκάπτω*, which signifies *to dig*.—V.

It is easy to trace this story to its true source in the history of Samson.

On Priameian Hector, with whose blood  
Chiefly his fury prompted him to sate  
The indefatigable God of war.  
But, the encourager of Ilium's host  
Apollo, urged Æneas to assail  
The son of Peleus, with heroic might  
Inspiring his bold heart. He feign'd the voice  
Of Priam's son Lycaon, and his form  
Assuming, thus the Trojan chief address'd :

Æneas, senator of Troy ! thy vaunts  
While banquetting among the kings and chiefs  
Of Ilium's host, that thou wouldst even face  
Achilles in the field, where are they now ?

To whom Æneas answer thus return'd :  
Offspring of Priam ! why enjoin'st thou me,  
Not so inclin'd, that arduous task, to cope  
With the unmatch'd Achilles ? I have prov'd  
His force already, when he chas'd me down  
From Ida with his spear, what time he made  
Seizure of all our cattle, and destroy'd  
Pedasus and Lyrnessus ; but preserv'd  
By Jove I 'scap'd, who wing'd my feet to fly.  
Else had I fallen by Achilles' hand,  
And by the hand of Pallas, who his steps  
Conducted, and exhorted him to slay

Us and the Leleges\*. Vain, therefore, proves  
All mortal force to Peleus' son oppos'd;  
For one, at least, of the Immortals stands  
Ever beside him, guardian of his life,  
And, of himself, he hath an arm that sends  
His rapid spear unerring to the mark. .  
Yet, would the Gods sway equally the scales  
Of battle, not with ease should he subdue  
Me, though he boast himself a man of brass.

But him Apollo answer'd, son of Jove :  
Hero ! prefer thou, also, to the Gods  
Thy pray'r. Thee Venus, as they say, produc'd,  
Jove's daughter ; Him, the daughter of the deep ;  
A mother of inferior note to thine.  
Thy mother is from Jove ; the offspring, his,  
Less noble of the hoary Ocean old.  
Haste, meet him, then, with thy victorious spear,  
Nor, though he menace, and essay to shake  
Thy soul with fierce invective, turn away.

So saying, with martial force the chief he fill'd,  
Who through the foremost ranks advanc'd in arms  
All dazzling bright. Nor pass'd Anchises' son  
Unseen of Juno, through the crowded host

\* The Leleges were a colony of Thessalians, and the first inhabitants of the shores of the Hellespont.—B. & C.

Seeking Achilles, but the Pow'rs of Heav'n  
Conven'd by her command, she thus address'd :

Minerva ! Neptune ! an event that teems  
With fatal ills demand your instant care.  
Æneas, bright in arms, is on his way  
To combat with Achilles ; and he goes  
Urg'd by Apollo. But delay not we  
To turn him back, or, one of us, to seek  
Achilles, and with such celestial force  
And magnanimity dilate his soul,  
That he may know the mightiest Pow'rs of Heav'n  
His friends, and that the Deities whom Troy  
Long-time hath trusted, are, with us compar'd,  
Light as the passing wind, and nothing worth.  
For we have all descended from the skies  
And share this battle, to preserve awhile  
Achilles' life, though suffer all he must  
Hereafter, with his thread of life entwin'd  
By Destiny, the day when he was born.  
These things ourselves must teach him ; since, un-  
taught,  
He will be terrified when he shall meet  
Some adverse Deity ; for mortal eyes  
Can ill endure the sight of forms divine.  
To whom replied the Shaker of the shores :  
Juno ! this wrath dishonours thee ; be calm.

I wish not an inglorious strife with Gods  
Far our inferiours. Seek we yonder hill  
Whose height commands the battle from afar,  
And if Apollo, or the fiery Mars  
Begin to fight, or hindrance interpose  
To thwart Achilles, we will, then, ourselves  
Rush into conflict; and, I much misdeem,  
Or they shall eagerly and soon resume  
Their wonted seats on the Olympian heights,  
By strong coercion of our arms subdu'd.

So saying, the King of the cerulean floods  
Advanc'd before them to the lofty mound  
Of godlike Hercules, by Pallas rais'd,  
And by the Trojans for his safe escape,  
What time the monster of the Deep pursu'd  
The hero from the sea-bank o'er the plain\*.

\* The story as it is told by the scholiast is this—Neptune and Apollo being commanded by Jupiter, to serve Laomedon for hire, built the walls of Troy for a stipulated price, of which Laomedon afterward defrauded them. Neptune, incensed at his treachery, sent a sea-monster into the adjoining country, which devoured such of the people as came in his way, and the fruits of the earth also. Laomedon, consulting the oracle, was informed, that if he would give his daughter Hesione to the monster, he should quit the country. The king produced his daughter, but proclaimed at the same time, that he would give the horses which he had received from Jupiter as the price of Ganymede to him who should destroy that enemy. Hercules being present, undertook the service, and Minerva having built for him the mound or wall here mentioned, he concealed

There Neptune sat, and his confed'rate Gods,  
Their shoulders in impenetrable clouds  
Involv'd; while, opposite and on the hill  
Callicolone, town-destroying Mars  
And Phoebus waited, with their aids divine.  
So, Gods to Gods in opposite aspect  
Sat ruminating, and alike averse  
On both sides to begin the toils of war,  
While from his seat sublime Jove urg'd them on.  
The champaign all was fill'd, and with the blaze  
Illum'd of men and coursers arm'd in brass,  
And the incumber'd earth jarr'd under foot  
Of the encount'ring hosts. Then two, the rest  
Surpassing far, into the midst advanc'd  
Impatient for the fight, Anchises' son  
Æneas, and Achilles, glorious chief!  
Æneas first advanc'd, and with an air  
Of dauntless menace shook his bushy crest,  
His bosom with his agitated shield  
He fenc'd, and brandish'd high his glitt'ring spear.  
On th' other side, Achilles to the fight

himself awhile behind it, but at length throwing himself into the monster's mouth descended into his bowels which he tore in pieces. Laomedon, still dishonest, gave him mortal instead of immortal horses for his reward, which Hercules soon discovering, destroyed the city, and drove away the steeds to which he was so well entitled.—B. & V.

Flew like a rav'ning lion, on whose death  
Resolv'd the peasants from all quarters meet ;  
He viewing with disdain the foremost, stalks  
Right on, but pierc'd by some bold hunter gapes  
And writhes himself, disclosing his huge fangs  
Hung with white foam ; then, growling for revenge,  
Lashes himself to battle with his tail\*,  
Till with a burning eye and a bold heart  
He springs to slaughter, or himself is slain ;  
So, by his valour and his noble mind  
Impell'd, renown'd Achilles mov'd toward  
Æneas, and, small interval between,  
Thus spake the hero matchless in the race:

Why stand'st thou here, Æneas! and hast push'd  
Through such a crowd to meet me? Burns thine heart,  
To strive with me, in hope that Priam's throne  
Hereafter, and his honours shall be thine?  
But shouldst thou slay me, not for that exploit  
Would Priam such large recompense bestow,  
For he hath sons, and hath, beside, a mind

\* More than one of the Greek commentators assert, that the lion has a natural goad growing on the under side of his tail, like a small pointed horn, with which he stimulates himself to battle.—B. & V. We, who have not many opportunities of examining lions' tails, must take it on their credit.



And disposition not so lightly chang'd\*.  
Or have the Trojans of their richest soil  
For vineyard apt or plough assign'd thee part  
If thou shalt slay me? Difficult, I hope,  
At least, thou shalt experience that emprise.  
Thee I have chas'd already with my spear;  
Canst thou forget, that, finding thee of late  
Alone on Ida, with such hasty flight  
I drove thee down, that, all thy cattle left,  
Thou never dar'dst once look me in the face,  
Till thou hadst reach'd Lyrnessus, with whose spoils  
Enrich'd by Jove and Pallas I return'd,  
And led their women captive? Thee, indeed,  
The Gods preserv'd, but will not, as thou dream'st  
Now also. Back into thy host again;  
Hence, I command thee, nor oppose in fight  
My force, lest evil find thee. To be taught  
By suff'rings only is the part of fools.  
To whom Æneas answer thus return'd:  
Pelides! hope not, as I were a boy,  
With words to scare me. I have also taunts  
At my command, and could be sharp as thou.  
By such report as from the lips of men

\* The assertion seems sarcastic, and to point at the obstinacy with which Priam and his family still detained the wife of Menelaus, on whose account the war was kindled.

We oft have heard, each other's birth we know  
And parents also ; but my parents thou  
Saw'st never, and I never look'd on thine.  
Thee men proclaim from noble Peleus sprung  
And Thetis, beauteous Goddess of the Deep ;  
I boast myself of lovely Venus born  
To brave Anchises, and his son this day  
In battle slain thy sire shall mourn, or mine ;  
For I expect not that we shall depart  
Like children, satisfied with words alone.  
But if it please thee more at large to learn  
My lineage (thousands can attest it true)  
Know this. Jove, Sov'reign of the storms, begat  
Dardanus, and ere yet the sacred walls  
Of Ilium rose, the glory of this plain,  
He built Dardania ; for at Ida's foot  
Dwelt our progenitors in ancient days\*.  
Dardanus was the father of a son,  
King Ericthonius, wealthiest of mankind.  
Three thousand mares of his the marish graz'd,  
Each suckling with delight her tender foal.

\* Dardanus was the son of Jupiter by Electra daughter of Atlas. He dwelt in Samothracia ; but, a flood happening, built himself a boat, in which, clothed with a goat-skin, he committed himself to the waves, and was driven to Ida. There he landed and built the city named after him Dardania.—B. & V.

Boreas, enamour'd of no few of these,  
The pasture sought in likeness of a steed  
Bright-man'd, and cover'd them. They, pregnant  
thence,

Twelve foals produc'd, and all so light of foot,  
That when they wanton'd in the fruitful field  
They swept, and snapp'd it not, the golden ear,  
And when they wanton'd on the boundless Deep,  
They skimm'd the green wave's frothy ridge, secure.  
From Ericthonius sprang Tros, king of Troy,  
And Tros was father of three famous sons,  
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymede  
Fairest of humankind, whom for that cause  
The Gods caught up to Heav'n, that he might dwell  
For ever there, the cup-bearer of Jove.

Ilus begat Laomedon, and he  
Five sons, Tithonus, Priam, Clytius,  
Lampus, and Hicetaon, branch of Mars.  
Assaracus a son begat, by name  
Capys, and Capys in due time his son  
Warlike Anchises, and Anchises me.  
But Priam is the noble Hector's sire\*.

\* Fearless of provoking Achilles, who, he knew, would hate him the more for it, Æneas makes this the closing article of his genealogy, to show that he valued himself on his relationship to Hector, who had slain Patroclus. Hector was the son of Priam, who descended from Ilus, and Æneas the son of Anchises, whose descent was from Assaracus, the brother of Ilus.

Such is my lineage, and the blood I boast;  
But courage is from Jove, and ebbs or flows  
As he commands; for He disposes all.  
But wherefore should we longer waste the time  
In idle prate, while battle roars around?  
Reproach is cheap. With ease we might discharge  
Gibes at each other, till a ship that asks  
A hundred oars should sink beneath the load.  
The tongue of man is voluble, hath words  
For ev'ry theme, nor wants wide field and long,  
And as he speaks so shall he hear again.  
<sup>u</sup>But wherefore should we wrangle, and with taunts  
Assail each other, as the practice is  
Of women, who with heart devouring strife  
On fire, start forth into the public way  
To mock each other, giving scope alike  
To truth or falsehood, as their anger bids\*?  
The ardour of my courage will not cool  
For all thy speeches; we must combat first;  
Now, therefore, without more delay, begin,  
That we may taste each other's force in arms.

\* This comparison was rejected by some of the ancient critics, on account of the coarseness of the image.—V. But Homer never scorns a jewel because he finds it in the dirt; if it will embellish, enliven, illustrate a passage, he uses it without scruple, and ransacks all nature with the freedom of a man who had no such judges to con-

So spake Æneas, and his brazen lance  
 Hurl'd with full force against the dreadful shield.  
 Loud roar'd its ample concave at the blow.  
 Not unalarm'd Pelides his broad disk  
 Thrust farther from him, deeming that the force  
 Of such an arm should pierce his guard with ease.  
 Vain fear! he recollected not that arms  
 Glorious as his, gifts of th' Immortal Gods,  
 Yield not so quickly to the force of man.  
 The stormy spear by brave Æneas sent,  
 No passage found; the golden plate divine  
 Repress'd its vehemence; two folds it pierc'd,  
 But three were still behind, for with five folds  
 Vulcan had fortified it; two were brass;  
 The two interior, tin; the midmost, gold;

trol him, from the seat of Jove on the summit of Olympus to the  
 dunghill at the base of it. Lucian was as competent a judge of  
 good writing as any of the commentators, and his opinion of these  
 squeamish cavillers may be learned from his discourse with Homer,  
 which he feigned on purpose to deride them. The poet being  
 questioned concerning the multitude of lines expunged, whether  
 they were in fact spurious as the critics had pronounced them? in-  
 dignantly replies, *I made them all*. Then I perfectly understood,  
 says Lucian, what phlegmatic and dull fellows were the disciples  
 of Zenodotus and Aristarchus the grammarians.

Livy uses the same comparison in the following passage—*Sc-*  
*demus domi desides, mulierum ritu altercantes inter nos.*—C.

And at the golden one the weapon stood \*.  
Achilles, next, his shadow-stretching spear  
Hurl'd forth and struck Æneas on the verge  
Of his broad shield, where thinnest lay the brass,  
And thinnest the ox-hide. The Pelian ash  
Started right through it, and it rang aloud.  
Æneas, crouching to his hams, his shield  
Thrust farther from him; but the rapid beam  
Bursting both borders of the ample disk,  
Glanc'd down his back, and plung'd into the soil.  
He scap'd it, and he stood; but with a look  
Of horror infinite the weapon saw  
Planted so near him. Then, Achilles drew  
His falchion keen, and with a deaf'ning shout  
Assail'd him; but Æneas seiz'd a stone  
Heavy and huge, a weight to overcharge  
The strength of two (such strength as we may boast)  
Although he wielded it with ease, alone.  
Then had Æneas, as Achilles rush'd

\* Some commentators, supposing the golden plate the outermost as the most ornamental, have perplexed themselves much with this passage; for how, say they, could two folds be pierced, and the spear be stopped by the gold, if the gold lay on the surface? But to avoid the difficulty, we need only suppose that the gold was inserted between the two plates of brass and the two of tin, Vulcan, in this particular, having attended less to ornament than to security.

See the scholiast in Villoison, who argues at large in favour of this opinion.

Toward him, smitten, though with none effect,  
His shield or helmet, and Achilles him  
Had with his sword extended at his feet,  
But that the God of Ocean quick perceiv'd  
His peril, and th' Immortals thus bespake :

I pity brave Æneas, who shall soon,  
Slain by Achilles, see the realms below,  
By smooth suggestions of Apollo lur'd  
To danger, such as he can ne'er avert.  
But why should brave Æneas, pure himself,  
Die for the fault of others ? at no time  
Have fail'd his off'rings, grateful to the Gods.  
Come, therefore, rescue we from death, ourselves,  
This hero, lest, if by Achilles' arm  
He perish, Jupiter himself be wroth ;  
For he is destin'd to survive, lest all  
The house of Dardanus (whom Jove beyond  
All others lov'd, his sons of woman born)  
Fail with Æneas, and be found no more.  
Saturnian Jove hath hated now longtime  
The family of Priam, and henceforth  
Æneas and his son, and his son's sons,  
Shall sway the sceptre o'er the race of Troy\*.

\* This has been considered, and justly, as a very extraordinary prophecy of the prosperity of Rome under a race of kings descended from Æneas. It is noticed as such in the scholia ascribed to Por-

To whom, majestic thus the spouse of Jove :  
Neptune ! deliberate thyself, and choose  
Whether to save Æneas, or to leave  
The hero victim of Achilles' ire.  
For Pallas and myself oft times have sworn  
In full assembly of the Gods, to aid  
Troy never ; never to avert the day  
Of her distress ; not even when the flames,  
Kindled by the heroic sons of Greece,  
Shall climb with fury to her topmost tow'rs.

No sooner Neptune heard, than through the throng  
Of battle and the clash of spears the God  
Came where Achilles and Æneas fought.  
At once with shadows dim he blurr'd the sight  
Of Peleus' son, and plucking from the shield  
Of brave Æneas the enormous ash  
Of Pelion, plac'd it at Achilles' feet.  
Then, lifting high Æneas from the ground,  
He heav'd him far remote ; o'er many a rank  
Of heroes and of bounding steeds he flew,  
Launch'd into air from the expanded palm  
Of Neptune, and alighted in the rear

phyrus, and likewise by Eustathius, who having mentioned the opinion of some, that Homer must have been indebted for it to the leaves of the Sybil, observes that others have believed it his own, because as they affirm—He who has the spirit of poetry is a prophet also.—B.



Of all the battle, where the Caucons stood\*.  
Neptune approach'd him there, and at his side  
Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus bespake :

What God, Æneas ! tempted thee to cope  
Thus inconsiderately with the son  
Of Peleus, both more excellent in fight  
Than thou, and more the fav'rite of the skies ?  
From him retire hereafter, or expect  
A premature descent into the shades.  
But when Achilles shall have once fulfill'd  
His destiny, in battle slain, then fight  
Fearless, for thou canst fall by none beside.

So saying, he left the well-admonish'd chief,  
And from Achilles' eyes dispers'd the gloom  
Shed o'er them by himself. The hero saw  
Clearly, and with his noble heart, incens'd  
By disappointment, thus conferring, said :

Gods ! I behold a prodigy. My spear  
Lies at my foot, and he, at whom I cast  
The weapon with such deadly force, is gone !

\* The Caucons are not mentioned in the catalogue, and are, for this reason, by some supposed to have joined the Trojans since, and by others to be included there in the general appellation of Paphlagonians, whose neighbours they are said to have been. But there are still others who affirm, that they were from Caunos, a city on the confines of Lydia, and were properly named, not Caucones, but Caunii.—B. C. & V.

Æneas then, is also, as it seems,  
Belov'd by the Immortal Gods, although  
I deem'd his boast of their protection vain.  
I reckon not. Let him go. So gladly scap'd  
From slaughter now, he shall not soon again  
Feel an ambition to contend with me.  
Now, therefore, animating, first, the Greeks,  
Troy's whole united force I will assail,  
And prove, at once, the valour of them all.

He said, and sprang to battle, with loud voice  
Calling the Grecians after him:—Ye sons  
Of the Achæians! stand not now aloof,  
My noble friends! but foot to foot let each  
Fall on courageous, and desire the fight.  
The task were difficult for me alone,  
Brave as I boast myself, to chase a foe  
So num'rous, and to combat with them all.  
For though immortal, neither Mars himself,  
Nor even Pallas could suffice, at once  
To chase and slaughter multitudes like these.  
With hands, with feet, with spirit, and with might,  
All that I can I will; right through I go,  
And not a Trojan who shall chance within  
Spear's reach of me, shall, as I judge, rejoice.

Thus he the Greeks exhorted, and, mean-time,  
Illustrious Hector loudly to his host

Proclaim'd, that he would cope with Peleus' son :

Fear not this chief, ye valiant men of Troy !

I dare oppose with words, though not in arms,

For they are mightier far, the Gods themselves ;

Nor shall Achilles full performance give

To all his vaunts, but, if he some fulfil,

Shall others unaccomplish'd leave and vain.

I will assail him, though his hands be fire,

Though fire his hands, and hammer'd steel his heart\*.

So spake he them exhorting. At his word

Uprose the Trojan spears, thick intermix'd

The battle join'd, and clamour loud began.

Then thus, approaching Hector, Phœbus spake :

Advance not, Hector ! thus into the van

Seeking Achilles, but in thickest fight

Expect him rather, lest he slay thee pierc'd

In close assault, or stricken from afar†.

He said, and Hector far into his host

Withdrew, admonish'd by the voice divine.

\* A critic quarrels with this repetition, though it is faithful to the original. But, beside that it is a translator's duty to give as true a copy of his author as he can, it is justified by the intention of the poet, which, as the scholiast rightly observes, is to affect the reader vehemently, and with the deepest impression of the force and fire of Achilles.—V.

† It is well observed by the scholiast, that the poet is a strict economist of the character of Hector, and contrives to spare and save him to the last.—V.

Then, shouting terribly and cloth'd with might  
Achilles sprang to battle. First, he slew  
The valiant leader of a num'rous band,  
Iphition. Brave Otrynteus was his sire.  
Him to Otrynteus the renown'd in arms  
A Naiad under snowy Tmolus bore  
In fruitful Hyda\*. Right into his front,  
As he advanc'd, Achilles drove his spear,  
And riv'd his scull; with thund'ring sound he fell,  
And thus the conqu'ror gloried in his fall:

Ah Otryntides! thou art slain. Here lies  
The terrible in arms, who, born beside  
The broad Gygæan lake† where Hyllus flows  
And Hermus, call'd the fertile soil his own.

Thus gloried he. Mean-time the shades of death  
Cover'd Iphition, and Achaian wheels  
And horses ground his body in the van.  
Demoleon next, Antenor's son, a chief  
Firm in defence of Ilium's walls, he slew.  
Into his temples through his brazen casque  
He thrust the Pelian ash, nor could the brass  
Such force resist, but the huge weapon drove

\* Tmolus was a mountain of Lydia, and Hyda a city of the same country.—B. C. & V.

† So called from Gyges son of Candaules; he is said to have been the first king of Lydia.—B. C. & V.

The shatter'd bone into his inmost brain,  
And his fierce onset at a stroke repress'd.  
Hippodamas, while with a leap he left  
His steeds and fled, the weapon next receiv'd  
Within his spine. He, panting forth his life,  
Moan'd like a bull, by consecrated youths  
Dragg'd round the Heliconian king\*, who views  
That victim with delight. So, with loud moans  
The noble warrior sigh'd his soul away.  
Then, spear in hand, against the godlike son  
Of Priam, Polydorus, he advanc'd.  
Him many a time his father had enjoin'd  
To shun the fight; for he was youngest born  
Of his male offspring; shar'd beyond the rest  
His favour, and in speed surpass'd them all.  
Vain of that speed, he like a simple boy  
Display'd it, starting through the foremost ranks  
Unaw'd by danger, till, at last, he died;  
For, as he pass'd him swiftly, with his spear  
Achilles reach'd him; in his back infix'd  
(Just where the golden clasps his belt secur'd,  
And where the doubled hauberk interpos'd),  
Sheer through his navel pass'd the pointed steel.

\* Neptune. So called, either because he was worshipped on Helicon, a mountain of Bœotia, or from Helice, an island of Achaia, where he had a temple.—B. C. & V.

He, shrinking, sank, in shades of death involv'd,  
And, as he kneel'd, his head inclining low  
With both hands press'd his issuing bowels back.  
Soon as the Trojan chief his brother saw  
Bent o'er his wound, and gath'ring, as he stoop'd,  
His entrails in his hands, grief's sablest cloud  
Came o'er his eyes, nor could he longer stand  
Remote from battle; but impatient shook  
His pointed spear, and with the lightning's speed  
Flew to assail Achilles\*; his approach  
Achilles mark'd exulting, and exclaim'd:

He comes, from whom my bosom hath receiv'd  
Its deepest wound, the slayer of my friend;  
We may no longer watch with jealous looks  
Each other, peering through the walks of war.

He ceas'd, and, frowning terribly, provok'd  
Approaching Hector. Haste, he cried, advance  
With swifter pace, and thou shalt sooner die.

Whom answer'd warlike Hector nought appall'd:  
Hope not, Pelides! such a child in me  
As words may scare. Myself have also words  
At my command, severe and sharp as thine.

\* It is an amiable trait in the character of Hector, that his pity in this instance supersedes his caution, and that, at the sight of his brother in circumstances so affecting, he becomes at once inattentive to himself and the command of Apollo.

I know thy force superior; but my spear  
Is also keen, and whether, though enforc'd  
By a less vig'rous arm, it may not yet  
Slay even thee, the Gods must now decide.

He said, and hurl'd his spear; which, ere it reach'd  
The glorious chief Achilles, with a breath  
Minerva wafted to a backward course  
Successless, and it fell at Hector's feet.  
Then, hot for vengeance, with a dreadful shout  
Achilles flew to smite him; but, with ease  
(What cannot pow'r divine?), him wrapp'd around  
With thickest gloom Apollo snatch'd away.  
Thrice swift Achilles sprang to the assault  
Impetuous, thrice the pitchy cloud he smote,  
And at his fourth assault, godlike in act  
And terrible in utt'rance, thus exclaim'd:

Dog! thou art safe, and hast escap'd again;  
But narrowly, and by the aid once more  
Of Phœbus, without previous suit to whom  
Thou ventur'st never where the javelin sings.  
But when we next encounter, then expect,  
If I have haply too some friend above,  
To close thy proud career. Mean-time I seek  
Another foe, and reach e'en whom I may.

So saying, he pierc'd the neck of Dryops through,  
And at his feet he fell. Him there he left,

And turning on the valiant warrior huge,  
Philetor's son, Demúchus, in the knee  
Pierc'd, and detain'd him by the planted spear,  
Till with his sword he smote him, and he died.  
Laogonus and Dardanus he next  
Assaulted, sons of Bias; to the ground  
Dismounting both, one with his spear he slew,  
The other with his falchion at a blow.  
Tros too, Alastor's son—He suppliant clasp'd  
Achilles' knees, and for his pity sued,  
Pleading equality of years, in hope  
That he would spare, and send him thence alive.  
Ah dreamer! ignorant how much in vain  
That suit he urg'd; for not of milky mind,  
Or placable in temper was the chief,  
To whom he sued, but fiery. With both hands  
His knees he clasp'd importunate, and he  
Fast by the liver gash'd him with his sword.  
His liver falling forth, with sable blood  
His bosom fill'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
Then, drawing close to Múlius, in his ear  
He set the pointed brass, and at a thrust  
Sent it, next moment, through his ear beyond.  
Then, through the forehead of Agenor's son  
Echechlus, his huge-hafted blade he drove,  
And death and fate for ever veil'd his eyes.



Next, where the tendons of the elbow meet,  
Striking Deucalion, through his wrist he urg'd  
The brazen point; he all defenceless stood,  
Expecting death; down came Achilles' blade  
Full on his neck; away went head and casque  
Together; from his spine the marrow sprang,  
And at his length outstretch'd he press'd the plain.  
From him to Rhigmus, Pireus' noble son,  
He flew, a warrior from the fields of Thrace\*.  
Him through his loins he pierc'd, and with the beam  
Fix'd in his bowels, to the earth he fell;  
Then piercing, as he turn'd to flight, the spine  
Of Areïthoüs his charioteer,  
He thrust him down; back flew the frighted steeds.  
As a devouring fire within the glens  
Of some dry mountain ravages the trees,  
While, blown around, the flames roll to all sides,  
So, on all sides, tremendous as a God,  
Achilles drove the death-devoted host  
Of Ilium, and the champaign ran with blood.  
As when the peasant his yok'd steers employs  
To tread his barley, the broad-fronted pair  
With pond'rous hoofs soon triturate the grain,  
So, bearing terrible Achilles on,

\* The father of Rhigmus was either the Pireus slain in the fourth book, or another of his name.—V.

His coursers stamp'd together, as they pass'd,  
The bodies and the bucklers of the slain ;  
Blood spatter'd all his axle, and with blood  
From the horse-hoofs and from the fellied wheels  
His chariot redden'd, while himself, athirst  
For glory, his unconquerable hands  
Defil'd with mingled carnage, sweat, and dust.

## ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

Achilles having separated the Trojans, and driven one part of them to the city and the other into the Scamander; takes twelve young men alive, his intended victims to the manes of Patroclus. The river overflowing his banks with purpose to overwhelm him, is opposed by Vulcan, and gladly relinquishes the attempt. The battle of the Gods ensues. Apollo, in the form of Agenor, decoys Achilles from the town, which in the mean-time the Trojans enter and shut the gates against him.

## BOOK XXI.

**BUT** when they came, at length, where Xanthus  
winds

His stream vortiginous from Jove deriv'd,  
There, scatt'ring their divided host, he drove  
Part through the plain to Troy, what way the Greeks  
Had scarce escap'd, so lately, the pursuit  
Of furious Hector. In the self-same track,  
The Trojan host, now, pour'd themselves along  
Not less confus'd; whom Juno to retard

Cast thickest night before them\*. Other part  
 Push'd down the sides of Xanthus, headlong plung'd  
 With dashing sound into his dizzy stream,  
 And all his banks re-echo'd loud the roar.  
 They, struggling, shriek'd in silver eddies whirl'd.  
 As when, by violence of fire expell'd,  
 Locusts uplifted on the wing escape  
 To some broad river, swift the sudden blaze  
 Pursues them; they, astonish'd, strew the flood;  
 So, by Achilles driv'n, a mingled throng  
 Of horses and of warriors overspread  
 Xanthus, and glutted all his sounding course.  
 He, chief of heroes, leaving on the bank  
 His spear against a tamarisk reclin'd †,  
 Plung'd like a God, with falchion arm'd alone,  
 But fill'd with thoughts of havoc. On all sides  
 Down came his edge; groans follow'd dread to hear  
 Of warriors smitten by the sword, and all

\* Madame Dacier understands this darkness to be caused by Juno for the preservation of the Trojans, which, considering her implacable hatred of them, seems a very improbable interpretation. Eustathius, more justly in the opinion of Clarke, who observes that the verb ἐρύκω in Homer's use of it always signifies to *impede*, gives a contrary explanation of the passage, affirming that the Goddess thus darkened the air, that the Trojans seeing indistinctly might fall into the river.—C.

† A proof that he had cleared the plain completely, and left not an enemy behind him.

The waters redden'd, as they ran, with blood.  
 As smaller fishes, flying the pursuit  
 Of some huge dolphin, terrified, the creeks  
 And secret hollows of a haven fill,  
 For none of all that he can seize he spares,  
 So lurk'd the trembling Trojans in the caves  
 Of Xanthus' awful flood\*. But he (his hands  
 Wearied at length with slaughter) from the rest  
 Twelve youths selected, whom to death he doom'd,  
 In vengeance for his lov'd Patroclus slain.  
 Them stupified with dread like fawns he drove  
 Forth from the river, manacling their hands  
 Behind them fast with their own tunick-strings,  
 And gave them to his warrior train in charge.  
 Then, ardent still for blood, he flew again  
 To slaughter, and Dardanian Priam's son  
 Lycaon met, escaping from the stream.  
 Him erst, surpris'd in Priam's field by night,  
 He had led captive thence. Lycaon cut  
 The green wild fig for chariot-rings, when lo,

\* Neptune is fabled to have crowned the Dolphin king of the fishes in recompense of his services in discovering to him the hiding-place of Amphitrite.—Oppian in his *Haliutica*, L. 2, V. 533, in lines of which the following are a translation, speaks of it thus :

The Dolphin rules the Deep, surpassing far  
 All fishes else in beauty, force, and speed,  
 For, as a dart the air, cleaves he the flood.—B.

Disaster unforeseen! Achilles came.  
He seiz'd and sent him in a ship afar  
To Lemnos; there the son of Jason paid  
His price, and, at great cost, Eetion  
The guest of Jason, thence redeeming him,  
Sent him to fair Arisba\*; but he scap'd  
Thence also, and regain'd his father's house.  
Eleven days, at his return, he gave  
To recreation joyous with his friends,  
And on the twelfth Fate cast him yet again  
Into Achilles' hands, who to the shades  
Now doom'd him, howsoever loth to go.  
Soon as Achilles him saw naked there,  
With neither helmet, spear, nor shield, all which  
Emerging he had cast away, fatigu'd  
Till his knees fail'd with toil to reach the land,  
Indignant to his mighty self he said :  
    Gods! I behold a miracle! Erelong  
The valiant Trojans whom myself have slain  
Shall rise from Erebus; for he is here,  
The self-same warrior whom I lately sold  
At Lemnos, free, and in the field again.  
The hoary Deep is prison strong enough

\* Arisba was, according to the scholiast, a city of Thrace and near to the Hellespont, but according to Eustathius a city of Troas inhabited by a colony from Mitylene.—B. & C.

For most, but not for him. Now shall he taste  
The point of this my spear, that I may learn  
By sure experience, whether Hell itself,  
That holds the strongest fast, can also him,  
Or whether he shall even thence escape.

While thus he mus'd, o'erwhelm'd with dire dismay  
The youth approach'd in haste to clasp his knees,  
For vehement he felt the dread of death  
Working within him; with his Pelian ash  
Uplifted high mean-time Achilles stood  
Ardent to smite him; he with body bent  
Ran under him, and to his knees adher'd;  
The weapon, missing him, implanted stood  
Close at his back; when, seizing with one hand  
Achilles' knees, he with the other grasp'd  
The dreadful beam, embolden'd by despair,  
And in wing'd accents suppliant thus began:

I clasp thy knees, Achilles! Ah respect  
And pity me. Behold! I am as one,  
Who hath sought refuge even at thy hearth,  
For the first Grecian bread I ever ate,  
I ate with thee, and on the very day,  
When thou didst send me in yon field surpris'd  
For sale to sacred Lemnos, far remote,  
And for my price receiv'dst a hundred beeves\*.

\* The argument is this. Slay me not, for it were incongruous and unseemly, that thou who hast heretofore set bread before me, or

Loose me, and I shall yield thee now that sum  
 Thrice told. Alas! this morn is but the twelfth  
 Since, after num'rous hardships, I arriv'd  
 Once more in Troy, and now my ruthless lot  
 Hath given me into thy hands again.  
 Jove cannot less than hate me, who hath twice  
 Made me thy pris'ner, and my doom was death,  
 Death in my prime, the day when I was born  
 Son of Laothoë from Alta sprung,  
 From Alta, whom the Leleges obey  
 On Satnio's banks in lofty Pedasus\*.  
 His daughter to his other num'rous wives  
 King Priam added, and two sons she bore,  
 Whose heads shall both be smitten off by thee†.

in other words, hast furnished me with the means of life, shouldst now deprive me of it.—V.

The ancients, before the invention of coin, paid the price of a purchase in cattle; whence it came to pass, that, coin being once invented, they stamped it, in allusion to the former practice, with the figure of an ox. Hence too came the proverb—*ὄξ ἐπὶ γλώσσῃς*—He has an ox on his tongue.—A proverb applied to the rhetorician, who had accepted what we call a *retaining fee*, and was consequently already engaged.—B. & V.

\* He mentions his mother on account of her elevated rank and condition, and the more effectually to convince Achilles, that he might expect large ransom for a prisoner, whose parentage on both sides was so illustrious.—V.

† It seems not improbable that Achilles having wounded Polydorus in the shocking manner described in Book XX, might strike



My brother hath already died, in front  
 Of Ilium's infantry, by thy bright spear,  
 The godlike Polydorus ; and like doom  
 Shall now be mine, for I despair to escape  
 Made by the Gods thy captive as before.  
 But hear and mark me well. My birth was not  
 From the same womb as Hector's who hath slain  
 Thy valiant friend for clemency renown'd\*.

Such supplication the illustrious son  
 Of Priam made, but answer harsh receiv'd :

Fool ! speak'st of ransom ? Name it not to me.  
 For till my friend his miserable fate  
 Accomplish'd, I was somewhat giv'n to spare,  
 And num'rous, whom I seiz'd alive, I sold.  
 But now, of all the Trojans whom the Gods  
 Deliver to me, none shall death escape,  
 'Specially of the house of Priam, none.  
 Die, therefore, thou, my friend† ! Why deem'st it  
 hard ?

off his head on a principle of compassion, though no such circumstance is mentioned. Be that as it may, the word *δειροτομήσεις* demands the translation here given it.

\* The clemency of Patroclus is slightly but very artfully insinuated, and the mention of it is a sort of delicate and indirect exhortation to Achilles, to imitate his friend in the practice of that virtue.—V.

† There is much terrible irony in this appellation, by which Achilles ridicules the plea of Lycaon, that he had eaten bread at

Patroclus died, a nobler far than thou.  
 Mark also me, my godliness of form—  
 A king begat me, and a goddess bore;  
 Yet me Fate destines, on some future day,  
 War's victim, and at morn, or noon, or eve,  
 By shaft or spear, myself must also die.

He ceas'd, and where the suppliant kneel'd, he died.  
 The spear relinquish'd, in despair he stretch'd  
 His hands abroad, when, drawing his keen sword,  
 Achilles, with a sudden stroke, enforc'd  
 The whole broad blade at once into his neck.  
 He prone extended on the champaign lay  
 Bedewing with his sable blood the glebe,  
 Till, by the foot, Achilles cast him far  
 Into the stream, and, as he floated down,  
 Thus in wing'd accents, glorying, he exclaim'd:

There—while the fishes suck thy blood, secure,  
 Lie now. Thee never shall thy mother place,

his table.—V. The sequel, in respect of argument, resembles a passage of Lucretius—L. iii, V. 1055.

*Ipse Epicurus obit decurso lumine vitæ,  
 Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes  
 Præstinxit, stellas exortus uti æthereus Sol:  
 Tu verò dubitabis, et indignabere obire?* C.

E'en Epicurus shone his hour and set—  
 The foremost Genius of the world, whose light  
 Quench'd all beside, as risen day the stars:  
 And shalt thou pause, and deem it hard to die?

Weeping the while, on thy funereal bed,  
But swift Scamander on his giddy tide  
Shall bear thee to the bosom of the sea.  
There, many a fish shall, through the crystal flood  
Ascending to the rippled surface, find  
Lycaon's pamper'd flesh delicious fare.  
Thus still to flee be yours, and to pursue  
Thus still, with havoc of your host, be mine,  
Till Ilium fall. Nor shall this pleasant stream  
Of dimpling silver, which ye worship oft  
With victim bulls, and sate with living steeds  
His rapid whirlpools, my revenge avert.  
But ye shall die, die terribly, till all  
Shall have requited me with just amends  
For my Patroclus, and for other Greeks  
Slain at the ships while I declin'd the war.

He ceas'd, and by such bold defiance rous'd  
To double rage, no rest Scamander gave  
To his vex'd thought, still framing means to turn  
Achilles back, and save the tow'rs of Troy.  
He, shaking his enormous spear, mean-time  
The warlike son of Pelegon assail'd  
Asteropæus. Pelegon his sire,  
Fair Peribœa, daughter eldest born  
Of Accessamenus, embrac'd beneath  
His crystal floods, to wide-spread Axius bore.

Achilles him assail'd. Two spears he grasp'd,  
 Emerg'd undaunted from the stream, and stood.  
 For Xanthus, angry that, no pity shown,  
 Achilles spread with youthful warriors slain  
 His whole expanse, embolden'd him to stand.  
 And now, small distance interpos'd, they fac'd  
 Each other, when Achilles thus began\* :

Who art and whence, who dar'st encounter me ?  
 Hapless the sires whose sons my force defy.

To whom the noble son of Pelegon :  
 Why asks the brave Achilles whence am I ?  
 From rich Pœonia's distant land I came  
 Chief leader of her valiant sons to Troy ;  
 And this day's rosy morn eleventh arose  
 Since here our host arriv'd†. My proud descent  
 I draw from Axius ; Axius, fairest stream  
 That waters earth, and Pelegon his son,  
 If rumour err not, is my glorious sire.  
 But we delay ; now, therefore, fight ; begin.

\* The poet, designing a conflict between Xanthus and Achilles, derives Asteropæus from a river-god, that Achilles slaying Asteropæus, and boasting his own origin far superiour, may the more irritate his intended antagonist.—V.

Axius was a river of Pœonia in Thrace.—B. & C.

† The chief leader of the Pœonians had been Pyræchmes, and Asteropæus, while he lived was only second in command ; but Pyræchmes having been slain by Patroclus, Asteropæus now claims that title.—V.

So threaten'd he. Then rais'd Achilles high  
The Pelian ash, and his two spears at once,  
Alike a practis'd warrior with both hands,  
Asteropæus hurl'd. Achilles' shield  
One struck, but pierc'd not, blunted by the gold,  
Gift of a God ; the other as it flew  
Graz'd his right elbow ; sprang the sable blood ;  
But, overflying him, the spear in earth  
Stood planted deep, still hung'ring for the prey.  
Then, full at the Pœonian Peleus' son  
Hurl'd forth his weapon with unsparing force  
But vain ; he struck the sloping river-bank,  
And mid-length deep stood plung'd the ashen beam.  
At once with falchion drawn Achilles flew  
To smite him ; he in vain, mean-time, essay'd  
To pluck the rooted weapon from the bank ;  
Thrice with full force he shook the beam, and thrice  
Although reluctant, left it ; at his fourth  
Last effort, bending it he sought to break  
The ashen spear-beam of Æacides,  
But perish'd by his keen-edg'd falchion first ;  
For on the belly at his navel's side  
He smote him ; to the ground effus'd fell all  
His bowels, death's dim shadows veil'd his eyes.  
Achilles ardent on his bosom fix'd  
His foot, despoil'd him, and exulting cried :

Lie there; the mightiest who from Rivers spring  
Quell not with ease the mightier sons of Jove.  
Thou thy descent from Axius mad'st thy boast,  
But Jove himself I boast the source of mine.  
My father, sov'reign of the num'rous race  
The Myrmidons, is Peleus. Peleus sprang  
From Æacus, and Æacus, from Jove.  
And far as Jove all Rivers, so far all  
From Rivers sprung the sons of Jove exceed.  
A spacious River now is at thy side,  
And, if he can, let Him assist thee—No—  
He may not fight against Saturnian Jove.  
Therefore, not kingly Acheloïus\*,  
Nor yet the strength of Ocean's vast profound,  
Although from Him all rivers and all seas  
All fountains and all wells proceed†, may boast

\* Acheloïus runs through Acarnania and Dodona, and is said to be the largest river of Greece. Hercules on his journey to the mouth of Tartarus, whither he was going that he might bind Cerberus, became the guest of Meleager son of Ceneus, whose sister Deïanira he engaged to marry. On his return therefore from Hell he hasted to the house of Ceneus for that purpose. There, learning that Acheloïus made pretensions to his intended bride, he fought him, and his rival assuming the form of a bull, tore off one of his horns, and carried away the virgin in dispute between them. Acheloïus having obtained from Amalthea, daughter of Oceanus, another horn, gave it to Hercules, and received his own again.—B. & V.

† Eustathius, in his preface to the Iliad, alluding to this passage says—"It was an ancient opinion that all fountains, wells, and rivers

Comparison with Jove, but even He  
Astonish'd trembles at his fiery bolt,  
And his dread thunders rattling in the sky.

He said, and from the bank drew forth his spear.  
But him he left extended on the sands  
And dash'd by the clear wave, a breathless corse,  
Where eels and fishes, busy with his plump  
Well-cover'd sides, rasp'd all the flesh away.  
Pœonia's horseman band he next assail'd,  
Who, seeing by the sword and forceful arm  
Of Peleus' son their leader slain, beside  
The eddy-whirling river fled dispers'd.  
Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,  
Thrasius, Astypylus and Ophelestes,  
Ænius and Mnesus; nor had these suffic'd  
Achilles, but Pœonians more had fall'n,  
Had not the angry River from within  
His circling gulfs in semblance of a man  
Call'd to him, interrupting thus his rage:

O both in courage and injurious deeds  
Unmatch'd, Achilles! whom the Gods themselves  
Cease not to aid, if Saturn's son have doom'd

are from the ocean. From Homer likewise proceeds, if not all wisdom, at least an abundant stream of it. For no curious and laborious inquirer either into antiquity, or nature, or manners, or even the ordinary concerns of life, ever passed the tent of Homer uninvited, or left it unrefreshed."—C.

All Ilium's race to perish by thine arm,  
Expel them, first, from me, and on the plain  
Act that exploit ; for, cumber'd as I am  
With bodies, I can pour my pleasant stream  
No longer down into the sacred Deep ;  
Alas ! what deaths are here ! But O desist  
Dread chief ! Amazement fills me at thy deeds.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race :  
River divine ! hereafter be it so.  
But not from slaughter of this faithless host  
Cease I, till I shall shut them fast in Troy,  
And trial make of Hector, if his arm  
In single fight shall strongest prove, or mine.

He said, and with a godlike force again  
Assail'd the Trojans ; then the circling flood  
To Phœbus thus his loud complaint address'd :

God of the silver bow, and son of Jove !  
Thou little heed'st thy sov'reign Sire's command,  
Who charg'd thee in most earnest terms to aid  
The Trojans, till, the sun declining, night  
With shadows dim should veil the fruitful field\*.

\* The precept here alluded to by Scamander can hardly be that which Apollo received from Jove in the eleventh book, by which Hector was forbidden to engage in battle till Agamemnon being wounded should retire, with an assurance that then night only should put an end to his victories ; for that promise has been already per-



He ended, and Achilles at the word  
Plung'd from the bank into the middle stream.  
Then, turbulent, the River all his tide  
Stirr'd from the bottom, landward heaving off  
The num'rous bodies by Achilles slain  
That chok'd his current; them, as with the roar  
Of bulls, he cast aground, but deep within  
His oozy gulfs the living safe conceal'd.  
Tremendous all around Achilles stood  
The curling wave, then, falling on his shield  
Dash'd him, nor found his footsteps where to rest.  
An elm of massy trunk he seiz'd and branch  
Luxuriant, but it fell torn from the root  
And drew the whole bank after it; immers'd  
It damm'd the current with its ample boughs,  
And join'd as with a bridge the distant shores.  
Upsprang Achilles from the gulf and turn'd  
His feet, now wing'd for flight, into the plain  
Astonish'd; but the God, not so pleas'd,  
Arose against him with a darker curl,  
That he might quell him and deliver Troy.  
Back flew Achilles with a bound, the length

formed. I recollect no other of the kind. The scholiast refers us to the speech of Jupiter to Neptune in the beginning of Book XX,—V. but to little purpose; neither Apollo nor any such command are mentioned there. May we venture to pronounce it an oversight?

Of a spear's cast, for such a spring he own'd  
As bears the black-plum'd eagle on her prey,  
Strongest and swiftest of the fowls of air.  
Like her he sprang, and dreadful on his chest  
Clang'd his bright armour. Then, with course  
oblique

He fled his fierce pursuer, but the flood,  
Fly where he might, came thund'ring in his rear.  
As when the peasant with his spade a rill  
Conducts from some pure fountain through his grove  
Or garden, clearing the obstructed course,  
The pebbles, as it runs, all ring beneath,  
And, as the slope still deepens, swifter still  
It runs, and, murmuring, outstrips the guide,  
So him though swift the River always reach'd  
Still swifter; who can cope with pow'r divine?  
Oft as Achilles, facing round, essay'd  
Resistance, and to learn if all the Gods  
Alike rush'd after him, so oft the flood,  
Jove's offspring, lav'd his shoulders. Upward then  
He sprang distress'd, but with a sidelong sweep  
The current urg'd his legs aslant, and stole  
The soil so lately arid from beneath.  
Then, looking to the skies, aloud he mourn'd\*:

\* Neither Pindar, as the scholiast observes, nor Archilochus had the courage to represent Hercules contending with a river in its

Eternal Sire ! how slow are all the Gods,  
 To save me from this adverse flood, from which  
 Once sav'd, I would decline no death beside !  
 Yet blame I none of all the Pow'rs of Heav'n  
 As Thetis ; she with falsehood sooth'd my soul ;  
 She promis'd me by Phœbus' rapid shafts  
 A hastier death beneath the walls of Troy\*.  
 I would that Hector, noblest of his race,  
 Had slain me, then should I have bravely fall'n,  
 And a brave man had stripp'd me of my arms.  
 But Fate now dooms me to a death abhorr'd,  
 Whelm'd in deep waters like a swineherd's boy  
 Drown'd in wet weather while he fords a brook.

natural form, and therefore changed it into that of a bull. To describe a conflict between his hero and a river untransformed was a task to which Homer only had proportionable powers. Conscious of those powers he engaged in the enterprise, and felt no fear of failure.—V.

A question has been started by the critics—If the flood was of such depth on the plain as to reach the shoulders of Achilles, what became of the other Grecians, neither so tall as he, nor so able to conflict with it?—V. The scholiast answers it well enough by observing, that fact and fiction are not bound by the same law of strict consistency, and that a latitude in this respect is allowed to a poet which in a historian would be insufferable. Xanthus might as well threaten to drown Achilles, and yet spare the other Grecians, as Vulcan might scorch up the flood, and yet spare Achilles who was surrounded by it.

\* She had therefore disguised the truth, had told him that he should die at Troy, and that his death should be sudden, but had not told him that he should die by the dart of Paris.

So spake Achilles ; then, in human form,  
Neptune and Pallas to his side approach'd.  
Each seiz'd his hand confirming him, and thus  
The mighty shaker of the shores began :

Fear not, Pelides ! thou hast nought to fear.  
In us behold, in Pallas and in me,  
Effectual aids, and with consent of Jove ;  
No river's victim thee the Fates ordain,  
And soon the River shalt thou see subdu'd.  
We give thee counsel ; hear it, and obey.  
Allow no respite to thy vengeful arm,  
Till ev'ry Trojan (all who shall escape  
Thy fury) within Ilium's lofty walls  
Be fast enclos'd. Then, Hector slain, return  
Triumphant, for We make that glory thine.

So spake they both, then join'd the Gods again.  
He, animated by the voice divine,  
Now mov'd toward the champaign, cover'd all  
By that vast overflow, on which the shields  
And bodies swam of many slain in fight.  
He leap'd, he waded, and the current stemm'd  
Right onward, by the flood in vain oppos'd,  
With such might Pallas fill'd him. Nor his rage  
Scamander aught repress'd, but still the more  
Incens'd against Achilles, curl'd aloft  
His waters, and on Simois call'd aloud :

If I alone may not, combin'd at least  
Quell we this chief, my brother ! he shall else  
Soon lay the lofty tow'rs of Priam low,  
Whose host, appall'd, defend them now no more.  
Haste—succour me—Thy channel fill with streams  
From all thy fountains ; call thy torrents down ;  
Lift high the waters ; mingle trees and stones  
With uproar wild, that the enormous force  
Of this man now triumphant, and who aims  
To match the Gods in might, may be subdu'd.  
But vain shall be his strength, his beauty nought  
Shall profit him, or his resplendent arms,  
For I will bury them in slime and ooze,  
And I will overwhelm himself with soil,  
Sands heaping o'er him and around him sands  
Infinite, that no Greek shall find his bones  
For ever, in my bottom deep immers'd.  
There shall his tomb be pil'd, nor other earth,  
At his last rites, his friends shall need for him.

He said, and lifting high his angry tide  
Vortiginous, against Achilles hurl'd,  
Roaring, the foam, the bodies, and the blood ;  
Then all his sable waves divine again  
Accumulating, bore him swift along.  
Shriek'd Juno at that sight through terroure, lest  
Achilles in the whirling deluge sunk

Should perish, and to Vulcan quick exclaim'd :

Vulcan, my son, arise ; for we account  
Xanthus well able to contend with thee.  
Give instant succour : show forth all thy fires.  
Myself will haste to call the rapid South  
And Zephyrus, and from the sea will bring  
Wild winds, which shall consume both arms and Dead  
With hideous conflagration. Burn along  
The banks of Xanthus, fire his trees, and him  
Seize also. Let him by no specious guile  
Of flatt'ry sooth thee, or by threats appal,  
Nor slack thy furious fires till with a shout  
I give command, then bid them cease to blaze.

She spake, and Vulcan at her word his fires  
Shot dreadful forth ; first, kindling on the field,  
He burn'd the num'rous bodies strew'd around  
Slain by Achilles ; arid grew the earth,  
And the flood ceas'd. As when a sprightly breeze  
Autumnal blowing from the North, at once  
Dries the new-water'd garden, gladd'ning him  
Who tills the soil, so was the champaign dried\*.  
The dead consum'd, against the River, next,  
He turn'd the fierceness of his glitt'ring fires.

\* The reason given in the scholium is, that, the surface being hardened by the wind, the moisture remains unexhaled from beneath, and has time to saturate the roots.—V.

Willows, and tamarisks, and elms he burn'd,  
 Burn'd lotus, rushes, reeds; all plants and herbs,  
 That cloth'd profuse the margin of his flood.  
 His eels and fishes agonizing, these  
 In gulfs below, those tumbling in the stream,  
 All languish'd while the Artist of the skies  
 Breath'd on them; even Xanthus lost, himself,  
 All force, and, suppliant, Vulcan thus address'd:

Oh Vulcan! none in Heav'n itself may cope  
 With thee. I yield to thy consuming fires.  
 Cease, cease. I reckon not if Achilles drive  
 Her citizens, this moment, forth from Troy,  
 For what are war and war's concerns to me?

So spake he, scorch'd, and all his waters boil'd.  
 As some huge caldron hisses, urg'd by force  
 Of circling fires, and fill'd with melted lard,  
 The unctuous fluid overbubbling \* streams  
 On all sides, while the dry wood flames beneath,  
 So Xanthus bubbled and his pleasant flood  
 Hiss'd in the fire; nor could he longer flow,  
 But check'd his current, with hot steams annoy'd,  
 By Vulcan rais'd. His supplication, then,  
 Importunate to Juno thus he turn'd:

Ah Juno! why assails thy son my streams,

\* Ἀμβολάδην.

Hostile to me alone? Of all who aid  
The Trojan race least culpable am I,  
Yet even I desist, if thou command;  
And let thy son cease also; for I swear,  
That never will I from the Trojans turn  
Their evil day, not even when the host  
Of Greece shall set all Ilium in a blaze.

He said, and, at his oath relenting, thus  
To her own offspring Vulcan Juno spake:

Peace, glorious son! we may not in behalf  
Of mortal man thus longer vex a God.

Then Vulcan his tremendous fires repress'd,  
And down into his gulfy channel rush'd  
The refluent flood; for, Xanthus once subdu'd,  
Juno enjoin'd, though angry, peace to both.

But contest vehement the other Gods  
Now wag'd, each breathing discord; loud they rush'd  
And fierce to battle, while the boundless Earth  
Quak'd under them, and, all around, the Heav'ns  
Sang them together with a trumpet's voice\*.  
Jove list'ning, on the Olympian summit sat  
Well-pleas'd, and, laughing in his heart for joy,  
Beheld the Pow'rs of Heav'n for strife prepar'd.  
Not long aloof they stood. Shield-piercing Mars,

\* It is evident that Homer was acquainted with the trumpet, though he has not used it in his battles.—B. & V.



Arm'd with his brazen spear, began the fight,  
Assailing Pallas, whom he thus reproach'd :

Wasp ! front of impudence, and past all bounds  
Audacious ! Why impellest thou the Gods  
To fight ? Thy own proud spirit is the cause.  
Remember'st not, how, urg'd by thee, the son  
Of Tydeus wounded me, and thou didst guide  
Thyself the radiant spear that tore me ? Now—  
Now pay for all thy malice shown to me.

So saying, at once her tassell'd shield he smote  
Terrific, proof against the bolts of Jove ;  
That shield gore-tainted Mars with fury struck.  
But she, retiring, with strong grasp upheav'd  
A rugged stone, black, pond'rous, from the plain,  
A land-mark fix'd by men of ancient times,  
Which hurling at the neck of stormy Mars  
She smote him. Down he fell. Sev'n acres, stretch'd,  
He overspread, his ringlets in the dust  
Polluted lay, and dreadful rang his arms.  
The Goddess laugh'd, and thus in accents wing'd  
With exultation, as he lay, exclaim'd \* :

\* Both the allegory and the interpretation of it are here so plain, that they obtrude themselves on the mind of the most inattentive reader. Minerva conquers Mars on purpose to teach us, that it is our wisdom to abstain from war. We boast ourselves the people of an enlightened age, and it is a notable proof of it, that all Europe is

Fool ! Art thou still to learn how far my force  
Surpasses thine, and dar'st thou cope with me ?  
Now feel the furies of thy mother's ire,  
Who hates thee for thy treach'ry to the Greeks,  
And for thy succour giv'n to faithless Troy :

She said, and turn'd from Mars her glorious eyes.  
But him deep-groaning and his torpid pow'rs  
Recov'ring slow, Venus conducted thence  
Daughter of Jove ; whom soon as Juno mark'd,  
In accents wing'd to Pallas thus she spake :

Daughter invincible of glorious Jové !  
Haste—follow her—Ah shameless ! how she leads  
Gore-tainted Mars through all the host of Heav'n.

So she, whom Pallas with delight obey'd,  
And, swiftly seeking Venus, on the breast  
With such force smote her, that, of sense bereft,  
The fainting Goddess fell. There Venus lay  
And Mars extended on the fruitful glebe,  
And in wing'd accents Pallas thus exclaim'd :

I would that all, who on the part of Troy  
Oppose in fight Achaia's valiant sons,  
Were firm and bold as Venus in defence

this day in flames. With all our pretensions to superior illumination, we furnish by our conduct cause enough to question, whether Homer had not, in his distant day, far juster notions of the true interests of mankind than we.

Of Mars, for whom she dar'd my pow'r defy!  
So had dissension (Ilium overthrown  
And desolated) ceas'd long since in Heav'n.  
So Pallas, and approving Juno smil'd.  
Then the imperial Shaker of the shores  
Thus to Apollo: Phœbus! wherefore stand  
*We* thus aloof! Since others have begun,  
Begin we also; shame it were to both,  
Should we without a contest seek again  
Olympus and the brass-built hall of Jove.  
Begin, for thou art younger; me, whose years  
Alike and knowledge thine surpass so far,  
It suits not. Oh stupidity! how gross  
Art thou and senseless! Are no traces left  
In thy remembrance of our num'rous wrongs  
Sustain'd at Ilium, when, of all the Gods  
Ourselves alone, by Jove's commandment, serv'd  
For stipulated hire, a year complete.  
Our task-master the proud Laomedon?  
Myself a bulwark'd city wide, secure  
Against assault, and beautiful as strong  
Built for the Trojans, and thine office ~~was~~  
To feed for king Laomedon his herds  
Among the groves of Ida many-val'd.  
But when the gladsome hours the season brought  
Of payment, then the unjust king of Troy

Dismiss'd us of our whole reward amerc'd  
By violence, and added threats beside.  
He threaten'd *thee* to sell, bound hand and foot,  
In some far distant isle, and to cut off  
The ears of both ; we, therefore, hasted thence  
Resentful of our promis'd hire withheld.  
Aid'st thou for this the Trojans ? Canst thou less  
Than seek, with us, to exterminate the whole  
Perfidious race, wives, children, husbands, all ?

To whom the King of radiant shafts replied :  
Ah Neptune ! Thou wouldst hardly deem me wise,  
Engag'd in fight, on man's account, with thee ;  
A wretched race ! who, fed with fruits of earth,  
Now thrive and flourish rankly as the leaves,  
Now sapless fall. Here, therefore, us between  
Let all strife cease, far better left to them.

He said, and wiser than to lift his hand  
Against his sire's own brother, turn'd away.  
But him Diana, regent of the woods,  
His huntress sister, sharply thus reprov'd :

Fly'st thou, Apollo ! and to Neptune yield'st  
An unearn'd victory, the prize of fame  
Resigning patient and with no dispute ?  
Fool ! wherefore bearest thou the bow in vain ?  
Ah, let me never in my father's courts  
Such vauntings hear of thine again, that thou

Wouldst dare confront the Ocean's king in arms.

So she, to whom Apollo nought replied.

But thus the consort of the Thund'rer, fir'd

With wrath, reprov'd the Archeress of Heav'n :

Ah, void of shame ! how dar'st thou to oppose  
My pleasure ? Huntress as thou art, the task  
To match my force were difficult to thee.

Is it, because by ordinance of Jove

Thou art a lioness to womankind,

Killing them at discretion\* ? But beware—

Far easier is it, on the mountain-heights

To slay wild beasts and chase the roving hind,

Than to conflict with mightier than ourselves.

But, if thou wish a lesson on that theme,

Approach—Thou soon shalt learn how far my force  
Surpasses thine, since thou wouldst cope with me.

She said, and with her left hand seizing both  
Diana's wrists, snatch'd suddenly the bow  
Suspended on her shoulder with the right,  
And, smiling, smote her with it on the ears.

She, writhing oft and struggling, to the ground

Shook forth her rapid shafts, then weeping fled,

As to her cavern in some hollow rock

\* Diana, according to Chrysippus, is said to have an option in the case, and to kill or save as she pleases, because births at the full moon were observed to be easy, but difficult and dangerous at the new.—V.

The dove, not destin'd to his talons, flies  
The hawk's pursuit, and left her arms behind.

Then, messenger of Heav'n, the Argicide  
Address'd Latona. Combat none with thee,  
Latona, will I wage. Unsafe it were  
To cope in battle with a spouse of Jove.  
Go, therefore, loudly as thou wilt, proclaim  
To all the Gods, that thou hast vanquish'd me\*.

Collecting, then, the bow and arrows fall'n  
In wild disorder on the dusty plain,  
Latona with the sacred charge withdrew  
Foll'wing her daughter; she, arriving soon  
Within the palace of Olympian Jove,  
Sat weeping on his knees till all her robe  
Ambrosial shook. The mighty Father smil'd,  
And to his bosom straining her, inquir'd:

My child! what Pow'r divine hath dar'd afflict  
Thee thus, as guilty of some open wrong?

To whom the clear-voic'd Huntress crescent-  
crown'd:

\* Homer ascribes to Mercury a character more amiable than to any other of his Deities. He delights to converse familiarly with man: He is the author of all useful inventions; the inspirer of eloquence and agreeable discourse; whatsoever pleases in language, manners, or address, is his gift; if he visits Earth, it is always for some benevolent purpose; and here, in perfect consistence with the disposition imputed to him on other occasions, he is represented as peaceful likewise, and an enemy only to contention.

My Father! Juno, thy own spouse hath caus'd  
My sorrow—the incendiary of Heav'n.

Such was their mutual conference. Mean-time  
Apollo into sacred Troy return'd,  
Mindful to guard her bulwarks, lest the Greeks  
Too soon for Fate should desolate the town.  
The other Gods, some angry, some elate  
With vict'ry, th' Olympian heights regain'd,  
And sat beside the Thund'rer. But the son  
Of Peleus—he both Trojans slew and steeds.  
As when in volumes slow smoke climbs the skies  
From some great city, which the Gods have fir'd  
In vengeance, sorrow thence to many ensues  
With mischief, and laborious work to all  
So caus'd Achilles much laborious work  
That day, and mischief to the men of Troy.

But ancient Priam from a sacred tow'r  
Stood looking forth, whence soon he notic'd vast  
Achilles, before whom the Trojans fled  
All courage lost. Descending from the tow'r  
With mournful cries and hasting to the wall  
He thus enjoin'd the keepers of the gates\*:

\* The walls and towers of Troy are termed sacred, because built by the Gods. The army being now about to enter the gates, Priam is the proper person to manage and to give directions necessary to

Hold wide the portals till the flying host  
Re-enter, for Achilles is at hand,  
And hunts the people home. Now, wo to Troy!  
But soon as safe within the walls receiv'd  
They breathe again, shut fast the pond'rous gates  
At once, lest that deströyer also pass.

He said; they, shooting back the bars, threw wide  
The gates, and sav'd the people, whom to aid  
Apollo also sprang into the field.  
They, parch'd with drought and whiten'd all with dust,  
Flew right toward the town, while, spear in hand,  
Achilles press'd them, vengeance in his heart,  
And all on fire for glory. Then, e'en then  
Had haughty Ilium fall'n by the hands  
Of the Achaians, but Apollo rous'd  
Antenor's valiant son, the noble chief  
Agenor, whom with dauntless might he fill'd,  
And stood himself beside him in the shade  
Of the broad beech involv'd in mist, to ward  
The fate that threaten'd him. Agenor, then,  
Seeing the terrible Achilles nigh,  
Stood, but with many an anxious thought perplex'd,  
And thus with his heroic heart conferr'd:

the safety of the town; too old for action, he is nevertheless the king, and qualified in respect of wisdom gained by experience to suggest what may be most expedient.—V.



Alas ! if, foll'wing the tumultuous flight  
Of these, I shun Achilles, swifter far  
He soon will lop my ignominious head.  
But if, these leaving to be thus dispers'd  
Before him, from the city wall I fly  
Across the plain of Troy into the groves  
Of Ida, and in Ida's thickets lurk,  
I may, at ev'ning, to the town return  
Bath'd and refresh'd. But whither tend my thoughts?  
Should he my flight into the plain observe,  
And swift pursuing seize me, then farewell  
All hope to 'scape a miserable death,  
For he is strong beyond all strength of man.  
How then—shall I withstand him here before  
The city ? He hath also flesh to steel  
Pervious, within it but a single life,  
And men report him mortal, howsoe'er  
Jove lift him now to glory and renown.

So saying, he turn'd and stood, his dauntless heart  
Beating for battle. As the panther springs  
To meet the hunter, from her gloomy lair,  
Nor fears nor shuns by flight the yelling hounds,  
But whether from afar or nigh at hand  
He pierce her first, although transfix'd, the fight  
Still tries, and combats desp'rate till she fall,  
So brave Antenor's son fled not, or shrank

Till he had prov'd Achilles, but his breast  
O'ershadowing with his buckler, and his spear  
Poising and aiming at him, thus exclaim'd :

Renown'd Achilles ! thou art high in hope  
Doubtless, that thou shalt this day overthrow  
The city of the glorious sons of Troy.

Fool ! ye must labour yet ere she be won ;  
For num'rous are her citizens and bold,  
And we will guard her for our parents' sake,  
Our wives, and little ones. But as for thee,  
Bold as thou art and dreadful, here thou diest.

He said, and his keen weapon hurl'd amain,  
Nor err'd, but smote his greave beneath the knee.  
The glitt'ring tin, forg'd newly, at the stroke  
Tremendous rang, but with a swift recoil  
Back flew the spear, nor pierc'd the guard divine.  
Then sprang Achilles in his turn to assail  
Godlike Agenor, but Apollo took  
That glory from him, snatching wrapp'd in clouds  
The Trojan thence, whom calm he sent away.

Then Phœbus from the chase of Ilium's host  
By art seduc'd Achilles ; for the form  
Assuming of Agenor, swift he fled  
Before him, and Achilles swift pursu'd.  
While him to such pursuit Apollo lur'd  
Along Scamander's bank and o'er the plain,

Nor flying far before, but with false hope  
Always beguiling him, the Trojan host,  
Mean-time, impatient to regain the town,  
Tumultuous fled, and, ent'ring, clos'd the gates.  
None halted to descry, without the walls,  
Who yet surviv'd, or had in battle fall'n,  
But all, whom flight had sav'd, with eager haste  
Pour'd through the pass, and crowded into Troy.

## ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

Achilles slays Hector.

## BOOK XXII.

THUS driv'n like hunted fawns into the town,  
Their trickling limbs at leisure there they cool'd,  
And, drinking, slak'd their fiery thirst, reclin'd  
Against the battlements. Mean-time the Greeks,  
Each with his shield aslant, approach'd the walls,  
And Hector, by his adverse fate ensnar'd,  
Still stood expos'd before the Scæan gate.  
Then spake Apollo thus to Peleus' son:

Wherefore, Achilles! mortal man thyself,  
Pursu'st thou me immortal? blind with rage,  
Thou know'st not yet, that thou pursu'st a God.  
Thy flying foes neglected, thou hast stray'd  
In vain pursuit of me, till Ilium's gates  
Have clos'd on all her host; yet me of life

Shalt ne'er bereave, for I can never die.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift,  
Indignant: O, of all the Pow'rs above  
To me most adverse, Archer of the skies!  
Thou hast beguil'd me, leading me away  
From Ilium far, whence intercepted, else,  
No few had with their teeth now clinch'd the glebe.  
Thou hast defrauded me of great renown,  
And, safe thyself, hast rescu'd *them* with ease.  
Ah—had I pow'r, I would requite thee well.

So saying, incens'd he turn'd toward the town  
His rapid course, like some victorious steed,  
That whirls, at stretch, a chariot to the goal.  
So flew Achilles lightly o'er the field.

Him, first, the ancient king of Troy perceiv'd  
Scouring the plain, resplendent as the star  
Autumnal, of all stars in dead of night  
Conspicuous most, and nam'd Orion's dog\*.

\* But some call it the dog of Erigone, and account for his receiving the honours of a constellation thus. Icarus of Athens had one only daughter, named Erigone, who had a favourite dog. Bacchus arriving at her father's house, was entertained by him, and, in requital, made him a present of wine and of a vine-branch. At the same time the God enjoined him to visit other nations, and to instruct them all in the uses of the grape. He set forth attended by his daughter's dog, and had no sooner left Athens, than, meeting some herdsmen, he gave them wine. They, making themselves

Brightest it shines, but ominous, and dire  
Disease portends to miserable man ;  
So beam'd Achilles' armour as he flew.  
Loud wail'd the hoary king, with lifted hands  
His temples smote, and supplication sad  
To his own son preferr'd ; he, fiercely bent  
On combat with Achilles, from before  
The portal mov'd not, when his aged sire  
With arms outstretch'd toward him, thus began :

Hector, my son ! O wait not there, alone,  
Yon dreadful chief, lest, all thy friends remote,  
Thou perish, for his strength surpasses thine.  
Would that the Gods so valu'd him as I !  
Soon then should dogs and vultures with his flesh  
Their hunger sate, and all my sorrow cease.  
He hath unchilded me of many a son,  
All valiant youths, whom he hath slain or sold  
To distant isles ; nor, searching, can I find  
Lycaon, even now, within the walls,  
Or Polydorus, youngest of my sons,

too free with it, fell into a profound sleep, from which, at last awaking, they judged that Icarus had poisoned them, and therefore slew him. The dog, returning to Erigone, by his howlings taught her to suspect what had passed, and, her suspicions being confirmed, she hanged herself. A plague soon after happening in Athens, the citizens were commanded by the oracle to pay annual honours to Icarus and Erigone, and thenceforth Icarus was called Bootes, Erigone, Virgo, and the dog, the dog as usual.—B. & V.

And children by Laothœ the fair.  
But if they still in yonder camp survive,  
I will redeem them with the gold and brass  
By noble Altes to his daughter giv'n,  
Large store, and still reserv'd. Or should they both,  
Already slain, have journey'd to the shades,  
We, then, from whom they sprang, have cause to  
mourn,  
And mourn them long; but shorter shall the grief  
Of other Trojans prove, if thee, at least,  
Achilles slay not. Enter then, my child!  
Save young and old, save all of either sex  
In Ilium; nor thy future happy years  
Resign but to enhance Achilles' fame.  
Commis'rate also thy unhappy sire,  
Ere yet distracted; whom Saturnian Jove  
Ordains to perish overwhelm'd with wo  
In the extremity of age; to see  
Sons slaughter'd, daughters captive, torn and stripp'd  
The matrimonial chamber, infants dash'd  
Against the ground in dire hostility,  
And matrons dragg'd by ruthless Grecian hands.  
Me, haply, last of all, shall dogs devour  
In my own vestibule, when once the spear  
Or falchion of some Greek hath laid me low.

The very dogs that sat beside my board,  
My portal-guards, drinking their master's blood  
To drunkenness, shall wallow in my courts.  
Fair falls the warlike youth in battle slain,  
And when all mangled by the spear he lies  
His death becomes him well; he rests secure,  
Though dead, from shame, whatever next befalls.  
But when the silver locks and silver beard  
Of an old man, slain by the sword, from dogs  
Receive dishonour, of all ills that wait  
On miserable mortals, that is worst.

So spake the ancient king, and his gray hairs  
Pluck'd with both hands; but Hector firm endur'd.  
On the other side, with tears that ceaseless flow'd,  
His mother bar'd her bosom, to his sight  
Her breast disclos'd, then thus, with loud lament,  
And words by anguish wing'd, her son bespake:

My Hector! rev'rence this, and pity me.  
If ever, drawing forth this breast, thy griefs  
Of infancy I sooth'd, O now, my son!  
Acknowledge it, and from within the walls  
Repulse this adversary; stand not there,  
To cope with *him*, for he is savage-fierce,  
And should he slay thee, neither I, my child!  
Who bore thee, nor thy noble spouse shall weep



Upon thy body, but remote from us  
Dogs shall devour it in the fleet of Greece\*.

So they with pray'rs importun'd, and with tears,  
Their son, but him sway'd not; unmov'd he stood,  
Expecting vast Achilles now at hand.

As some huge serpent in a cave, that feeds  
On baneful drugs, and swells with deadliest ire,  
A traveller approaching, coils himself  
Around his den, and hideous looks abroad,  
So Hector, fill'd with confidence untam'd,  
Fled not, but placing his bright shield against  
A buttress, with his noble heart conferr'd:

Alas for me! should I repass the gate,  
Polydamas would be the first to heap  
Reproaches on me; for he bade me lead  
The Trojans back this last calamitous night  
In which Achilles rose to arms again.  
But though far more discretion I had shown  
Complying, I refus'd; and after loss

\* Homer's strict attention to nature, every where observable, is worthy of particular notice here, and cannot fail to strike the reader on a comparison of the two speeches of Priam and Hecuba. That of the father is pathetic indeed, but less pathetic than the mother's. He solicits the affection of his son, she expresses her own. He pities himself, she is concerned for Hector only. The greater tenderness of the maternal character demanded this difference, and the poet was too just not to make it.—V.

By that refusal obstinate incurr'd  
Of half our host, I fear lest brave and base,  
Lest man and matron censure me, and say—  
Hector's self-confidence is cause of all.  
So shall they speak, and then shall I regret,  
That I return'd ere I had slain in fight  
Achilles, or that, by Achilles slain,  
I died not nobly in defence of Troy.  
But shall I thus? Lay down my bossy shield,  
Put off my helmet, and my spear recline  
Against the city wall, then go myself  
To meet the brave Achilles, and at once  
Promise him Helen, for whose sake we strive,  
With all the wealth that Paris in his fleet  
Brought home, to be restor'd to Atreus' sons,  
And to distribute to the Greeks at large  
All hidden treasures of the town, an oath  
Taking beside from ev'ry senator,  
That he will nought conceal, but will produce  
And share in just equality what stores  
Soever our fair city still includes?  
Ah airy speculations, questions vain!  
I may not sue to him; he will vouchsafe  
To my request nor pity nor respect,  
But, seeing me unarm'd, will sate at once  
His rage, and womanlike I shall be slain.

It is no time from oak or hollow rock  
 With him to parley, as a nymph and swain,  
 A nymph and swain soft parley mutual hold\*,  
 But rather to engage without delay  
 In dreadful fight ; so, soonest shall we learn  
 Whom Jove will make victorious, him or me†.  
 Thus pondering he stood ; mean-time approach'd  
 Achilles terrible as fiery Mars,  
 Crest-shaking God, and brandish'd as he came  
 O'er his right shoulder high the Pelian spear.  
 Like lightning, or like flame, or like the sun  
 Ascending beam'd his armour. At that sight  
 Trembled the Trojan chief, nor dar'd expect  
 His nearer step, but flying left the gates  
 Far distant, and Achilles swift pursu'd,  
 As in the mountains, fleetest fowl of air,  
 The hawk darts eager at the dove ; she scuds  
 Aslant, he, screaming, springs and springs again  
 To seize her, all impatient for the prey,

\* The repetition follows the original, and the scholiast is of opinion, that Homer uses it here, that he may express more emphatically the length to which such conferences are apt to proceed.—  
*Δια την πολυλογίαν τη ανάληψει ἐχρησατο.*

† Aristotle remarking, that it is an argument of a noble nature, if a man will expose himself to danger and hardship rather than incur the censure of his fellow-citizens, adduces Hector confronting Achilles through respect for the opinion of Polydamas as an instance of it.—C.

So flew Achilles constant to the track  
Of Hector, who with dreadful haste beneath  
The Trojan bulwarks plied his agile limbs.  
Passing the prospect-mount where high in air  
The wild-fig wav'd\*, they rush'd along the road,  
Declining never from the wall of Troy.  
And now they reach'd the running riv'lets clear,  
Where from Scamander's dizzy flood arise  
Two fountains, tepid one, from which a smoke  
Issues voluminous as from a fire,  
The other, e'en in summer heats, like hail  
For cold, or snow, or water fix'd by frost†.  
Beside them may be seen the broad canals  
Of marble scoop'd, in which the wives of Troy  
And all her daughters fair were wont to lave  
Their costly raiment, while the land had rest,  
And ere the warlike sons of Greece arriv'd.  
By these they ran, one fleeing, one in chase.  
Valiant was he who fled, but valiant far  
Beyond him he who urg'd the swift pursuit;  
Nor ran they for a vulgar prize, a beast

\* It grew near to the tomb of Ilus.—V.

† The Scamander ran down the Eastern side of Ida, and at the distance of three stadia from Troy making a subterraneous dip it passed under the walls and rose again in the form of the two fountains here described, within them; from which fountains these rivulets are said to have proceeded.—V.

For sacrifice, or for the hide of such,  
The swift foot-racer's customary meed,  
But for the noble Hector's life they ran.  
As when two steeds, oft conqu'rors, trim the goal  
For some illustrious prize, a tripod bright  
Or beauteous virgin, at a fun'ral game,  
So they, thrice circling Priam's city, ran  
Their rapid race. That sight the Gods survey'd,  
And thus the Sire of Gods and men began \*:

\* The speed with which they ran is compared not simply to the speed of horses, but to the speed of horses in a race; those too, not of an ordinary breed, but such as have been often winners; nor even to the speed of such at their usual rate of running, but in the very crisis of their chief exertion when they trim the goal; and lastly, they run for no trivial, but for an illustrious prize.—Every circumstance that can convey an idea of the utmost possible celerity is assembled in this short comparison.

But why does not Achilles, who excels all in swiftness, overtake Hector? Hector has the aid of Apollo. Hector too had a resting-time, while he stood deliberating under the walls. But Achilles has struggled with Scamander, from whom he has escaped with difficulty, and has chased Apollo under the semblance of Agenor, since.

M. Chevalier, Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, &c. in the year 1791, read before that Society a description of the plain of Troy according to an actual survey taken of it by himself. He read it in French; and a translation of it into English, accompanied with notes and illustrations, by Mr. Dalzel, Fellow of the same society, Greek Professor, and principal Librarian of the University of Edinburgh, was published in the same year.

Ah—I behold a warrior dear to me  
 Around the walls of Ilium driv'n, and grieve  
 For Hector, who the thighs of fatted bulls

The learned author and annotator are both of opinion, that Hector was not pursued completely round the city, but that in his flight from Achilles he described lateral circles only, occasionally making for the walls, and as often impelled to the plain by his pursuer.

The opinion is supported with very plausible and ingenious arguments, the most important of which seem to be, the inference drawn from Virgil's manner of representing the flight of Turnus from Æneas, and the sense which Homer intended the preposition *περὶ* should have as often as it occurs in his representation of the flight of Hector.

Why, it is asked, should the Roman poet have deviated, in this particular only, from the pattern given him by the Grecian? If Hector encompassed Troy in his flight, why not Turnus Laurentum also? It is not difficult to answer the question without supposing that Virgil understood the race in Homer as these gentlemen understand it. He judged, probably, as others have done, that a race of three circles round a large city was too long, and therefore, to avoid the *incredible* with which Homer appeared to him to be chargeable, instead of implicitly following his original, claimed a right of discretion, and shortened the flight of Turnus.

The other argument drawn from the different senses of which the preposition *περὶ* is susceptible, seems to have little force in it. The learned annotator himself acknowledges, that, when it governs an accusative, it most commonly signifies in Latin, *circa*, *circum*; in English, *round*, *round about*. And it may be questioned whether in any of those instances where he finds it signifying *near*, it requires that sense, or will even admit it without violence; the line cited from the 21st Iliad alone excepted—

Τὰ περὶ καλὰ ῥέεθρα ἄλις ποταμοῖο πεφύκοι.

On yonder heights of Ida many-val'd  
Burn'd oft to me, and in the heights of Troy.  
But Him Achilles, glorious chief, around  
The city-walls of Priam now pursues.  
Think then, ye Gods, delay not to decide—  
Shall we preserve, or leave him now to fall,  
Brave as he is, by Peleus' mighty son?

Whom answer'd thus Minerva azure-ey'd:  
Dread Sov'reign of the storms! what word is this?  
Wouldst thou deliver from the stroke of fate  
A mortal man death-destin'd from of old?  
Do it; but small thy praise shall be in Heav'n.

To whom the Sov'reign of the boundless air:  
Fear not, Tritonia, daughter dear! that word  
Spake not my purpose; me thou shalt perceive  
Always to thee indulgent. What thou wilt  
That execute, and use thou no delay.

So urg'd he Pallas of herself prepar'd,

On the whole it may be affirmed perhaps with good reason, that supposing Homer to have described, as he is generally understood to have done, a circular flight including the whole city within it, he could not have executed that intention in terms more adequate or better suited to his purpose.

I shall only add, for my limits forbid me to be diffuse, that Strabo, as quoted by Clarke, justifies the common interpretation; so that not modern translators only, but the ancient Greek expositors also, must have been very unskilful, if this newly discovered sense of the passage be the true one.

And from the heights Olympian down she flew.  
With unremitting speed Achilles still  
Press'd Hector. As among the mountain-heights  
The hound pursues, rous'd newly from her lair,  
The flying fawn through many a vale and grove,  
And though she trembling skulk the shrubs beneath  
Her track unravels till he find the prey,  
So scap'd not Hector Peleus' rapid son.  
Oft as toward the Dardan gates he sprang  
And to the shelter of Troy's lofty tow'rs,  
Hoping some aid by volleys from the wall,  
So oft, outstripping him, Achilles thence  
Enforc'd him to the field, who, as he might,  
Still ever stretch'd toward the walls again.  
As, in a dream, flight saves not, and pursuit  
O'ertakes not ; but both fugitive alike  
And fierce pursuer pant and toil in vain ;  
So these in vain, one fled, and one pursu'd.  
How, then, had Hector his impending fate  
Eluded, had not Phœbus, at his last  
Last effort meeting him, his strength restor'd,  
And wing'd for flight his agile limbs anew ?  
The son of Peleus, as he ran, his brows  
Shaking, forbad the Grecians to dismiss  
A dart at Hector, lest a meaner hand  
Should pierce him, and usurp the foremost praise.



But when the fourth time to those rivulets  
 They came, then, balancing his golden scales,  
 Jove plac'd in each a lot; Achilles, one,  
 And, one, consigning Hector to the shades.  
 Seiz'd by the central hold he pois'd the beam.  
 Down went the fatal day of Hector, down  
 To Ades, and Apollo left his side.

Then blue-ey'd Pallas hasting to the son  
 Of Peleus, in wing'd accents him address'd :

Now, dear to Jove, Achilles fam'd in arms !  
 I hope that, fierce in combat though he be,  
 We shall, at last, slay Hector, and return  
 Crown'd with great glory to the fleet of Greece,  
 No fear of his deliv'rance now remains,  
 Not even should the King of radiant shafts  
 Apollo toil in supplication, roll'd  
 And roll'd again before the Thund'rer's feet\*.  
 But stand, recover breath ; myself, the while,  
 Shall urge him to oppose thee face to face.

So Pallas spake, whom joyful he obey'd,  
 And rested on his spear. But she, the while,  
 (Achilles left) to noble Hector pass'd,  
 And in the form, and speaking with the voice  
 Of loud Deiphobus, drew nigh and said :

\* προπροκυλινδόμενος.

My brother! chas'd thus rapidly around  
 The walls of Ilium by too swift a foe,  
 Thy spirit fails; stand, therefore, and thy force  
 With mine uniting, his assault repress\*.

To whom the warlike Hector huge replied:  
 Deiphobus! of all my father's sons  
 Brought forth by Hecuba, I ever lov'd  
 Thee most, but more than ever love thee now,  
 Who, soon as thou beheld'st me, boldly cam'st  
 For my sake forth, while others rest within.

Then thus the Goddess with the azure eyes:  
 My noble brother! I was much implor'd  
 Both by our kneeling parents and my friends,  
 To stay in Troy (such fear hath seiz'd on all)  
 But grief for thee my heart and soul devour'd.  
 Come—fight we bravely—spare we now our spears  
 No longer; now for proof if Peleus' son,  
 Slaying us both, shall bear into the fleet  
 Our gory arms, or perish slain by thee.

\* In an ode written by Milton in his 17th year, he expresses much indignation at this artifice practised by Pallas for the destruction of Hector. The ode is on the death of Dr. Goslyn, Vice-chancellor of Cambridge. Hector seems to have been his favourite rather than Achilles, for, alluding to this passage, he says—

Si destinatam pellere, dextera  
 Mortem valeret . . . . .  
 Non fraude turpi Palladis invidæ  
 Vidisset occisum Ilium Hectora.

So saying, the wily Goddess led the way.  
 Soon, face to face, small interval between,  
 The heroes stood, when Hector thus began :

Pelides! I will fly thee now no more.  
 Thrice I have compass'd Priam's spacious walls\*  
 A fugitive, and have not dar'd abide  
 Thy onset; but my heart now bids me stand  
 Dauntless, and I will slay, or will be slain.  
 Come then. We will attest the Gods; for they  
 Are fittest both to witness and to guard  
 Our covenant. If Jove to me vouchsafe  
 The hard-earn'd vict'ry, and to take thy life,  
 I will not with dishonour foul insult  
 Thy body, but, thine armour stripp'd, will give  
 Thee to thy friends, as thou shalt me to mine.

To whom Achilles, low'ring dark, replied:  
 Hector! my bitt' rest foe! speak not to me  
 Of covenants; as concord can be none

\* The whole circumference of ancient Troy is said to have measured sixty stadia. A stadium measured one hundred and twenty-five paces. Achilles pursued Hector thrice round the city-wall, and thrice he dragged his body round the pile of Patroclus, but never thrice round the city as Virgil by mistake affirms, and by his authority has led all who have written on the subject since, to affirm also.

See Barnes on line 401 of the original.

The line of Virgil alluded to is in *Æn.* I, 487.

*Ter circum Iliacos raptâverat Hectora muros.*

Lions and men between, nor wolves and lambs  
Can be unanimous, but hate perforce,  
And by a law not liable to change,  
So cannot amity subsist between  
Thee and myself; nor league make I with thee  
Or compact, till thy blood in battle shed,  
Or mine, shall gratify the fiery Mars.  
Rouse all thy virtue; thou hast utmost need  
Of valour now, and of address in arms.  
Flight now is hopeless; Pallas by my spear  
This moment quells thee; now will I avenge  
At once the agonies of ev'ry Greek  
In thy unsparing fury slain by thee.

He said, and, brandishing the Pelian ash,  
Dismiss'd it; but illustrious Hector warn'd,  
Couch'd low, and, overflying him, it pierc'd  
The soil beyond, whence Pallas plucking it  
Unseen, restor'd it to Achilles' hand,  
And Hector to his mighty foe replied:

Godlike Achilles! thou hast err'd, nor know'st  
At all my doom from Jove, as thou pretend'st,  
But seek'st by subtlety and wind of words,  
To terrify and rob me of my might.  
Yet stand I firm. Think not to pierce my back.  
Behold my bosom! if the Gods permit,  
Meet me advancing, and transpierce me there.

Mean-time avoid my glitt'ring spear; but O  
Mayst thou receive it all ! since lighter far  
To Ilium should the toils of battle prove,  
Thee once destroy'd, the direst plague she knows.

So saying, he shook and hurl'd his spear, nor err'd,  
But smote the centre of Achilles' shield,  
From which the weapon sliding roam'd away.  
He, angry to have sent it forth in vain  
(For he had other none), with eyes downcast  
Stood motionless awhile, then with loud voice  
Sought from Deiphobus, white-shielded chief,  
A second; but Deiphobus was gone.

Then Hector understood his doom, and said :

Ah, it is plain ; this is mine hour to die.  
Deiphobus, whom I believ'd so near,  
Is still in Troy, and Pallas in his form  
Beguil'd me. Now, by Destiny's award,  
Death without refuge, dreadful death impends ;  
Such, from of old, the pleasure was of Jove,  
And such Apollo's. Guardians of my life  
Long-time, they now forsake me, and I die.  
But neither will I tamely yield, nor fall  
Inglorious ; now such conflict will I wage,  
That future ages shall record my deeds.

So saying, his keen falchion from his side  
He drew, well-temper'd, ponderous, and rush'd  
At once to combat. As the eagle darts  
Right downward through a sullen cloud to seize  
Weak lamb or tim'rous hare, so he to fight  
Impetuous sprang, and shook his glitt'ring blade.  
Achilles, opposite, with fellest ire  
Full-fraught came on; his shield with various art  
Divine portray'd o'erspread his ample chest,  
And on his radiant casque terrific wav'd,  
By Vulcan spun, his crest of bushy gold.  
Bright as, among the stars, the star of all  
Most splendid, Hesperus, at midnight moves,  
So in the right-hand of Achilles beam'd  
His brandish'd spear, while, meditating wo  
To Hector, he explor'd his noble form,  
Seeking where he was vulnerable most.  
But ev'ry part, his dazzling armour torn  
From brave Patroclus' body, well secur'd,  
Save where the circling key-bone from the neck  
Disjoins the shoulder; there his throat appear'd,  
Whence injur'd life with swiftest flight escapes;  
Achilles, plunging in that part his spear,  
Impell'd it through the yielding flesh beyond.  
The ashen beam his pow'r of utt'rance left

Still unimpair'd \*, but in the dust he fell,  
And the exulting conqueror exclaim'd :

But Hector ! when thou didst despoil my friend  
Thou thought'st thee safe, nor car'dst for absent me.  
Fool ! I was nigh at hand and in the fleet  
T'avenge his death, a mightier far than thou,  
And I have slain thee. Dogs and fowls shall shame  
Thy body, but the Greeks shall his entomb.

To whom the Trojan chief languid replied :  
By thy own life, by theirs who gave thee birth,  
And by thy knees †, oh let not Grecian dogs  
Rend and devour me, but in gold accept  
And brass a ransom at my father's hands,  
And at my mother's ; an illustrious price ;  
Send home my body, grant me burial-rites  
Among the daughters and the sons of Troy.

To whom with aspect stern Achilles thus :  
Dog ! neither knees nor parents name to me.  
I would my fierceness of revenge were such,  
That I could carve and eat thee, to whose arms  
Such griefs I owe ; so true it is and sure,

\* Homer says, *did not separate his windpipe*. The part is somewhat flexible, and may be supposed therefore to have yielded to the pressure of the spear, and by so doing to have escaped unwounded. The gigantic size of Hector also makes the fact more probable.

† The knees of the conqueror were a kind of sanctuary to which the vanquished fled for refuge.

That none shall save thy carcase from the dogs\*.

No. Would they bring ten ransoms by the scale,  
Or twice ten ransoms, and still promise more,  
Would Priam buy thee with thy weight in gold,  
Not even then should she who bare thee weep  
Upon thy bier; for dogs and rav'ning fowls  
Shall rend thy flesh till ev'ry bone be bare.

Then, dying, warlike Hector thus replied:  
I knew thee; knew that I should sue in vain,  
For in thy breast of steel no pity dwells.  
But oh, be cautious now, lest Heav'n, perchance,  
Requite thee on that day, when pierc'd thyself  
By Paris and Apollo, thou shalt fall,  
Brave as thou art, within the Scæan gate†.

He ceas'd, and death involv'd him dark around.  
His spirit, from his limbs dismiss'd, the house  
Of Ades sought, deploring as she went

\* The Greek commentators let slip no opportunity of proving, or at least attempting to prove Hector a barbarian, often allowing themselves in the most uncandid remarks for this purpose, and always partial. But it is curious to observe how silent they are on the subject of this savage wish of Achilles, which alone preponderates against all the evidence by which they would impeach the character of the Trojan.

† Achilles is said to have been invited by Hecuba, on pretext of the marriage of her daughter Polyxena, to a banquet in the temple of Apollo adjoining to the Scæan gate, and to have been insidiously slain there, together with Antilochus, by Paris.—B.



Youth's prime and vigour lost, disastrous doom !

But him though dead, Achilles thus bespake :

Die thou. My death shall find me at what hour  
Jove gives commandment, and the Gods above.

He said, and planting at his side the spear  
Drawn forth, from Hector's shoulders rent away  
His armour stain'd with gore, and, num'rous Greeks  
In haste assembling, wonder'd to behold  
His bulk and fair proportion ; neither fail'd  
One Grecian of them all to pierce the slain ;  
And to his fellow thus the soldier spake :

Ye Gods ! how far more patient of the touch  
Is Hector now, than when he fir'd the fleet !

Thus would they speak, then give him each a stab.  
And now, the body stripp'd, their noble chief  
The swift Achilles standing in the midst,  
The Grecians in wing'd accents thus address'd :

Friends, chiefs and senators of Argos' host !  
Since, by the will of Heav'n, this man is slain,  
Who harm'd us more than all our foes beside,  
Essay we next the city ; so to learn  
The Trojan purpose, if, this hero slain,  
They will forsake the citadel, or still  
Defend it, although Hector be no more.  
But wherefore speak I thus ? still undeplor'd,  
Unburied in my fleet Patroclus lies ;

Him, never, while, alive myself, I move  
 And mix with living men, will I forget.  
 In Ades, haply, they forget the dead,  
 Yet will not I Patroclus, even there.  
 Now chanting pæans, ye Achaian youths!  
 Return we to the fleet with this our prize;  
 \* We have achiev'd great glory, we have slain  
 Illustrious Hector, him whom Ilium prais'd  
 In all her gates, and as a God rever'd.

He said; then purposing dishonour vile  
 To noble Hector, both his feet he bor'd  
 From heel to ankle, and, inserting thongs,  
 Them tied behind his chariot, but his head  
 Left unsustain'd to trail along the ground.  
 Ascending next, the armour at his side  
 He plac'd, then lash'd the steeds; they willing flew.  
 Thick rose the dust as with his sable locks

\* The lines of which these three are a translation, are supposed by some to have been designed for the *ἑπινίκιον*, or song of victory sung by the whole army.—B.

The pæan was a hymn sung in honour of Apollo. And as the Trojans worshipped Minerva, though an enemy to their cause, so Achilles Him, regardless of his partiality to the Trojans. The Gods, whether propitious or adverse, were still considered as worthy of praise and adoration.—V. If they were propitious, gratitude was a sufficient motive, if adverse, there was yet a hope that they might be propitiated.

The pæan now mentioned was sung after a battle; but there was also another, addressed to Mars, which they sung before one.—B.

He swept the ground ; his head, so graceful once,  
Plough'd deep the dust ; to such dishonour Jove  
That day consign'd him on his native plain\*.  
Thus, whelm'd in dust, he went. The mother queen,  
Her son beholding, pluck'd her hair away,  
Cast far aside her lucid veil, and rent  
With shrieks the air. His father wept aloud,  
And, all around, long long complaints were heard  
And lamentations in the streets of Troy ;  
Not fewer or less piercing, than if flames  
Had wrapp'd all Ilium to her topmost tow'rs.  
His people scarce detain'd the ancient king,  
Desp'rate, and resolute to issue forth  
Through the Dardanian gates ; to all he kneel'd  
In turn, then roll'd himself in dust, and each  
By name solicited to give him way :

Stand off, my fellow mourners ! I would pass  
The gates, would seek, alone, the Grecian fleet.

\* The commentator asks—Why does Achilles drag Hector ? and answers thus—Not to gratify a savage nature ; for when he had slain Eëtion, the father of Andromache, he did not even strip his body, but burned him arms and all. But because, as Callimachus says, it was a custom in Thessaly to drag the slayer round the tomb of the slain ; which custom was first begun by Simon, whose brother being killed by Eurydamas, he thus treated the body of the murderer. Achilles therefore, he observes, being a Thessalian, when he thus dishonours Hector, does it merely in compliance with the common practice of his country.—B. C. & V.

I go to supplicate the bloody man,  
Yon ravager ; he may respect, perchance,  
My years, may feel some pity of my age ;  
For such in years as I his father is,  
Peleus, who rear'd him for a curse to Troy,  
But chiefly rear'd him to myself a curse,  
So num'rous have my sons in prime of youth  
Fall'n by his hand ; all whom I less deplore  
(Though mourning all) than one ; my deep distress  
For Hector soon shall send me to the shades.  
Oh had he but within these arms expir'd,  
The hapless queen who bore him, and myself  
Had wept him, then, till sorrow could no more !

So spake he weeping, and with many a groan  
The citizens replied. Amid the dames  
Her sad complaint, next, Hecuba began :

Wretch that I am, ah, wherefore should I live  
Forlorn of thee, my son ? Thou, night and day,  
My glory wast in Ilium, and the strength  
Of all her citizens, who as a God  
Rever'd thee ; for thy glorious deeds they made  
Their highest boast ; but now thy death deplore.

So mourn'd the queen. Andromache, the while,  
Knew nought, nor even by report had learn'd  
Her Hector's absence in the field alone ;  
She in her chamber at the palace-top

A splendid texture wrought, on either side  
All dazzling-bright with flow'rs of various hues,  
And to her maidens fair command had giv'n,  
That compassing an ample vase with fire,  
They should prepare a bath for Hector's use  
Return'd from fight. Ah fatally deceiv'd!  
She little knew, that, by Minerva made  
Achilles' victim, distant far he lay  
From all such uses, and should bathe no more.  
She heard a cry of sorrow from the tow'r;  
Her limbs shook under her, her shuttle fell,  
And to her bright-hair'd train, alarm'd, she cried:

Attend me two of you, that I may learn  
What hath befallen. I have heard the voice  
Of the queen-mother; my rebounding heart  
Chokes me, and I seem fetter'd by a frost.  
Some mischief, sure, o'er Priam's sons impends.  
May that word never reach me! but I shake  
With terrour lest Achilles, cutting off  
My dauntless Hector from the gates alone,  
Enforce him to the field, and quell perhaps  
The might, this moment, of that dreadful arm,  
His hindrance long; for Hector ne'er was wont,  
To seek his safety in the ranks, but flew  
First into battle, yielding place to none.

So saying, wild with anguish, and her heart

With terrour palpitating, forth she flew  
 With her two maidens ; at the tow'r arriv'd,  
 Now throng'd with warriors, wistful she survey'd  
 The plain beneath, and Hector there beheld  
 In front of Ilium, dragg'd by rapid steeds  
 In shameful sort toward the Grecian fleet.  
 Involv'd in sudden darkness, with a sigh,  
 That seem'd life's latest gasp, supine she fell,  
 And, falling, from her brows shook far away  
 The bright attire that filletted about  
 Her ringlets, with the net-work, and the veil  
 Giv'n her by golden Venus, on the day  
 When warlike Hector from Eëtion's house  
 Conducted her, with nuptial gifts endow'd  
 Num'rous and costly, to his own abode\*.  
 Around her, Hector's sisters, and the wives  
 Of all his brethren throng'd, who in their arms  
 Fast held her, loathing life † ; but she, her breath

\* Andromache faints and falls. Hecuba does not. The reason assigned for the difference is, that the affliction of the latter has been gradual ; she has seen the combat from the walls, and has been led step by step to the catastrophe ; but the former learns it in a moment, and the surprise accordingly overpowers her.—V.

† It is an observation of the scholiast, that two more affecting spectacles cannot be imagined, than Priam struggling to escape into the field, and Andromache to cast herself from the wall ; for so he understands ἀντιζαρόντη ἀπολείσθαι.—V.

At length and sense recov'ring, her complaint  
Broken with sighs amid them thus began :

Hector ! I am undone ; we both were born  
To mis'ry, thou in Priam's house in Troy,  
And I in shady Hypoplacian Thebes  
Beneath Eëtion's roof. He, doom'd himself  
To sorrow, me, more sorrowfully doom'd,  
Sustain'd in helpless infancy, whom O  
That he had ne'er begotten ! thou descend'st  
To Ades and the Stygian caves forlorn,  
Me leaving here a widow, and thy boy,  
Fruit of our hapless loves, an infant yet,  
Never to be hereafter thy delight,  
Nor love of thine to share or kindness more.  
For should he safe survive this cruel war  
With the Achaians, penury and toil  
Must be his lot, since strangers will remove  
At will his landmarks, and possess his fields.  
Thee lost, he loses all, of father, both,  
And equal playmate in one day depriv'd,  
To sad looks doom'd, and never-ceasing tears.  
He seeks, necessitous, his father's friends,  
One by his mantle pulls, one by his vest,  
Whose utmost pity yields to his parch'd lips  
A thirst-provoking drop, and grudges more ;  
Some happier child, as yet untaught to mourn

A parent's loss, shoves rudely from the board  
My son, and, smiting him, reproachful cries—  
Away—Thy father is no guest of ours—  
Then, weeping, to his widow'd mother comes  
Astyanax, who on his father's lap  
Ate marrow only, once, and fat of lambs,  
And when sleep took him, and his crying fit  
Had ceas'd, slept ever on the softest bed,  
Warm in his nurse's arms, fed to his fill  
With delicacies, and his heart at rest.  
But now, Astyanax (so nam'd in Troy  
For thy sake, guardian of her gates and tow'rs)  
His father lost, must many a pang endure.  
And as for thee, cast naked forth among  
Yon galleys, where no parent's eye of thine  
Shall find thee, when the dogs have torn thee once  
Till they are sated, worms shall eat thee next.  
Mean-time, thy fair habiliments, prepar'd  
By our own maidens, in thy palace lie;  
But I will burn them all, because henceforth  
Useless to thee, who never, so adorn'd  
Shalt slumber more; yet ev'ry eye in Troy  
Shall see how glorious once was thy attire\*.

\* The original lines, in which mention is made of the treatment that Astyanax is likely to receive after the death of Hector, were rejected by many of the ancients. For while Priam lived, they say,



So, weeping, she ; to whom the multitude  
Of Trojan dames responsive sigh'd around.

and several of his sons, and Andromache herself also, what probability was there that his landmarks should be removed, and that he should be considered in all companies as an intruder and a vagabond?—V. To this may be added another reason, and perhaps not less weighty, for which their authenticity may be suspected. There never lived a more perfect master of the pathetic than Homer, and when he would touch the passions, he does it in the only effectual way, that is, without seeming to intend it. But in all this passage there is an evident strain, an effort, a labour to get at them. A style of writing that always disappoints itself, and is peculiar to poets who feeling nothing themselves, have yet an ambition to work on the sensibility of others.—But it is just to add, that if some rejected, others vindicated the passage. Women, they observe, use many words on all occasions, but especially when they are afflicted and would excite compassion.—V. The remark, however, has much ill-nature in it, and is not more applicable to one sex than the other.

## ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

The body of Patroclus is burned, and the funeral games ensue.

## BOOK XXIII.

**SUCH** mourning was in Troy ; mean-time, dispers'd  
Along the shores of Hellespont, the Greeks  
On all sides to their sev'ral ships repair'd,  
All save the Myrmidons ; their valiant band  
Still undimiss'd Achilles thus bespake :

Ye warlike Myrmidons, associates dear !  
Release not yet your steeds, but circling, first,  
The fun'ral pile, with lamentation due  
Bewail Patroclus, and, that rite perform'd,  
Unbind them from the yoke, and all refresh  
With food your wearied strength, assembled here.

He ceas'd. Then mourn'd the multitude, and drove  
Their glossy steeds, with lamentations loud

Thrice round the pile; Achilles led the train,  
And Thetis touch'd their hearts with tend'rest wo.  
With tears their armour, and with tears they bath'd  
The sands beneath, so deeply they deplor'd  
A warrior terrible as he to Troy.

Then, placing on the bosom of his friend  
His homicidal hands, in piercing strains  
Heard all around, Achilles thus began :

Rejoice, Patroclus ! even in the shades,  
For all my promise shall be now fulfill'd.  
I have drawn Hector hither ; on his flesh  
My dogs shall feed ; and princes twelve of Troy  
Shall headless fall before thy fun'ral pyre.

He said, and meditating foul disgrace  
To noble Hector, stretch'd him prone in dust  
Beside the bier of Menœtiades.

Then, putting off their brazen armour bright,  
And each releasing his shrill-neighing steeds,  
They sat, a num'rous band, beside the bark  
Of swift Æacides, who furnish'd forth  
Himself a feast funereal for them all.

Many a white\* heifer by the ruthless steel  
Lay bleeding, many a sheep and blatant goat,

\* Either they were white with fat after being flayed, or they were slain merely to regale the living, since black only were offered to the dead.—B. & V.

With many a saginated boar bright-tusk'd  
Amid fierce flames Vulcanian stretch'd to roast.  
Copious the blood ran all around the dead.

Then, scarce constraining him, such wrath he felt  
For his slain friend, the princes of the Greeks  
Led forth Pelides to the royal tent  
Of Agamemnon ; he, at their approach,  
His heralds bade with instant haste prepare  
An ample bath, to cleanse from gory taint  
(Might they persuade him to its use) the limbs  
Of his illustrious guest. But he refus'd  
Inflexible, and with an oath replied :

No ; by the Highest and the best of all,  
By Jove I will not. Never may it be,  
That brazen bath approach this head of mine,  
Till first I place Patroclus on his pyre,  
Give him my ringlets shorn, and pile his tomb.  
For other wo like this shall none invade  
My bosom, while I mix with living men.  
But, all unwelcome as it is, repast  
Now calls us. Agamemnon, king of men !  
Give charge that at the dawn of day they bring  
Wood hither, such large portion as beseems  
The dead, descending to the shades, to share,  
That his remains immediately consum'd  
Out of our sight, the host may war again.

He spake ; they, hearing, readily obey'd.  
Then, each his food preparing with dispatch,  
They ate, nor wanted any guest of all  
Due portion, and, their appetite to food  
And wine suffic'd, each sought his sev'ral tent  
Needing repose\* ; but on the sands beside  
The billowy deep Achilles groaning lay  
Amidst his Myrmidons, where space he found  
With gore unstain'd beside the dashing wave.  
There, soon as sleep, deliv'rer of the mind,  
Wrapp'd him around (for much his noble limbs  
With chase of Hector round the battlements  
Of wind-swept Ilium wearied were and spent)  
Sudden, the spectre of his hapless friend  
Approach'd him ; his Patroclus' self it seem'd,  
In stature, splendour of expressive eyes,  
In voice the same and raiment. O'er his head  
The semblance stood, and thus his ear address'd :  
Thou sleep'st, Achilles ! and Patroclus, erst  
Thy most belov'd, in death forgotten lies.  
Haste—give me burial ; I would pass the gates  
Of Hades ; for the shadows of the dead

\* The former was a feast given by Achilles to the Myrmidons only, the feast mentioned here is given to the host at large, and they eat it hastily, that, going early to rest, they may rise the earlier to prepare fuel for the funeral pile.—V.

Now drive me from their fellowship afar,  
And, the wide river interpos'd, I roam

The yawning gulfs of Tartarus alone.

And grant, O grant, that, joining hands, we take  
One mutual, long farewell ! for, favour'd once  
With my last rites, I visit Earth no more.

No more, conversing sweetly, shall we sit  
Retir'd from all; for me the dark abyss,  
By Fate wide open'd for me at my birth,  
Hath swallow'd, and thyself art also doom'd  
To perish, O thou semblance of the Gods,  
Achilles ! under Ilium's lofty tow'rs.

But hear me now; refuse not to perform  
My last injunction. Bury not my bones  
From thine apart, but in one social tomb ;  
That as one board sustain'd us, from the day  
When me, then beardless, from my native home  
In Opœis, Menœtius led to thine,  
That fatal deed the cause, my playmate slain\*,  
Whom, seiz'd with sudden rage, at dice I slew  
(Son of Amphidamas), when as his own  
Thy father cherish'd me, and bade me share  
Thy future battles, fighting at thy side,  
So, in one vase, the golden one, by gift.

\* His name, according to the scholiast, was Clytônymus.—B. C.  
& V.

From Thetis thine, our mingled bones may rest\*.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race :

Ah, lov'd and honour'd ! wherefore hast thou come ?

Why thus enjoin'd me ? I will all perform :

With diligence which thou hast now desir'd.

But nearer stand, that we may round enfold

Each other, though but with a short embrace,

And sate our sorrow with a last farewell.

He said, and stretch'd his arms toward the shade,

But him seiz'd not ; shrill-clamouring and light

As smoke, the spirit pass'd into the earth.

Amaz'd, upsprang Achilles, clash'd aloud

His palms together, and thus, sad, exclaim'd :

Ah then, ye Gods ! there doubtless are below

The soul and semblance, although empty forms ;

For all night long, mourning, disconsolate,

The soul of my Patroclus, hapless friend !

Hath hover'd o'er me, giving me in charge

His last requests, just image of himself.

So saying, he call'd anew their sorrow forth,

And rosy-palm'd Aurora found them all

\* Bacchus having hospitably entertained Vulcan in the island Naxos, one of the Cyclades, received from him a cup as a present ; but being driven afterward by Lycurgus into the sea, and kindly protected there by Thetis, he presented her with this work of Vulcan, which she gave to Achilles for a receptacle of his bones after death.—B. & V.

Mourning afresh the pitiable dead.  
Then royal Agamemnon call'd abroad  
Mules and mule-drivers from the tents in haste  
To gather wood. Uprose a valiant man,  
Friend of the virtuous chief Idomeneus,  
Meriones, who led them to the task\*.  
They, bearing each in hand his sharpen'd axe  
And twisted cord, set forth, and, going, drove,  
The mules before them; much uneven space  
They measur'd, hill and dale, right onward now  
And now circuitous; but at the groves  
Arriv'd, at length, of Ida fountain-fed,  
Their keen-edg'd axes to the tow'ring oaks  
Dispatchful they applied; down fell the trees  
With crash sonorous. Splitting, next, the trunks  
They bound them on the mules; they, with firm hoofs  
The hill-side stamping, through the thickets rush'd,  
Desirous of the plain. Each man his log  
(For so the armour-bearer of the king  
Of Crete, Meriones, had giv'n command)  
Bore after them, and each his burden cast  
Down on the beach in order, where a tomb  
Of ample size Achilles for his friend  
Patroclus had, and for himself, design'd.

\* Said to have been appointed to this office because he was of Crete, a mountainous and well-wooded island.—V.



Much fuel thrown together, all the throng  
Remain'd and sat ; when his command at once  
Achilles issu'd to his warriors bold,  
That all should gird their armour, and the steeds  
Join to the chariots ; undelaying each  
Complied, and in bright arms stood soon array'd,  
Then mounted combatants and charioteers.  
First mov'd the chariots, after whom, the foot,  
Dense as a cloud ; and in the midst, between,  
His warlike friends Patroclus' body bore.  
Their tresses shorn, o'er all his lifeless length  
They cover'd him with hair, and with a look  
Downcast and sad (for to the shades he sent  
His noblest friend) Achilles held his head.

And, now arriving on the ground erewhile  
Mark'd by Achilles, down they set the dead,  
And heap'd the wood in haste, a lofty pyre.  
But Peleus' son, on other thoughts intent,  
Retiring from the fun'ral pile, shore off  
His amber ringlets, whose exub'rant growth  
Sacred to Sperchius he had kept unshorn,  
And looking o'er the gloomy Deep, he said:

Sperchius ! in vain my father Peleus vow'd,  
That, hence returning to my native land,  
I should present these ringlets shorn to thee  
With a whole hecatomb, and should, beside,

Rams offer fifty at thy fountain head,  
 In thy own field, at thy own fragrant shrine.  
 So vow'd the hoary chief, whose wishes thou  
 Leav'st unperform'd. Since, therefore, never more  
 I see my native home, these sever'd locks  
 I send with brave Patroclus to the shades\*.

He said, and filling with his hair the hand  
 Of his dead friend, the sorrows of his train  
 Waken'd afresh. And now the lamp of day,  
 West'ring† apace, had left them still in tears,  
 Had not Achilles suddenly address'd  
 King Agamemnon, standing at his side :

Atrides! (for Achaia's sons thy word  
 Will readiest execute) we may with grief  
 Sate ourselves hereafter ; but, the host  
 Dispersing from the pile, now give command  
 That they prepare repast ; ourselves‡, to whom  
 These labours in peculiar appertain,  
 Will furnish them ; but bid the chiefs abide.

\* It was customary with the ancients, when they had passed their prime, to cut off their hair and devote it to some river God, for them they considered as the authors of its growth, moisture being the first principle of nutriment to all things.—B. C. & V. For the same reason they infused the water of one river into another, as an omen of fecundity in the married state.—B. & V.—Sperchius was a river of Thessaly.—B. & V.

† West'ring wheel. MILTON.

‡ Himself and the Myrmidons.

Which when imperial Agamemnon heard,  
 He scatter'd instant to their sev'ral ships  
 The people; but the burial-dressers thence  
 Went not; they, still abiding, heap'd the pile.  
 A hundred feet of breadth from side to side  
 They gave to it, and on the summit plac'd  
 With sorrowing hearts the body of the dead\*.  
 Many a fat sheep and many an ox before  
 The pile they flay'd, with diligence their task  
 Administ'ring, and with the fat of each  
 From head to feet Achilles overspread  
 Patroclus†, and the flay'd beasts heap'd around.  
 Then, placing flagons on the pile, replete  
 With oil and honey, he inclin'd their mouths  
 Toward the bier, and slew and added, next,  
 Deep-groaning and in haste, four martial steeds.  
 Nine dogs the hero at his table fed,  
 Of which beheading two, their carcasses  
 He added also. Last, twelve gallant sons  
 Of noble Trojans slaying (for his heart  
 Teem'd with much evil), he applied the force  
 Of hungry flames that should devour the whole,  
 Then, loudly mourning, hail'd his friend by name :

\* The pile was a square of a hundred feet on each side.—B. C. & V.

† That he might be the more speedily consumed. The same end was promoted by the flagons of oil and honey.

Rejoice, Patroclus ! even in the shades.  
Behold my promise to thee all fulfill'd,  
Twelve gallant sons of Trojans fam'd in arms,  
Together with thyself, are all become  
Food for these fires ; but fire shall never feed  
On Hector ; him I destine to the dogs.

So threaten'd he ; but him no dogs devour'd ;  
Them, day and night, Jove's daughter Venus chas'd  
Afar, and smooth'd the hero o'er with oils  
Of rosy scent ambrosial, lest his corse,  
Behind Achilles' chariot dragg'd along  
So rudely, should be torn\*, and Phœbus hung  
A veil of sable clouds from Heav'n to Earth,  
O'ershadowing broad the space where Hector lay,  
Lest parching suns should stiffen all his frame.

But no fire kindled in the fun'ral pile.  
Then Peleus' son withdrawn two winds in pray'r  
Boreas invok'd and Zephyrus, to each  
Vowing large sacrifice. With earnest suit  
(Libation pouring from a golden cup)  
Their coming he implor'd, that so the flames  
Kindling, might instantly consume the Dead.

Iris, his supplications hearing, swift

\* The oil would lubricate and make the body slide over such impediments as might otherwise tear and disfigure it.—V.

Convey'd them to the winds\* ; within the hall  
Assembled of the heavy-blowing West  
They feasting sat, when on the threshold-stone  
The Goddess stood. At once all starting rose,  
And each invited Iris to his side,  
But she refus'd a seat, and thus she spake :

I sit not here. Borne over Ocean's stream  
Again, to Æthiopia's land I go,  
Where hecatombs are offer'd to the Gods,  
Which, with the rest, I also wish to share.  
But Peleus' son sues earnest for the aid  
Of Boreas and of Zephyrus the loud,  
Vowing large sacrifice if ye will fan  
Briskly the pile on which Patroclus, mourn'd  
By ev'ry warrior of Achaia, lies.

She said, and went. Then suddenly arose  
The winds, and, roaring, swept the clouds along.  
First, on the sea they blew ; big rose the waves  
Beneath the blast. At fruitful Troy arriv'd  
Vehement on the pyre they fell, and dread  
On all sides soon a crackling blaze ensu'd.  
All night, with hollow blasts alike they drove  
The sheeted flames wide from the fun'ral pile,

\* The winds themselves hear not, but Iris hears ; the poet by this circumstance intended to intimate, that the Rainbow is a prognostic of blowing weather.—V.

And all night long Achilles, drawing wine  
From a bright beaker, pour'd it on the ground,  
Soaking the soil, and calling by his name  
The spirit of his dear lamented friend.  
As some fond father mourns, burning the bones  
Of his own son, who, dying on the eve  
Of his glad nuptials, hath his parents left  
O'erwhelm'd with inconsolable distress,  
So mourn'd Achilles his companion's bones  
Burning, and pacing to and fro the field  
Beside the pyre with many a sigh profound\*.  
But when the star, day's harbinger, arose,  
Soon after whom, in saffron vest attir'd,  
The Morn her beams diffuses o'er the sea,  
The pyre, then wasted, ceas'd to flame, and then  
Back flew the winds athwart the Thracian deep†,  
Rolling the flood before them as they pass'd.  
And now Pelides, lying down apart

\* Plutarch well observes on this simile, which he cites in his treatise on consolation—that it is not certain, that the grief of a parent in such a case is perfectly just; for who knows but that God in his fatherly care and tenderness for the human race, foreseeing the evil to come, may take away life only to exempt a man from it?—C. so that the deaths which seem most premature, may be critically seasonable in reality.

† In Thrace is said to have been a deep chasm, whence wind issued. A circumstance which probably furnished a hint for the poetical fiction, that in Thrace the winds had their habitation.—B.

From the funereal pile, slept, but not long,  
Though weary; waken'd by the stir and din  
Of Agamemnon's train. He sat erect,  
And thus the leaders of the host address'd:

Atrides, and ye other chiefs who rule  
Achaia's num'rous tribes! first quench the pile  
Throughout with sable wine, where'er the fire  
Hath seiz'd it. We will then collect the bones  
Of Menœtiades, which shall with ease  
Be known, though many bones lie scatter'd near;  
Since in the middle pile Patroclus lay  
But wide apart and on its verge we burn'd  
The steeds and Trojans, a promiscuous heap.  
Them so collected in a golden vase  
Twice lin'd with unctuous lard\*, we will enclose,  
Till I shall, also, to my home below.  
I wish not now a tomb of amplest bounds,  
But such as may suffice, whose height and breadth  
Hereafter the Achaians shall augment,  
Who may survive me in our gallant fleet.

So spake Pelides, and the chiefs complied.  
Where'er the pile had blaz'd, with gen'rous wine  
They quench'd it, and the hills of ashes sank.  
Then, weeping, in a golden urn with lard

\* This was done that the bones might remain the longer unpulverized by excessive dryness.

Twice lin'd they plac'd their gentle comrade's bones  
Fire-bleach'd, and lodging safely in his tent  
The relics, overspread them with a veil.  
Designing, next, the compass of the tomb,  
They mark'd its boundary with stones, then fill'd  
The wide enclosure hastily with earth,  
And, finishing the mournful heap, return'd.  
But all the people, by Achilles still  
Detain'd, there sitting, form'd a spacious ring,  
And he the destin'd prizes from his fleet  
Produc'd, capacious caldrons, tripods bright,  
Steeds, mules, tall oxen, women at the breast  
Close-cinctur'd, and rough iron in the mass\*.  
Fair prizes to the swiftest charioteers  
He first propos'd ; discreet, ingenious, fair  
A damsel, with a tripod double-ear'd  
Of twenty and two measures, for the first ;  
And for the second, an unbroken mare,  
Six years her age, and pregnant with a mule.  
A caldron of four measures, never smirch'd  
By smoke or flame, but fresh as from the forge,  
The third awaited ; to the fourth he gave  
Two golden talents ; and, unsullied yet

\* Such it appears to have been in the sequel.



By use, a twin-ear'd phial to the fifth\*.

He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried:

Atrides, and ye other valiant Greeks!

These prizes, in the circus plac'd, attend

The charioteers. Held we the present games

In honour of some other Greecian dead,

I would myself bear hence the foremost prize;

For well ye know my steeds, that they surpass

All else, and are immortal; Neptune's gift

To my own father, and his gift to me.

But neither I this contest share myself,

Nor shall my steeds; for they would miss the force

And guidance of a charioteer so kind

As they have lost, who many a time hath cleans'd

Their manes with water of the crystal brook,

And made them sleek, himself, with limpid oil.

Him, therefore, mourning, motionless they stand,

With hair dishevell'd, streaming to the ground.

But ye, whoever of the host profess

Superiour skill, and glory in your steeds

\* The talent differed much in its value, sometimes it consisted of a hundred drachmæ, sometimes of fifty, sometimes of twenty-four, and, according to Timæus, sometimes of one. A talent of the smaller sort must be understood here, otherwise the prize allotted to the fourth would have exceeded in value all the others.—V.

Φιάλη—a vessel, as Athenæus describes it, made for the purpose of warming water. It was formed of brass, and expanded somewhat in the shape of a broad leaf.—C.

And well-built chariots, for the strife prepare!

So spake Pelides, and the charioteers,  
For speed renown'd, arose. Long ere the rest  
Eumelus, king of men, Admetus' son  
Arose, accomplish'd in equestrian arts.  
Next, Tydeus' son, brave Diomedes, arose;  
He yok'd the Trojan coursers by himself  
In battle from Æneas won, what time  
Apollo sav'd their master. Third, upstood  
The son of Atreus with the golden locks.  
Who to his chariot Agamemnon's mare  
Swift Æthe and his own Podargus join'd\*.  
Her Echepolus from Anchises sprung  
To Agamemnon gave; she was the price  
At which he purchas'd absence from the war,  
And safe enjoyment of his ease at home;  
For Jove had much enrich'd him, and he held  
In Sicyon his magnificent abode†.

\* The scholiast, remarking on the horse and mare drawing in the same traces, suggests it as the poet's intention to teach his readers, that difference of sex exempts not woman from the obligation by which man is bound to the practice of virtue, and the performance of all relative duties.—V. The doctrine is true, but Homer's intention to make the mare an example of it seems rather doubtful.

† Horace tells us, that he who has lost his all, is ready for any enterprise, and Homer, that a rich man will pay a large price for idleness. They were both intelligent in human nature. Agamemnon also judged wisely, preferring a good steed to a bad soldier.

Her, wing'd with ardour, Menelaus yok'd.  
 Antilochus, arising fourth, his steeds  
 Bright-man'd prepar'd, son of the valiant king  
 Of Pylus, Nestor Neleïades.

Of Pylian breed were they, and thus his sire,  
 With kind intent approaching to his side,  
 Advis'd him, of himself not uninform'd.:

Antilochus! Thou art, I know, belov'd  
 By Jove and Neptune both, from whom, though  
 young,

Thou hast receiv'd intelligence and skill  
 Equestrian, and hast little need to learn\*.  
 Thou know'st already how to trim the goal  
 With nicest art; yet wondrous slow of foot  
 Thy coursers are, whence evil may ensue.  
 But though their steeds be swifter, I account  
 Thee wise, at least, as they. Now is the time  
 For counsel, furnish now thy mind with all  
 Precaution, that the prize escape thee not:  
 The feller of huge trees by skill prevails:

\* He was beloved by both; but though the poet speaks conjunctively, as the translation does, he yet means to ascribe his skill in driving to the instructions of Neptune only.—V. For that skill, and the glory of having produced even the horse itself, are attributes of Neptune, not of Jupiter.

—————Túque ô, cui prima frementem.  
 Fudit equum, magno tellus percussa tridenti,  
 Neptune! —————

Virg. Georg. Lib. 1, 12.

More than by strength ; by skill the pilot guides  
His flying bark rock'd by tempestuous winds,  
And more by skill than speed the race is won.  
For he that in his lighter chariot trusts,  
And in his swifter steeds, neglects the rein,  
And, borne at random, heeds not where he roves ;  
But the adept, though tardier steeds he drive,  
With steadfast eye fix'd ever on the goal  
First trims it well, then, constant to the course,  
Leaves far the fleet but inexpert, behind.  
Now mark ; I will describe so plain the goal,  
That thou shalt know it surely, A dry stump,  
Extant above the ground an ell in height,  
Stands yonder ; either oak it is, or pine  
More likely, which the weather least impairs.  
Two white stones, where the way is narrow'd most,  
On each side flank it, but the course around  
Lies level. It is either, as I think,  
A monument of one long since deceas'd,  
Or was, perchance, in ancient days design'd,  
As now by Peleus' mighty son, a goal.  
That mark in view, thy steeds and chariot push  
Near to it as thou mayst ; inclining, then,  
But gently, as thou sittest, to the left,  
Thy right-hand horse prick smartly, challenge him  
And give him rein ; but make his fellow-steed

Bear on the goal so closely, that its head  
 Seem grated by the centre of thy wheel.  
 Yet fear to strike the stone, lest foul disgrace  
 Of broken chariot and of crippled steeds  
 Ensue, and thou become the public jest.  
 My boy below'd! use caution; for if once  
 Thou turn the goal at speed, no man thenceforth  
 Shall reach, or if he reach, shall pass thee by,  
 Although Arion in thy rear he drove,  
 Adrastus' rapid horse of race divine\*,  
 Or e'en Laomedon's, the boast of Troy.

With such precautions Nestor for the race  
 His son prepar'd, and to his seat return'd.  
 Meriones his coursers glossy-man'd  
 Made ready last. Then each his chariot-seat  
 Ascended, and the lots were thrown; himself  
 Achilles shook them. First, forth leap'd the lot  
 Of Nestor's son Antilochus, after whom

\* The history of Arion as given in the scholium is this: Neptune being enamoured of Erynnis, in the form of a horse enjoyed her near to a Bœotian fountain called Tilphusa. The fruit of their amour was the horse in question, which on account of his excellence was named Arion. Neptune presented him to Copeus, king of Haliartus, a city in Bœotia, and he to Hercules, at that time his guest. Hercules, after employing him successfully in a chariot race at Troezen, where he conquered Cynus the son of Mars, gave him to Adrastus; and to the speed of Arion Adrastus was indebted for his escape from the Theban war, which he alone survived.—B. & V.

The king Eumelus took his destin'd place.  
The third was Menelaus, valiant chief;  
Meriones, the fourth; and last of all  
Bravest of all, heroic Diomede,  
The son of Tydeus, took his lot to drive.  
So rang'd they stood; Achilles show'd the goal  
Far on the champaign, nigh to which he plac'd  
The godlike Phœnix, servant of his sire,  
To mark the race, and make a true report.

All rais'd the lash together, with the reins  
All smote their steeds, and urg'd them to the strife  
Vociferating; they with rapid pace  
Scouring the field soon left the fleet afar.  
Dark, like a stormy cloud, uprose the dust  
Beneath them, and their undulating manes  
Play'd in the breezes; now, the level field,  
With gliding course, the rugged, now, they pass'd  
With bounding wheels aloft; mean-time erect  
The drivers stood; with palpitating heart  
Each sought the prize; each urg'd his steeds aloud;  
They, flying, fill'd with dust the darken'd air.  
But when, the bound'ry pass'd, they turn'd again  
To the gray deep, then, straining most, the steeds  
Their inborn courage show'd. Eumelus, drawn  
By his swift mares, flew foremost; after whom,  
His Trojan horses in such close pursuit

Bore Diomede, that their uplifted hoofs  
Seem'd ent'ring, still, the chariot; on his neck  
Eumelus felt their panted breathings warm,  
And their heads rested on him as they ran.  
Then had Tydides pass'd him, or had made  
Decision dubious, but Apollo struck,  
Resentful, from his hand the glitt'ring scourge\*.  
He wept for anger; wept to see the mares,  
Swift from the first, now swifter, and his own  
Unstimulated coursers thrown behind.  
But Pallas quick perceiv'd Apollo's art  
To check Tydides; instant to his aid  
The Goddess hasted, to his vacant hand  
His whip restor'd, and rous'd his steeds to run.  
Following Eumelus, next, with furious force  
She snapp'd his yoke; wide flew the startled mares  
And the loose pole dropp'd end-long to the ground.  
He, from his chariot roll'd, beside the wheel  
With lacerated elbows, nostrils, mouth,  
And batter'd brows lay prone; grief fill'd his eyes  
And chok'd his voice. Then Diomede at once  
Shot forward, while Minerva fill'd his steeds

\* Resentful of the attack made on him by Diomede in the fifth book; but Apollo had other reasons, as we learn from Homer, for impeding Diomede in favour of Eumelus; for his mares he had bred himself, while in the service of Admetus, his father.—B. & V.

With double force, and made his vict'ry sure.  
Him follow'd Menelaus amber-hair'd,  
The son of Atreus; and, his father's steeds  
Encouraging, thus spake Antilochus:

Away—now stretch ye forward to the goal.  
I bid you not to an unequal strife  
With those of Diomedes, for Pallas adds  
Fresh speed to them, and makes his vict'ry sure.  
But reach the son of Atreus, fly to reach  
His steeds and tarry not; ah, ne'er be sham'd  
Indelibly by Æthe, by a mare!  
Why fall ye thus behind, my noblest steeds?  
For, trust me, favour none shall ye receive  
At venerable Nestor's hands, but wounds  
And instant death, if ling'ring ye disgrace  
Yourselves and me with an inferiour prize.  
Haste then—pursue him—reach the royal chief—  
And how to pass him in yon narrow way  
Shall be my care, and not my care in vain.

He ceas'd; they, starting at his menace, ran  
With swifter pace a while, and Nestor's son  
Now, suddenly, the hollow strait perceiv'd.  
It was a chasm abrupt, where winter-floods,  
Wearing the soil, had gullied deep the way.  
Thither Atrides, anxious to avoid  
A clash of chariots drove, and thither drove



Also, but somewhat devious from his track,  
Antilochus. Then Menelaus fear'd,  
And with loud voice the son of Nestor hail'd :

Antilochus ! mad driver ! check thy steeds.  
Too narrow here, the way will widen soon  
And thou mayst pass. Beware, lest chariot close  
To chariot driv'n, thou maim thyself and me.

He ceas'd ; Antilochus, as if the voice  
Had fail'd to reach him, lash'd his steeds the more,  
And swifter still approach'd. Soon, far as flies  
The quoit by some broad-shoulder'd stripling hurl'd  
In trial of his force, he shot before ;  
While Menelaus, slack'ning, by design,  
His driving, fell behind ; lest, hotly bent  
On victory, within that narrow pass  
The steeds should jostle, and, contending, roll  
Both charioteers and chariots in the dust.  
Then Menelaus thus his heat reprov'd :

Antilochus ! with no just cause the Greeks  
Extol thy virtue, for a worse than thou  
Lives not ; nor shall the prize, unless on oath  
That thou deserv'st it, even now be thine.

He said, and to his coursers call'd aloud :  
Ah be not tardy ; stand not sorrow-check'd ;  
Their feet will fail them sooner far than yours,  
For years have pass'd since they had youth to boast.

He spake, and was obey'd ; for at his voice  
His steeds both starting to a swifter pace  
Approach'd the foremost soon. Mean-time, the  
Greeks,

All seated on the plain, the coursers ey'd ;  
They, flying, fill'd with dust the darken'd air.  
Then, first (for from an eminence behind  
He overlook'd the throng) the king of Crete  
Distinguish'd, though remote, his voice who drove,  
And knew the leading horse ; for, on his front,  
Round as the moon a silver blaze he bore,  
And his bright hue was russet all besides.

He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried :  
Friends ! chiefs and senators of Argos' host !  
Discern I sole the steeds, or also ye ?  
The steeds now foremost and the charioteer  
Seem other than they were. The mares, of late  
Victorious, somewhere have receiv'd a foil ;  
Them first arriving at the goal I saw,  
But, though the plain lies open to my view  
From side to side, can see them, now, no more.  
Either the driver hath let slip the reins,  
Or, rounding not successfully the goal,  
Hath fallen from his chariot which is maim'd,  
And his ungovern'd steeds have roam'd away.  
Arise and look ye forth yourselves, for I

With doubtful ken behold him ; yet the man  
Seems, in my view, Ætolian by descent,  
A chief of prime renown in Argos' host,  
The hero Tydeus' son, brave Diomede.

But Ajax Oïliades the swift  
Reprov'd him sharply : Wherefore always giv'n  
To prate, Idomeneus ? thou seest the mares,  
Remote indeed, but posting to the goal.  
Thou art not so much youngest of us all,  
Nor hast an eye of so much keener sight  
Than others, yet thou pratest ; though respect  
By silence shown might more become thee here,  
Where better sit and wiser too than thou.  
The mares which led, lead still, and he who drives,  
Eumelus, is the same who drove before.

To whom the Cretan chief, incens'd, replied :  
Ajax ! whom none in wrangling can excel  
Or rudeness, though in all beside thou fall  
Below the Argives, being boorish-rough,  
Come now—a tripod let us wager each,  
Or caldron, and let Agamemnon judge  
Whose horses lead, that, losing, thou mayst learn.

He said ; then sudden from his seat upsprang  
Swift Ajax Oïliades, prepar'd  
For harsh retort, nor had the contest ceas'd

Between them, but had grown from ill to worse,  
Had not himself, Achilles, interpos'd :

Ajax—Idomeneus—abstain ye both  
From bitter speech offensive, and such terms  
As ill become you. Ye would feel, yourselves,  
Resentment, should another act as ye.  
Brawl not, but sit spectators of the race  
As others sit ; by competition wing'd  
Themselves will soon arrive, when all alike  
Shall learn at once who follows and who leads.

He spake, and lashing with a ceaseless force  
The shoulders of his steeds, Tydides came,  
Now, full in view ; they, lifting high the hoof  
At ev'ry stroke, leap'd lightly to the goal.  
With drops of mingled dust and sweat all o'er  
They show'r'd their driver ; close upon their heels  
Radiant with tin and gold the chariot-ran,  
Scarce leaving wheel-marks in the dust behind.  
He stood in the mid-circus ; there the sweat  
Rain'd under them from neck and chest profuse,  
And Diomede from his resplendent seat  
Leaping, reclin'd his scourge against the yoke.  
Nor was his friend brave Sthenelus remiss,  
But, seizing with alacrity the prize,  
Consign'd the tripod and the virgin, first,

To his own band in charge ; then loos'd the steeds\*.  
 Next came, by stratagem, not speed advanc'd  
 To that distinction, Nestor's son, whom yet  
 The hero Menelaus close pursu'd.  
 Near as the wheel pursues a courser's heels  
 Drawing his master at full speed ; his tail  
 With its extremest hairs the felly sweeps,  
 That close attends him o'er the spacious plain,  
 So near had Menelaus now approach'd  
 Antilochus ; for though at first he fell  
 A full quoit's cast behind, he soon retriev'd  
 That loss, with such increasing speed the mare  
 Of Agamemnon, bright-hair'd Æthe, ran.  
 She, had the course few paces more to both  
 Afforded, should have clearly shot beyond  
 Antilochus, nor dubious left the prize.  
 But noble Menelaus threw behind  
 Meriones, companion in the field

\* This tripod was afterward deposited in the temple of Apollo at Delphos, as appears by the following epigram :

*Χάλκεός εἰμι τρίπους, Πυθοῖ δ' ἀνάκειμαι ἄγαλμα,  
 Καὶ μ' ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ θῆκε πόδας ὠκύς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 Τυδείδης δ' ἀνέθηκε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης,  
 Νικήσας ἵπποισι παρὰ πλατὺν Ἑλλήσποντον.*—B. & C.

I, now a Pythian ornament, was once  
 A prize for Grecian charioteers at Troy,  
 And am the tripod which Achilles gave  
 At his friend's fun'ral, and Tydides won.

Of king Idomeneus, a lance's flight,  
For slowest were his steeds, and he, to rule  
The chariot in the race, least skill'd of all.  
Last came Eumelus, drawing to the goal,  
Himself, his splendid chariot, and his mares  
Driving before him. Peleus' rapid son  
Beheld him with compassion, and, amid  
The Argives, in wing'd accents thus he spake :  
The best comes last, and comes on foot behind  
His coursers. Just it were that he receiv'd  
The second prize ; Tydides claims the first\*.  
He said, and all applauded the award.  
Then had Achilles to Eumelus giv'n  
The mare (for such the pleasure seem'd of all)  
Had not the son of mighty Nestor ris'n,  
Antilochus, who pleaded thus his right :  
Achilles ! acting as thou hast propos'd  
Thou shalt offend me much, for thou shalt take  
The prize from me, because the Gods made vain  
His efforts, and no failure of his own.  
He should have offer'd pray'r ; then had he not  
Arriv'd, as now, the hindmost of us all †.

\* Achilles gives us here a lesson of compassion toward those, whose success falls short of their just pretensions, and teaches us, that we should not suffer fortune to triumph over merit.—V.

† This is strong argument. For if the Gods interposed to disappoint Eumelus on account of an omitted duty, which is not con-

But if thou pity him, and deem it good,  
Thou hast much gold, much brass, and many sheep  
In thy pavilion; thou hast maidens fair,  
And coursers also. Give him when thou wilt  
From these a richer prize, or give it now,  
And we will praise thee; but this mare is mine;  
Else, come the claimant forth, and fight with me.

He ended, and Achilles, godlike chief,  
Smil'd on him, gratulating his success,  
Whom much he lov'd; then, ardent, thus replied:

Antilochus! if thou wouldst wish me give  
Eumelus of my own, e'en so I will.  
I will present to him my corslet bright,  
Won from Asteropæus, edg'd around  
With glitt'ring tin; a precious gift, and rare.

So saying, he bade Automedon his friend  
Produce it from the tent; he at his word  
Departing, to Achilles brought the spoil,  
Which at his hands Eumelus glad receiv'd.  
Then, stung with grief, and with resentment fir'd  
Immeasurable, Menelaus rose,  
To charge Antilochus. His herald gave  
The sceptre to his hand, and (silence bidden

tradicted by Achilles or any other, then, Achilles, allotting the mare to Eumelus, should have defeated their intentions, and have given her to him from whom they had withheld her.—V.

To all) the godlike hero thus began \* :

Antilochus ! oh heretofore discreet !

What hast thou done ? Thou hast disgrac'd my skill,  
And wrong'd my coursers foully, throwing thine,  
Inferiour far, before them. Chiefs of Greece !  
Impartial judge between us, lest, of these,  
Some say hereafter, Menelaus bore  
Antilochus by falsehood down, and led  
The mare away, because, although his steeds  
Were worse, his arm was mightier, and prevail'd.  
Yet hold—myself will judge, and will to all  
Contentment give, for I will judge aright.  
Hither, Antilochus, illustrious youth !  
Perform my just demand. Thy whip resum'd,  
Stand forth before thy chariot ; touch thy steeds,  
And swear by Neptune, that no guile or art  
Thou hast employ'd, nor wilfully devis'd  
Means to retard my chariot's speedier course.

Then, prudent, thus Antilochus replied :

O royal Menelaus ! patient bear  
The fault of one thy junior far, in years  
Alike unequal and in worth to thee.  
Thou know'st how rash is youth, and how propense

\* Menelaus, on this occasion, receives the sceptre from the herald because he purposes to address the assembly, and Antilochus uses it not, because his reply is to Menelaus only.—V.



To pass the bounds by decency prescrib'd,  
Quick, but not wise. Lay, then, thy wrath aside;  
The mare now given me I will myself  
Deliver to thee, and, if thou require  
A larger recompense, will rather yield  
A larger much than from thy favour fall  
Deservedly for ever, mighty Prince!  
And sin so heinously against the Gods.

So saying, the son of valiant Nestor led  
The mare, himself, to Menelaus' hand,  
Who with heart-fresh'ning joy the prize receiv'd.  
As on the ears of growing corn the dews  
Fall grateful, while the spiry grain erect  
Bristles the fields, so, Menelaus, felt  
Thy inmost soul a soothing pleasure sweet!  
Then answer thus the hero quick return'd:

Antilochus! thy gentleness of speech  
Subdues me. Thou wast never heretofore  
Vain or perverse, and heat of youth alone  
Warp'd from its course thy sober judgment, now.  
Yet safer is it not to overreach  
Superiours; for no other Greecian here  
Had my extreme displeasure calm'd so soon.  
But thou hast suffer'd much, and much hast toil'd,  
As thy good father and thy brother have,  
On my behalf; I, therefore, yield, subdu'd

By thy entreaties, and the mare, though mine,  
Will also give thee, that these Grecians all  
May know me neither proud nor hard to appease\*.

He said, and to Noëmon friend in arms  
Of Nestor's son resign'd the mare, himself  
Taking the polish'd caldron in her stead.  
The fourth awarded lot (for he had fourth  
Arriv'd) Meriones asserted next,  
The golden talents; but the phial still  
Left unappropriated Achilles bore  
Across the circus in his hand, a gift  
To ancient Nestor, whom he thus bespake:

Take thou, my father! and keep this in store,  
That thou mayst ever in rememb'rance hold  
This fun'ral of my friend; for with the Greeks  
He ne'er shall mix again. Receive a prize,  
Thine by gratuity; for thou must wield

\* Many of the incidents of this race might occur in a narrative of a modern one; so similar are the workings of human nature in similar circumstances, in all ages and countries. In the Grecian circus, we see, as well as on the English race-grounds, disputes arose, wagers were laid, quarrels ensued, and sometimes fightings. But the resemblance can be traced no farther. Antilochus, put to his oath, and required by Menelaus to swear that he had practised no foul play, conscious of the contrary declines the oath, confesses the trick of which he is accused, and makes an apology; discovering in his behaviour a liberality and a piety, together with an ingenuousness of disposition, such as seldom find, perhaps, a parallel on like occasions, in the occurrences of Newmarket.

The cæstus, wrestle, at the spear contend,  
Or in the foot-race (fallen as thou art  
Into the wane of life) henceforth no more.

He spake, and plac'd it in his hands. He, glad,  
Receiving it, in accents wing'd replied:

True, O my son! is all which thou hast said.  
These limbs, these hands, young friend! (their vigour  
lost)

No longer, darted from the shoulder, spring  
At once to battle. Ah that I could grow  
Young yet again, could feel again such force  
Athletic, as when in Buprasium erst  
The Epeans with sepulchral pomp entomb'd  
King Amarynceus, where his sons ordain'd  
Funereal games in honour of their sire!  
Epean none or even Pylian there  
Could cope with me, or yet Ætolian bold.  
Boxing, I vanquish'd Clytomedes, son  
Of Enops; wrestling, the Pleuronian chief  
Ancæus; foil'd Iphiclus in the race  
A runner of prime speed, and over-pitch'd  
Phyleus and Polydorus at the spear.  
The sons of Actor in the chariot-course  
Alone surpass'd me, being two for one,  
And jealous both lest I should also win  
That prize, for to the victor charioteer

They had assign'd the noblest prize of all \*.  
They were twin-brothers, and one rul'd the steeds,  
The steeds one rul'd, the other lash'd them on †.  
Such once was I; but now, these sports I leave  
To younger; me submission most befits  
To with'ring age, who then outshone the best.  
But go. The fun'ral of thy friend with games  
Proceed to celebrate; I accept thy gift  
With pleasure; and my heart is also glad,  
That thou art mindful evermore of one  
Who loves thee, and in sight of all the Greeks  
Such honour yield'st me as my years demand.  
May the Gods bless thee for it more and more!

He spake, and Peleus' son, when he had heard  
At large his commendation from the lips  
Of Nestor, through th' assembled Greeks return'd.  
He next propos'd, not likely to be won,  
The boxer's prize. He tether'd down a mule,  
Untam'd and hard to tame, but strong to toil,  
And in her prime of vigour, in the midst;  
A goblet to the vanquish'd he assign'd,  
Then stood erect, and to the Greeks exclaim'd:  
Ye sons of Atreus! and ye num'rous Greeks!

\* This twin-monster, or double man, called the Molions, has been already noticed. See the note on l. 854 of B. XI.

† The repetition follows the original.

Behold the boxer's prize. Come two, the best  
 And stoutest forth, with lifted fists on high  
 To wage fierce conflict. Whom Apollo\* most  
 Shall favour, and yourselves shall with one voice  
 Pronounce victorious, he shall lead the mule  
 Hence to his tent; the vanquish'd takes the cup.

He spake, and at his word a Greek arose,  
 Big, bold, and skilful in the boxer's art,  
 Epeüs, son of Panopeus; his hand  
 He on the mule impos'd, and thus he said:

Approach the man ambitious of the cup!  
 For no Achaian here shall, with his fist  
 Me foiling, win the mule. I boast myself  
 To all superiour. May it not suffice,  
 That I pretend not to superiour pow'rs  
 In battle? Skill in all things none may boast†.

\* Phorbas, the strongest man of his day, and haughty as he was strong, was likewise a great proficient in the art of boxing. He compelled all his guests to box with him, and, having vanquished, slew them. At length, rendered still prouder by success, he challenged the Gods to contend with him, and was conquered and slain by Apollo. Hence Apollo became the patron of boxers.—B. & V.

† The scholiast well remarks on this passage, that to confess inferiority in some points, and where we are conscious of it, gains credit to our pretensions in others.—V. Thus Achilles in the 18th book, conversing with Thetis on the death of Patroclus, while he asserts himself the chief of warriors, acknowledges that in council he is surpassed by others.

But this I promise and will well perform—  
My blows shall rend his flesh, and crush his bones  
To splinters; therefore let his friends be nigh,  
To bear his batter'd carcase from the field.

He ended, and his speech found no reply.  
One godlike chief alone, Euryalus,  
Son of the king Mecisteus, who, himself,  
Sprang from Talaion, opposite arose.  
He erst, in Thebes arriving, at the games  
Held there for Œdipus deceas'd, had prov'd  
Superiour to the whole Cadmean race\*.  
Him Diomedes the brave for fight prepar'd,  
Giving him all encouragement, for much  
He wish'd him victory. First then he threw  
His cincture to him †; next, he gave him thongs

\* The supposed ambiguity of expression, whether it were Mecisteus or Euryalus that carried away the victory at the funeral games of Œdipus, is altogether imaginary. And it may be observed, that if the construction of the period did admit, what I believe it cannot, that Euryalus was the victor, it would be contrary to chronology: for at the death of Œdipus, Euryalus, the companion of Diomedes, was probably not born.—F.

† The cincture worn in Homer's days by all athletics reached from the waist to the feet; but, after his time, it happened in the public games at Athens, that the foot of a combatant being entangled in his cincture, he fell, and died on the spot. This accident gave occasion to a law made when Hippomenes was archon, that they should fight naked, and hence the place of contest was named *Gymnasium*.—V.

Cut from the hide of a wild buffalo\*.  
Both girt around, into the midst they mov'd.  
Then, lifting high their brawny arms, and fists  
Mingling with fists, to furious fight they fell;  
Dire was the crash of jaws, and the sweat stream'd  
From ev'ry limb. Epeüs fierce advanc'd,  
And while Euryalus with cautious eye  
Watch'd an advantage, pash'd him on the cheek.  
He stood no longer, but, his limbs beneath  
His weight subsiding, to the ground he fell.  
As when, the north-wind fresh'ning, near the bank  
Upsprings a fish in air, then falls again,  
And disappears beneath the sable flood,  
So at the stroke he bounded. But Epeüs,  
Heroic chief, uprais'd him by his hand,  
And all his friends assembling led him thence  
Step dragging after step, ejecting blood  
Coagulated, and at ev'ry pace  
Rolling his head languid from side to side.  
They plac'd him all unconscious on a seat  
In his own band, then fetch'd his prize, the cup.  
Still other prizes, then, Achilles plac'd  
In view of all; the sturdy wrestler's meed.  
A large hearth-tripod, valu'd by the Greeks

\* With which they bound on the *cæstus*.

At twice six beeves, should pay the victor's toil;  
But for the vanquish'd, in the midst he set  
A damsel in domestic arts expert,  
Four beeves her value. He arose and said :

Appear ye now who shall this prize dispute.  
So spake the son of Peleus ; then arose  
Huge Telamonian Ajax, and upstood  
Ulysses also, in all wiles adept.  
Both girt around, into the midst they mov'd.  
With sturdy gripe each other seizing fast,  
Like rafters of a lofty dome they stood,  
The work of some skill'd architect, a safe  
Unfailing shelter from the wintry storm.  
The back of each tugg'd forcibly sent forth  
A creaking sound\* ; with briny sweat profuse  
Their bodies stream'd ; and many a crimson whelk  
On their broad flanks and brawny shoulders sprang.  
Such was their contest, and such fierce desire  
Each felt to bear the splendid tripod home.  
Nor could Ulysses from his station move  
And cast down Ajax, nor could Ajax him  
Unsettle, fix'd so firm Ulysses stood.  
But when, long time expectant, all the Greeks

\* *τερπύει*.—It is a circumstance on which the scholiast observes, that it denotes in a wrestler the greatest possible bodily strength and firmness of position.—V.



Grew weary, then, huge Ajax him bespake :

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !

Lift, or be lifted, and let Jove decide\*.

He said, and heav'd Ulysses. Then, his wiles  
Forgot not he, but on the ham behind

Chopp'd him ; the limbs of Ajax at the stroke

Disabled sank ; he fell supine, and bore

Ulysses close adhering to his chest

Down with him. Wonder rivetted all eyes†.

Him, next, Ulysses heav'd ; but ere again

He stood erect, his knee between the knees

Of Ajax lock'd ; thus struggling down they fell,

And, all with dust defil'd, lay side by side‡.

Nor had they ceas'd, but should at once have ris'n

To a third conflict, had not, from his seat

Upstarting, thus Achilles interpos'd :

Strive not together more ; cease to exhaust

Each other's force ; ye both have earn'd the prize.

\* It was the custom on such occasions for the wrestlers, in order to accelerate the decision, to afford each other by mutual consent a fair opportunity to try the strength ; sometimes offering the neck sometimes the loins, and not seldom even the foot to their antagonist.—V.

† They wondered to see Ajax thrown by a man older than he, and in strength inferiour.—

‡ I have given what seems to me the most probable interpretation, and such a one as to any person, who has ever witnessed a wrestling-match, will, I presume, appear intelligible.

Depart alike requited, and give place  
To other Grecians, who shall next contend\*.

He spake; they glad complied, and wiping off  
The dust, put on their tunics. Then again  
Achilles other prizes yet propos'd,  
The rapid runner's meed. He first produc'd  
A silver goblet of six measures; Earth  
Own'd not its like for elegance of form.  
Skilful Sidonian artists had around  
Embellish'd it†, and o'er the sable Deep  
Phœnician merchants into Lemnos' port  
Had borne it, and the boon to Thoas‡ giv'n;  
But Jason's son, Euneüs, in exchange  
For Priam's son Lycaon had consign'd  
The treasure to Patroclus fam'd in arms.  
Achilles this, in honour of his friend,  
Set forth, the swiftest runner's bright reward.  
A huge fat ox he to the second gave,

\* Ajax, lifting Ulysses, excelled in the first instance; and Ulysses, supplanting Ajax, while he was lifted, in the second. The next fall is understood by some to have been the fall of Ulysses pulled down by the weight of Ajax;—V. but it seems evident, that the former by a twist of the knee threw the latter, and for that reason had the advantage, though he fell also.

† The Sidonians were celebrated not only as most ingenious artists, but as great adepts in science also, especially in astronomy and arithmetical calculation.—C.

‡ King of Lemnos.

And half a golden talent to the last.

He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried :

Now stand ye forth who shall this prize dispute.

He said, and instant at his word arose

Swift Ajax Oiliades; upsprang

The shrewd Ulysses next, and after him

Brave Nestor's son Antilochus, with whom

None vied in speed of all the youths of Greece.

They stood prepar'd. Achilles show'd the goal.

At once all started. Ajax led the course,

Oileus' son, and closely at his heels

Ulysses ran. Near as some cinctur'd maid

Industrious holds the distaff to her breast,

While to and fro with practis'd finger neat

Tending the flax she draws it to a thread,

So near Ulysses follow'd him, and press'd

His footsteps, ere the dust they rais'd had fall'n,

Pouring his breath into his neck behind,

And never slack'ning pace. His ardent thirst

Of victory with acclamations loud

All seconded, and, eager, bade him On.

And now, the contest short'ning to a close,

Ulysses suddenly a silent pray'r

To azure-ey'd Minerva thus preferr'd :

O Goddess hear, assist me in the race !

Such was his pray'r ; with which Minerva pleas'd,

Freshen'd his limbs, and made him light to run.  
 And now, when in one moment they should both  
 Have darted on the prize, then, Ajax' foot  
 Sliding, he fell; for where the dung of bees  
 Slain for Patroclus overspread the soil,  
 E'en there Minerva \* tripp'd him. Ordure foul  
 His mouth and nostrils fill'd †, and thus it chanc'd,  
 That Laertiades, arriving first,  
 The goblet won, and he the fatted ox.  
 He grasp'd his horn, and sputt'ring as he stood  
 The ordure forth, amid them all exclaim'd:

Ah—Pallas tripp'd my footsteps; she attends  
 Ulysses ever with a mother's care.  
 Loud laugh'd the Grecians. Then, the remnant prize  
 Antilochus receiving, smil'd and said:

Ye need not, fellow-warriors, to be taught,  
 That now, as ever, the immortal Gods  
 Honour on seniority bestow.  
 Ajax is elder, yet not much, than I.  
 But Laertiades was born in times  
 Long past, a chief coeval with our sires,  
 Not young, but vigorous; and, of the Greeks,  
 Achilles may alone contend with him.

\* That is to say, Ulysses; who, from the first intending it, had run close behind him.

† He had disputed with Idomeneus, much his senior, in terms coarse and disrespectful, and is therefore punished in the mouth.—B. & V.

So saying, the merit of superiour speed  
To Peleus son he gave, who thus replied :

Antilochus ! thy praise of me shall prove  
Not fruitless to thyself ; the talent halv'd  
Shall not suffice for thee ; receive it whole.

He spake, and in his hand a talent plac'd  
Entire ; he joyfully the gift receiv'd.  
Achilles, then, Sarpedon's arms produc'd,  
Stripp'd from him by Patroclus, his long spear,  
Helmet, and shield, which in the midst he plac'd.  
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried :

I call for two brave warriors arm'd, to prove  
Each other's skill with weapons keen, this prize  
Disputing, next, in presence of us all.  
Who first shall through his armour reach the skin  
Of his antagonist, and shall draw his blood,  
Be his this argent-studded Thracian blade,  
My spoil from bold Asteropæus won.  
These other arms shall be their common meed,  
And I will banquet both within my tent.

He said ; then Telamonian Ajax huge  
Arose, and opposite arose the son  
Of warlike Tydeus, Diomede the brave.  
Apart from all the multitude each put  
His armour on, then mov'd into the midst,  
Low'ring terrific and on fire to fight.

The host look'd on amaz'd. Approaching each  
 The other, thrice they sprang to the assault,  
 And thrice struck hand to hand. First, Ajax pierc'd  
 The buckler of Tydides, but the flesh  
 Attain'd not, baffled by his mail within\*.  
 But Diomede his spear, high-pois'd above  
 The sev'n-fold shield, aim'd ever at the neck  
 Of Ajax; for whose life alarm'd, the Greeks  
 Enjoin'd them to desist and share the prize†.  
 But the huge falchion with its sheath and belt—  
 Achilles them on Diomede bestow'd.

The hero, next, an iron clod produc'd  
 Rough from the forge, and wont to task the might  
 Of king Eëtion; but, when him he slew,  
 Pelides, glorious chief, with other spoils  
 From Thebes convey'd it in his fleet to Troy‡.

\* Ajax, conscious of his strength, strikes immediately at the shield of Diomede, which he pierces; but Diomede, despairing to pierce that of Ajax, as well he might, attempts to reach his antagonist over it.—B. The conduct of Ajax, therefore, proves not, as some have said,—V. his generosity, nor that of Diomede his want of it; nothing, in short, is proved but the strength of one, and the presence of mind of the other.

† It is said, that Hercules, arriving in Salamis soon after the birth of Ajax, took the child in his arms, and folded him in his lion's skin, affirming at the same time, that it would render him invulnerable. When grown, he proved so, except in the neck, which part by accident had been left uncovered.—V.

‡ The Δίσκος and the Σόλος differed in this, that the former was flat and hollow in the middle, and the latter round and solid.—B. C. & V.

He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried :

Come forth who also shall this prize dispute !

How far soe'er remote the winner's fields,

This lump shall serve his wants five circling years ;

No lack of iron shall his plougher send

Or shepherd to the city-mart to buy,

But he shall have for sale when others need.

Then Polypoetes brave in fight arose,

Arose Leonteus also, godlike chief,

With Telamonian Ajax, and, who won

The boxer's prize, Epeüs. Rang'd they stood

In order, and Epeüs seiz'd the clod.

He swung, he cast it, and the Grecians laugh'd \*.

Leonteus, branch of Mars, next heav'd it forth.

Huge Telamonian Ajax with strong arm

Dismiss'd it third, and overpitch'd them both.

But when brave Polypoetes seiz'd the mass,

Far as the vig'rous herdsman flings his staff,

Which twirling flies his num'rous beeves between †,

So far his cast outmeasur'd all beside,

\* The commentators leave it doubtful, whether they laughed at the shortness of the cast, or admiring the length of it.—V. Probably however it was his awkwardness that diverted them, for in his first contest he pretended to no skill except in boxing.

† The use of this staff was to separate the cattle. It had a string attached to the lower part of it, which the herdsman wound about his hand, and by the help of it hurled the staff to a prodigious distance.—V.

And the host shouted. Then arose the Greeks  
Of Polypœtes' train, who took in charge  
Their leader's prize, and bore it to the ships.

The archer's prize Achilles next propos'd,  
Ten double and ten single axes, form'd  
Of steel convertible to arrow-points.  
Then planting, distant on the sands, the mast  
Of a cerulean bark, with slender cord  
To its tall summit by the foot he tied  
A tim'rous dove, for trial of their aim.

\* Who strikes the bird, these better axes all  
Bears to his tent; but who (the dove unharm'd)  
Divides the cord alone, inferiour him  
In skill we deem, his, therefore, be the worse †.

The might of royal Teucer then arose,  
And, fellow-warrior of the king of Crete,  
Valiant Meriones. A brazen casque  
Receiv'd the lots; they shook them, and the lot  
Fell first to Teucer. He, at once, a shaft  
Sent smartly forth, but vow'd not to the King ‡  
A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.

\* The transition from narrative to dramatic follows the original.

† That Achilles provided for such an event, seems to argue both the great skill of the archers, and his proportionably high opinion of it.

‡ Apollo; frequently by Homer called the King without any addition.



He therefore (for Apollo greater praise  
 Denied him) miss'd the dove, but struck the cord  
 That tied her, at small distance from the knot,  
 And with his arrow sever'd it. Upsprang  
 The bird into the air, and to the ground  
 Depending fell the cord. Shouts rent the skies.  
 At once Meriones withdrew the bow  
 From Teucer's hand, but held a shaft the while  
 Already aim'd, and to Apollo vow'd  
 A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock\*.  
 He ey'd the dove aloft beneath a cloud,  
 And struck her circling high in air; the shaft  
 Pass'd through her, and, returning, pierc'd the soil -  
 Before the foot of brave Meriones.  
 She, perching on the mast again, her head  
 Reclin'd, and hung her wide-unfolded wing,  
 But, soon expiring, dropp'd and fell remote.  
 Amazement seiz'd the people. To his tent  
 Meriones the ten best axes bore,  
 And Teucer the inferiour ten to his.  
 Then, last, Achilles in the circus plac'd

\* Some ancient critics were of opinion, that each used his own bow; but the better interpretation, and that which the words ἐξείρυσσε χεῖρος seem absolutely to demand, is that one bow served them both, and that Meriones, for the sake of greater dispatch, with one hand pointed his arrow at the dove, while he snatch'd the bow from Teucer with the other.—C.

A pond'rous spear and caldron yet unfir'd,  
Emboss'd with flow'rs around, its worth an ox.  
Uprose at once the spearmen ; Atreus' son  
First, glorious Agamemnon, king of men,  
And next, brave fellow-warrior of the king  
Of Crete, Meriones ; when thus his speech  
Achilles to the royal chief address'd :

Atrides ! (for we know thy skill and force  
Matchless ; that none can hurl the spear as thou)  
This prize is thine, command it to thy ship ;  
And if it please thee, as I would it might,  
Let brave Meriones the spear receive\*.

He said ; nor Agamemnon not complied,  
But to Meriones the brazen spear  
Presenting, to Talthybius gave in charge  
The caldron, next, his own illustrious prize.

\* No person, bred in courts and conversant with the politest in Europe, could acquit himself with more perfect good manners on any occasion, than Achilles and Agamemnon here. Achilles, that he may spare the king of men the trouble of a contest, ascribes to him such address and dexterity, as would render vain all contest with him ; and Agamemnon, rather than dispute his judgement or oppose his purpose, accepts at once both the compliment and the prize.— Good-breeding, no more than good sense, is confined to any particular age or country. Homer understood it perfectly.

## ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

Priam, by command of Jupiter, and under conduct of Mercury, seeks Achilles in his tent, who, admonished previously by Thetis, consents to accept ransom for the body of Hector. Hector is mourned, and the manner of his funeral, circumstantially described, concludes the poem.

## BOOK XXIV:

THE games all clos'd, the people went dispers'd  
Each to his ship ; they, mindful of repast,  
And to enjoy repose ; but Peleus' son,  
Pain'd with remembrance of his hapless friend,  
Wept inconsolable ; all-conqu'ring sleep  
Him seiz'd not, but from side to side he turn'd,  
Regretting, still, Patroclus in his prime  
Of sprightly youth and manly vigour slain.  
Their partnership in wo ; their arduous toils ;  
Battles hard-fought, and perilous escapes

From stormy floods,—with reminiscence sad,  
 That caus'd him many a tear, on these he mus'd ;  
 Now on his side he lay, now lay supine,  
 Now prone ; then starting from his couch, he roam'd  
 Forlorn the beach, nor did the rising day  
 On seas and shores escape his watchful eye,  
 But, joining then his chariot and his steeds,  
 He fasten'd Hector to be dragg'd behind.  
 Around the tomb of Menœtiades  
 He dragg'd him thrice ; then rested in his tent,  
 Him leaving all extended in the dust.  
 But Phœbus, pitying, even after death  
 The valiant Hector, with his golden shield  
 O'ershadow'd him, that uncorrupted still,  
 And still untorn, though dragg'd, he might remain \*.

Thus did Achilles in his wrath disgrace  
 His noble foe ; but, looking down from Heav'n,  
 The blest Immortals pitied him, and mov'd

\* The two lines of the original in which Apollo is said to have rendered this service to the body of Hector were rejected by some of the ancients, because the Ægis belonged not to Apollo, but to Jupiter, because to use it for the protection of a dead man had been to defile it, and because Venus having in B. XXIII, l. 230,

—————smooth'd the hero o'er with oils

Of rosy scent ambrosial, lest his corse,

Behind Achilles' chariot dragg'd along

So rudely, should be torn—————

there was no need of the Ægis to effect the same purpose.—V.

Hermes, the watchful Argicide, to steal  
His body thence\*. This counsel pleas'd the rest,  
But neither Juno, nor the Sov'reign Pow'r  
Of Ocean, pleas'd, nor Pallas azure-ey'd.  
They still their ancient hate of sacred Troy,  
Of Priam and his people, in their hearts  
Held fast for Paris' sake, who with disdain  
Those Goddesses had in his rural home  
Rejected, and had Venus' charms preferr'd,  
Who with pernicious lust his choice repaid.  
But when the twelfth ensuing morn arose,  
Apollo, then, the Immortals thus address'd:

Ye Gods, your dealings now injurious seem  
And cruel. Was not Hector wont to burn  
Thighs of fat goats and bullocks at your shrines?  
Whom now, though dead, ye cannot yet endure  
To rescue, that his consort, mother, son,  
Father, and friends might view him, who would soon  
Yield him his just demand, a fun'ral fire.  
But, oh ye Gods! your pleasure is alone

\* Mercury is said to have been born a cheat, because, when Jupiter embraced his mother Maia, daughter of Atlas, he did it privily, and cheated Juno. Being yet a child, he stole his mother's garments and those of her sisters while they bathed, and when he had made himself sufficiently merry with their distress, restored them. He also stole, as has been already noticed, the oxen of Apollo.—B. & V.

To please Achilles, havoc-spreading chief,  
Who neither right regards, nor owns a mind  
That can relent; but as the lion, urg'd  
By his own dauntless heart and matchless strength,  
Makes inroad on the flocks, that he may fare  
Deliciously at cost of mortal man,  
So Peleus' son all pity from his breast  
Hath driv'n, and shame\*, man's blessing or his curse\*.  
For whosoever hath a loss sustain'd  
Still dearer, whether of his brother born  
From the same womb, or even of his son,  
When he hath once bewail'd him, weeps no more;  
For man from Fate itself submission learns.  
Yet Peleus' son, not so contented, slays  
Illustrious Hector first, then drags his corse  
In cruel triumph at his chariot-wheels  
Around Patroclus' tomb; but neither well  
He acts, nor honourably to himself,  
If he incur, however fam'd in arms,  
Our anger, while to gratify revenge  
He pours dishonour thus on senseless clay.

To whom thus beauteous Juno, sore-displeas'd:  
God of the silver bow! stand unrepal'd  
This word of thine, if in the Gods' account

\* His blessing, if he is properly influenced by it; his curse in its consequences, if he is deaf to its dictates.

Achilles' worth and Hector's be the same\*.  
 Hector was born of woman, and the breast  
 Of woman nourish'd him. Achilles boasts  
 A birth divine; for him a Goddess bore,  
 Whose infant years were my peculiar care,  
 And whom, at length mature, myself bestow'd  
 On royal Peleus, fav'rite of the skies.  
 At whose blest nuptials all the Pow'rs of Heav'n  
 Assisted, and thyself didst strike the lyre  
 And share the feast, though strenuous to protect  
 The Trojans now, forgetful of the past.

Then thus the Sov'reign whom the clouds obey:  
 Juno, thou hast no cause to scowl and speak  
 In anger now†. They shall not share alike,  
 And in the same proportion our regards.  
 Yet even Hector was the man in Troy  
 Most favour'd by the Gods, and by myself  
 Not less; for punctual were his gifts to us,  
 Nor ever miss'd my sacred shrine from him  
 Libation, or the steam of sacrifice,

\* *Εἴη κεν καὶ τὸ τοῦ ἔπος*—The expression is idiomatic, and several senses are given of it in the scholia, all ironical. *Θήσεται* in the next line is said to be *ἀντι τῆ θήσεως σου*—V.—for which reason I have made it singular.

† *Ἀποσκύδαμνεν* properly signifies to scowl, being derived from *σκυμνος* a lion's whelp, and alluding to the scowl of a lion when his whelps are taken away.—V.

Which are the meed by just allotment ours.  
 Yet steal him not, since by Achilles' eye  
 Unseen ye cannot, who both day and night  
 Watches him, as a mother tends her son\*.  
 But call ye Thetis hither, I would give  
 The Goddess counsel, that, at Priam's hands  
 Accepting gifts, Achilles loose the dead.

He ceas'd. Then Iris tempest-wing'd arose,  
 Samos between and Ímbrus rock-begirt,  
 She plung'd into the gloomy flood; loud-groan'd  
 The briny pool, while sudden down she rush'd,  
 As sinks the bull's horn with its leaden weight,  
 Death bearing to the rav'ners of the Deep†.  
 Thetis within her vaulted cave she found  
 By ev'ry nymph of Ocean round about  
 Encompass'd; she, amid them all, the fate  
 Lamented of her noble son ordain'd  
 To die far distant from his home at Troy.

\* The original seems to relate to Thetis, and to say that she was always present with Achilles; which being false, as appears from the passage immediately ensuing, the scholiast understands the words as relating to Achilles himself, and interprets them as they are translated here.

—ταρχα ἐν φησιν ὅτι ὡς μητὴρ συμπαρεσθῆναι αὐτῷ τῷ νεκρῷ Ἀχιλλεύς.  
 V.

† The angler's custom was, in those days, to guard his line above the hook from the fish's bite, by passing it through a pipe of horn.  
 —B. C. & V.



Then, Iris, drawing near, her thus address'd:

Arise, O Thetis! Jove, the author dread  
Of everlasting counsels, calls for thee.

To whom the Goddess of the silver feet:  
Why calls the mighty Thund'rer me? I fear,  
Oppress'd with countless sorrows as I am,  
To mingle with the Gods.—Yet I obey—  
No word of his can prove an empty sound.

So saying, the Goddess took her sable veil,  
(Eye n'er beheld a darker) and set forth  
With Iris her conductress up to Heav'n.  
On either hand the billows open'd wide  
A pass before them; they, the rocky shore  
Ascending soon, thence darted to the skies.  
They found loud-voic'd Saturnian Jove around  
Environ'd by the ever-blessed Gods  
Conven'd in full assembly, and beside  
The eternal Sire on Pallas' throne she sat.  
Then, Juno, with consolatory speech  
Presented to her hand a golden cup,  
Of which she drank, and gave it back again,  
And thus the Sire of Gods and men began:

Goddess of ocean, Thetis! thou hast sought  
Olympus, bearing in thy bosom grief  
Never to be assuag'd, as well I know.  
Yet shalt thou learn, afflicted as thou art,

Why I have summon'd thee. Nine days the Gods  
Concerning Hector's body and thy son  
Invincible in arms, have held dispute,  
And some have urg'd oftentimes the Argicide,  
Keen-sighted Mercury, to steal the dead.  
But I forbade it for Achilles' sake,  
Whom I exalt, the better to ensure  
Thy rev'rence and thy friendship evermore.  
Haste, therefore, seek thy son, and tell him thus:  
The Gods resent it, say (but most of all  
Myself am angry) that he still retains  
Amid his fleet, through fury of revenge  
Unransom'd Hector; so shall he, at length,  
Through fear of me, perchance, release the slain.  
Myself to gen'rous Priam will, the while,  
Send Iris, who shall bid him to the fleet  
Of Greece, such ransom bearing as may sooth  
Achilles, for redemption of his son.

So spake the God, nor Thetis not complied.  
Descending swift from the Olympian heights  
She reach'd Achilles' tent. Him there she found  
Groaning disconsolate, while others ran  
To and fro, occupied around a sheep  
New-slaughter'd, large, and of exub'rant fleece.  
She, sitting close beside him, softly strok'd  
His cheek, and thus, affectionate, began :

How long, my son ! sorrowing and mourning here,  
Wilt thou consume thy soul, nor give one thought  
Either to food or love ? Yet love is good,  
And woman grief's best cure ; for length of days  
Is not thy doom, but, even now, thy death  
And ruthless destiny are on the wing.  
Mark me—I come ambassadress from Jove.  
The Gods, he saith, resent it, but himself  
More deeply than the rest, that thou retain'st  
Amid thy fleet, through fury of revenge,  
Unransom'd Hector. Be advis'd, accept  
Ransom, and to his friends resign the dead\*.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift :  
Come then the ransom, and take him hence ;  
So be it, if such be the desire of Jove.

Such conference held the Goddess and her son  
Amid the ships, when, thus, Saturnian Jove  
Commission'd Iris down to sacred Troy :

\* This advice of Thetis to her son was repudiated by some of the ancients,—B. C. & V. but Plutarch draws a lesson from the passage, and recommends the example of Achilles ; who, though he loved Briseïs and had received her again, and though he knew his death at hand, yet seized not the opportunity to indulge himself in sensual pleasures ; neither was his grief for Patroclus such as to render him inactive and negligent of his proper business, but at the same time that it had made him abstemious, had urged him powerfully to the performance of military duties. The advice itself, however, he also accounts extremely culpable.—C.

Hence, rapid Iris! leave the Olympian heights,  
And, finding royal Priam, bid him haste  
To bear such gifts into Achaia's fleet  
As may assuage Achilles, and prevail  
To liberate the body of his son.  
Alone, he must; no Trojan of them all  
May company the senior thither, save  
An ancient herald to direct his mules  
And his wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead  
Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew\*.  
Let neither fear of death nor other fear  
Distress him aught, so safe a guard and sure  
We give him; Mercury shall be his guide  
Into Achilles' presence in his tent.  
There shall Achilles not alone, himself,  
His life hold sacred, but should others lift  
The spear against him, shall avert the wrong:  
For neither rash, nor yet profane is he,  
But will, with all benignity, receive

\* To have sent Priam alone, it is observed, with such a charge of treasure, had been to impose on him too severe a duty, and to have sent him with a youth into the enemy's camp, had been to expose his escort to the utmost danger. A herald therefore is appointed to attend him, as by office a proper witness of all promises and agreements, and that herald an old one, that by the sacredness of his function, as well as by the veneration due to his years, he might be secured from violence.—V.

And save from harm a suppliant and a guest\*.

He ceas'd; then Iris tempest-wing'd arose,  
Jove's messenger, and, reaching soon the gates  
Of Priam, wo and wailing found within.  
Around their father, in the hall, his sons  
With tears their robes bedew'd, while them amidst  
The hoary king sat mantled, muffled close,  
And on his venerable head and neck  
Much dust was spread, which, rolling on the earth,  
He had show'r'd on them with unsparing hands,  
The palace echo'd to his daughters' cries,  
And to the cries of matrons calling fresh  
Into remembrance many a valiant chief  
Now stretch'd in dust, by Argive hands destroy'd.  
The messenger of Jove at Priam's side  
Standing, with whisper'd accents low his ear  
Saluted, but he trembled at the sound†.

Courage, Dardanian Priam! fear thou nought;  
To thee no prophetess of ill, I come,  
But with kind purpose: Jove's ambadress  
Am I, who though remote, yet entertains

\* Jupiter justifies him against Apollo's charge, affirming him to be free from those mental defects, which chiefly betray men into sin—folly—improvidence, and perverseness.—C. & V.

† His spirit, broken down with sorrow, was alarmed even by the gentlest sounds, and conjectured that the message, however softly suggested, would prove a terrible one.—V.

Much pity, and much tender care for thee.  
Olympian Jove commands thee to redeem  
The noble Hector, with an off'ring large  
Of gifts that may Achilles' wrath appease.  
Alone, thou must ; no Trojan of them all  
Hath leave to attend thy journey thither, save,  
An ancient herald to direct thy mules  
And thy wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead  
Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew.  
Let neither fear of death nor other fear  
Distress thee aught, so safe a guard and sure  
He gives thee ; Mercury shall be thy guide  
E'en to Achilles' presence in his tent.  
There shall Achilles not alone, himself,  
Thy life hold sacred, but should others lift  
The spear against thee, shall avert the wrong ;  
For neither rash nor yet profane is he,  
But will, with all benignity, receive  
And save from harm a suppliant and a guest.  
So spake the swift ambassadress and went.  
Then, calling to his sons, he bade them bring  
His litter forth, and bind the coffer on\*,  
While to his fragrant chamber he repair'd

\* It was a square chest of wicker-work, which the ancients bound on their carriages when they travelled ;—B. C. & V. but Xenophon describes it as made of reeds.—B. & V.

Himself, with cedar lin'd and lofty-roof'd,  
A treasury of wonders, into which  
The queen he summon'd, whom he thus bespake:

Hecuba ! the ambassadress of Jove  
Hath come, who bids me to the Grecian fleet,  
Bearing such presents thither as may sooth  
Achilles, for redemption of my son.  
But say, what seems this enterprise to thee ?  
Myself I feel most willing, and on fire  
To penetrate the spacious camp of Greece.

Then wept the queen aloud, and thus replied :  
Ah ! whither is thy wisdom fled, for which  
Both strangers once, and Trojans honour'd *thee* ?  
How canst thou wish to penetrate alone  
The Grecian fleet, and to appear before  
His face, by whom so many valiant sons  
Of thine have fall'n ? Thou hast an iron heart !  
For should that savage man and faithless once  
Seize and discover thee, no pity expect  
Or rev'rence at his hands. Come—let us weep  
Together, here sequester'd ; for the thread  
Spun by his ruthless destiny for him,  
When he was born, ordain'd him food for hounds  
Remote from us his parents in the tent  
Of that fell chief. Oh ! clinging to his side,

How I could tear him with my teeth\*! His deeds,  
 Disgraceful to my son, then should not want  
 Retaliation; for he slew not him  
 Skulking, but standing boldly for the wives,  
 The daughters fair, and citizens of Troy,  
 Guiltless of flight, and of the wish to fly†.

Whom Godlike Priam answer'd, ancient king:  
 Impede me not, who willing am to go,  
 Nor be, thyself, a bird of ominous note  
 In my own house to fill my soul with fear,  
 For thou shalt not prevail. Had mortal man  
 Enjoin'd me this attempt, prophet, or priest,  
 Or soothsayer, I had pronounc'd him false,  
 And dreaded it the more. But, since I saw  
 The Goddess with these eyes, and heard, myself,  
 The voice divine, I go; that word shall stand;  
 And if my doom be death in yonder fleet,

\* The passage, even as it is here rendered, has something savage in it, but it is much reduced in point of emphasis from the force of the original, a faithful version of which no English reader could have endured. Homer's expression is nevertheless natural in the highest degree on such an occasion, and well suited to the feelings of an indignant mother, who had seen her favourite son slain and dishonoured; nor was it without regret, that I suppressed so much of its energy.

† But, at first, he did fly. It is therefore spoken, as the scholiast observes, *φιλοστόργως*, and must be understood as the language of strong maternal affection.—V.



It shall be welcome ; for Achilles' arm  
 Shall slay me speedily, and I shall die  
 Folding my son, and satisfied with tears.

So saying, he open'd wide the sculptur'd lids  
 Of various chests, whence mantles twelve he took  
 Of texture beautiful ; twelve single cloaks ;  
 As many carpets, with as many robes,  
 To which he added vests, an equal store\*.  
 He also took ten talents forth of gold, ,  
 All weigh'd, two splendid tripods, caldrons four,  
 And after these a cup of matchless worth,  
 Giv'n him when once ambassador in Thrace ;  
 A noble gift, which yet the hoary king  
 Spar'd not, such fervour of desire he felt,  
 To loose his son. Then, driving from before  
 His palace-portico with angry taunts  
 The thronging multitude, aloud he cried :

Hence, miscreants ! to your homes—perceive ye  
 there

No loss yourselves, that hither ye resort,  
 To trouble *me* ? Or lightens it the weight  
 Of *your* affliction, that Saturnian Jove  
 Hath torn the bravest of my sons away ?

\* The πέπλος or mantle, was the same which is sometimes called ἑανός, and was worn only by the women ; the χλαῖνα, here called a cloak, was a piece of bed-furniture and used as a coverlet ; the φάρος or robe was worn by both sexes, and the χιτὼν or vest by the men only.—V.

Ah ! trust me, ye shall all ere long be taught  
Yourselves that loss, far easier to be slain  
By the Achaians now, since he is dead.  
But I, or ever with these aged eyes  
I see the conquest and the sack of Troy,  
Shall find safe hiding in the shades below.

He said, and chas'd them with his staff ; they left  
In haste the doors, by the old king expell'd.  
Then, chiding them aloud, his sons he call'd,  
Helenus, Pammon, Paris, Agathon,  
Deiphobus, Antiphonus, Polites,  
Dios, and brave Hippothoüs—all nine  
He call'd, thus issuing his stern command :  
Quick ! quick ; ye slothful in your father's cause  
Ye worthless brood ! Ah, would that Hector liv'd,  
And ye had all been slaughter'd in his stead !  
Oh altogether wretched ! none could boast  
In all our city sons that equall'd mine ;  
And I have lost them all. The godlike youth  
Mestor, the valiant Troilus is gone,  
And Hector, who with other men compar'd  
Seem'd a Divinity ; whom none had deem'd  
From mortal man deriv'd, but from a God\*.

\* Three qualities of mind and temper are to be avoided ; cowardice, intemperance, and brutality. The opposites to the two former are manifest, being courage and self-government. But the

These Mars hath taken, and hath left me none  
 But scandals of my house, devoid of truth,  
 Dancers, exact step-measurers\*, a band  
 Of public robbers, thieves of kids and lambs†.  
 Will ye not bring my litter to the gate,  
 And load it instantly, that we may go?

He said, and by his chiding aw'd, his sons  
 Drew forth the royal litter, neat, new-built,  
 And following swift the draught, on which they bound  
 The coffer; next they lower'd from the wall  
 The sculptur'd boxen yoke‡ with its two rings§;  
 And, with the yoke, its furniture in length  
 Nine cubits; to the pole's extremest end

opposite to the latter may most fitly be defined a preternatural, heroic, and divine fortitude; such, for instance, as Homer makes Priam ascribe to Hector when he says of him

ὅδ' ἐΰκει  
 Ἀνδρὸς γε θνητῷ πάϊς ἔμμεναι, ἀλλὰ θεοῖο.

Aristot. Ethic. lib. vii, c. 1.—C.

\* χοροῖσιν ἀριστοῖσιν.

† Hence came the proverb—

οἶκοι μὲν λέοντες, ἐν μάχῃ δὲ ἄλωπκες.

*Lions at home, but foxes in the fight.*—V.

‡ The yoke is said to have been ὀμφαλῦεν likewise, or having a prominence in the centre by which they tied it to the pole, but this could not have been expressed in English without much circumlocution.

§ Through which the reins were passed.

Adjusting this with care they cast the ring  
 Over the ring-bolt ; then, thrice round the pin\*  
 They drew the brace on both sides, made it fast  
 With even knots, and tuck'd the dangling ends†.  
 Producing, next, the glorious ransom-price  
 Of Hector's body, on the litter's floor  
 They heap'd it all, then yok'd the sturdy mules,  
 A gift illustrious by the Mysians erst  
 Conferr'd on Priam ; to the chariot, last,  
 They led forth Priam's steeds, which day by day  
 The venerable king in person serv'd,  
 Who, with his herald, like himself discreet,  
 Within the palace brac'd his loins the while‡.  
 And now came mournful Hecuba, with wine  
 Delicious charg'd, which in a golden cup  
 She brought, that not without libation due  
 First made, they might depart. Before the steeds

\* The central prominence above mentioned.

† The yoke being flat at bottom, and the pole round, there would of course be a small aperture between the band and the pole on both sides, through which, according to the scholium in Villoison, they thrust the ends of the tackle lest they should dangle.

‡ The text here is extremely intricate ; as it stands now, the sons are, first, said to yoke the horses, then Priam and Idæus are said to do it, and in the palace too. I have therefore adopted an alteration suggested by Clarke, who, with very little violence to the copy, proposes instead of ζευγνύσθην to read—ζωννύσθην.

Her steps shè stay'd, and Priam thus address'd :

Take this, and to the Sire of all perform  
Libation, praying him a safe return  
From hostile hands, since thou art urg'd to seek  
The Grecian camp, though not by my desire.  
Pray also to Idæan Jove cloud-girt,  
Who oversees all Ilium, that he send  
His messenger or ere thou go, the bird  
His fav'rite most, surpassing all in strength,  
At thy right-hand ; him seeing, thou shalt tend  
With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.  
But should not Jove his messenger of good  
Vouchsafe thee, thou shalt seek the Grecian fleet,  
Howe'er impell'd, 'gainst all advice of mine.

To whom the godlike Priam thus replied :  
I will not scorn thy counsel ; for, by pray'r  
Imploring Jove's compassion, none can err.

So saying, he bade the maiden, chief of all  
In office, pour fresh water on his hands,  
For at his side the damsel ready stood  
With ew'r and laver for his use prepar'd.  
He lav'd his hands ; then, taking from the queen  
The goblet, in his middle area stood  
Pouring libation with his eyes upturn'd  
Heav'n-ward devout, and thus his pray'r preferr'd :

Jove, great and glorious above all, who rul'st,

On Ida's summit seated, all below!  
Grant me arriv'd within Achilles' tent  
Kindness to meet and pity; and O send  
Thy messenger or ere I go, the bird  
Thy fav'rite most, surpassing all in strength,  
At my right hand; which seeing, I shall tend  
With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.

He ended, at whose pray'r, without delay,  
Jove sent his eagle, surest of all signs,  
The black-plum'd bird voracious, *Morphnos*\* nam'd,  
And *Percnos*\*. Ample as the guarded door,  
Some rich man's chamber-door, his vans he spread  
On either side; they saw him on the right,  
Skimming the tow'rs of Troy, with gladness hail'd  
The omen, and all felt their hearts consol'd.

Delay'd not then the hoary king, but quick  
Ascending to his seat, his coursers urg'd  
Through vestibule and sounding porch abroad.  
The four-wheel'd litter led, drawn by the mules  
Which sage *Idæus* manag'd, behind whom  
Went Priam, urging ever with the thong  
His coursers through the town, while all his friends,  
Following their Sov'reign with dejected hearts,  
Lamented him as going to his death.

\* The words both signify—sable.

But when from Ilium's gate into the plain  
They had descended, then the sons-in-law  
Of Priam, and his sons, to Troy return'd.  
Nor they, now traversing the plain, the note  
Escap'd of Jove the Thund'rer; he beheld  
Compassionate the venerable king,  
And thus his own son Mercury bespake :

Mercury! (for above all others thou  
Delightest to associate with mankind  
Familiar, winning whom thou wilt with ease  
To converse free) go thou, and so conduct  
Priam into the Grecian camp, that none  
Of all the num'rous Danaï may see  
Or mark him, till he reach Achilles' tent.

He spake, nor the ambassador of Heav'n,  
The Argicide, delay'd, but bound in haste  
His undecaying sandals to his feet,  
Golden, divine, which waft him o'er the floods  
Swift as the wind, and o'er the boundless earth.  
He took his rod with which he charms to sleep  
Or opens at his will all human eyes.  
Down stoop'd the potent Argicide, his hand  
Thus arm'd, and in one moment on the plain  
Of Ilium stood. Some princely boy he seem'd,  
Now clothing first his ruddy cheek with down,  
Which is youth's loveliest season; such in show,

His progress he began. The travellers now  
(The sumptuous tomb of Ilus past) beside  
The river stay'd their mules and steeds to drink,  
For twilight dimm'd the fields. Idæus first  
Perceiv'd him near, and Priam thus bespake :

Think, son of Dardanus! for we have need  
Of our best thought. I see a man—we die—  
Turn, turn to flight, or let us clasp his knees,  
And suppliant move his pity, if we may.

Terrour and consternation at that sound  
The mind of Priam felt ; erect the hair  
Bristled his limbs, and with amaze he stood  
Motionless. But the God, mean-time, approach'd,  
And seizing ancient Priam's hand, inquir'd :

Whither, my father! in the dewy night  
Driv'st thou thy mules and steeds, while others sleep ?  
And fear'st thou not the fiery host of Greece,  
Thy foes implacable, so nigh at hand ?  
Of whom should any, through the shadow dun  
Of flitting night, discern thee bearing forth  
So rich a charge, then what wouldst thou expect ?  
Thou art not young thyself, nor with the aid  
Of this thine ancient servant, strong enough,  
Force to repulse, should any threaten force.  
But injury fear none or harm from me ;  
I rather much from harm by other hands



Would save thee, thou resemblest so my Sire.

Whom answer'd godlike Priam, hoar with age:  
My son! well spoken. Thou hast judg'd aright.  
Yet even me some Deity protects  
Thus far: to whom I owe it, that I meet  
So seasonably one like thee, in form  
So admirable, and in mind discreet  
As thou art beautiful. Blest parents, thine\*.

To whom the messenger of Heav'n again,  
The Argicide: O ancient and rever'd!  
Thou hast well spoken all. Yet this declare,  
And with sincerity; convey'st thou hence  
Into some foreign country, for the sake  
Of safer custody, this precious charge!  
Or, urg'd by fear, forsake ye all alike  
Troy's sacred tow'rs? since he whom thou hast lost,  
Thy noble son, was of excelling worth  
In arms, and nought inferiour to the Greeks.

Then thus the godlike Priam, hoary king:  
But tell me first, who *thou* art, and from whom  
Descended, loveliest youth! who hast the fate  
Of my unhappy son so well rehears'd?

\* From this passage the Peripatetics are said to have taken their triad of desirables. Personal beauty, a corporeal good; sound intellect, a mental one; and ingenuous birth, which is neither the one nor the other, but seems to give some sort of security for both, and is at any rate a considerable advantage.—B. & V.

To whom the herald Mercury replied :  
Thy questions, venerable Sire ! propos'd  
Concerning noble Hector, are design'd  
To prove me. Him, not seldom, with these eyes  
In man-ennobling fight I have beheld  
Most active ; saw him when he thinn'd the Greeks  
With his sharp spear, and drove them to the ships.  
Amaz'd we stood to notice him ; for us,  
Incens'd against the ruler of our host,  
Achilles suffer'd not to share the fight.  
I serve Achilles ; the same gallant bark  
Brought us, and of the Myrmidons am I,  
Son of Polyctor ; wealthy is my sire\*,  
And such in years as thou ; six sons hath he  
Beside myself, the youngest ; and the lot,  
To arm and seek the battle, fell to me.  
That I have left the ships and hither stray'd  
The cause is this ; the Greeks, at break of day,  
Will compass, arm'd, the city, for they loathe  
To sit inactive, neither can the chiefs  
Restrain the hot impatience of the host.

Then godlike Priam answer thus return'd :  
If thou indeed art of Achilles' train,

\* A circumstance seasonably thrown in, to supersede any fears of robbery, which Priam might naturally have entertained, had he met an indigent person.—V.

Deceive me not, speak plainly. Lies my son  
Still in the fleet? Or hath Achilles cast  
His mangled flesh already to the dogs?

Him answer'd then the herald of the skies:  
O ancient Sir! nor dogs nor vultures him  
Have yet devour'd, but at Achilles' ship,  
Unnotic'd now, he lies. Twelve orient morns  
Have seen him there extended, yet his flesh  
Nor putrid taint invades, nor inbred worm,  
That diets on the brave in battle fall'n.  
He, pitiless, indeed, around the tomb  
Of his Patroclus drags him, oft as day  
Reddens the East, yet safe from blemish still  
His corse remains. Thou wouldst, thyself, admire,  
Seeing how fresh the dew-drops, as he lies,  
Rest on him, and his blood is cleans'd away,  
That not a stain is left. Even his wounds  
(For many a wound they gave him) all are clos'd,  
Such care the blessed Gods have of thy son,  
Dead as he is, whom living much they lov'd.

So he; then, glad, the ancient king replied:  
Good is it, O my son! to yield the Gods  
Their just demands. My boy, while yet he liv'd,  
Liv'd not unmindful of the worship due  
To the Olympian pow'rs, who, therefore, him  
Remember even in the bands of death.

Come then—this beauteous cup receive from me.  
Be thou my guard, and, if the Gods permit,  
My guide, till I shall reach Achilles' tent.

Whom answer'd then the messenger of Heav'n :  
Sir ! thou perceiv'st me young, and art dispos'd  
To try my virtue ; but it shall not fail.  
Thou bidd'st me at thine hand a gift accept  
Whereof Achilles knows not\* ; but I fear  
Achilles, and, by sacred awe withheld,  
Dare not defraud him, lest the Gods requite  
With some swift mischief such atrocious wrong†.  
But thee I would with pleasure hence conduct  
Even to glorious Argos, at thy side  
A faithful guardian, whether on the Deep,  
Or thus on foot ; nor any should presume,  
To fight against thee, through contempt of me.

So Mercury, and to the chariot seat  
Upspringing, seiz'd at once the lash and reins,  
And with fresh vigour mules and steeds inspir'd.  
Arriving at the foss and tow'rs, they found  
The guard preparing now their evening cheer,

\* To have refused it without a reason had been ungracious, and to have accepted it, being a God, preposterous.—V. Mercury, therefore, delivers himself from the dilemma with an ingenuity not unworthy of his character.

† The cup being designed as a present to Achilles, a soldier of his might be justly said to defraud him, if he accepted it.—V.

All whom the Argicide with sudden sleep  
Oppress'd, then op'd the gates, thrust back the bars,  
And introduc'd, with all his litter-load  
Of costly gifts, the venerable king.  
But when they reach'd the tent for Peleus' son  
Rais'd by the Myrmidons (with trunks of pine  
They built it, lopping smooth the boughs away,  
Then spread with shaggy mowings of the mead  
Its lofty roof, and with a spacious court  
Surrounded it, all fenc'd with driven stakes ;  
One bar alone of pine secur'd the door,  
Which ask'd three Grecians with united force  
To thrust it to its place, and three again  
To lift it thence, although Achilles oft  
Would heave it to the door himself alone\*)  
Then Hermes, benefactor of mankind,  
That bar displacing for the king of Troy,  
Gave entrance to himself and to his gifts  
For Peleus' son design'd, and from the seat  
Alighting, thus his speech to Priam turn'd:  
O ancient Priam ! an immortal God  
Attends thee ; I am Hermes, by command

\* If it was a proof of great strength in Diomede, that he could wield and hurl a stone, which two strong men of Homer's days could not have lifted, what must have been the strength of Achilles, who could manage a weight unmanageable except by three strong men of his own days ?—V.

Of Jove my father thy appointed guide.  
But I return. I will not, ent'ring here,  
Stand in Achilles' sight ; immortal Pow'rs  
May not so unreservedly indulge  
Creatures of mortal kind. But enter thou,  
Seize fast his knees, and by his aged Sire,  
His beauteous mother, and his darling son,  
Adjure him to compassionate thy woes,  
Till his whole heart the tumult feel of thine\*.

So saying, Hermes swiftly sought again  
Th' Olympian heights. Then Priam, to the ground  
Alighting, left Idæus charg'd to watch  
The steeds and mules, while right toward the tent,  
Achilles' residence, himself advanc'd.  
Him there he found, and sitting found apart  
His fellow-warriors, of whom two alone,  
Automedon and Alcimus the brave  
Attended his commands ; he had himself  
Supp'd newly, and the board stood unremov'd.  
Unseen of all huge Priam enter'd, stood  
Before Achilles, clasp'd his knees, and kiss'd  
Those terrible and homicidal hands,

\* It is remarked by Eustathius, that, although Mercury directs Priam to plead with Achilles not by the mention of his father only, but of his mother and his son also, the ancient king, through excess of grief, very soon forgets two thirds of his instructions.—C.

Which had destroy'd so many of his sons.  
 As when a fugitive for blood the house  
 Of some chief enters in a foreign land,  
 All gaze, astonish'd at the sudden guest,  
 So gaz'd Achilles seeing Priam there,  
 And so stood all astonish'd, each his eyes  
 In silence fast'ning on his fellow's face.  
 But Priam kneel'd, and suppliant thus began :

Think, O Achilles, semblance of the Gods !  
 On thy own father full of days like me,  
 And trembling on the gloomy verge of life\*.  
 Some neighbour chief, it may be, even now  
 Oppresses him, and there is none at hand,  
 No friend to succour him in his distress.  
 Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives,  
 He still rejoices, hoping, day by day,  
 That one day he shall see the face again

\* Priam begins not with a display of the treasures he has brought for the redemption of Hector's body, but with a pathetic address to the feelings of Achilles. Homer well knew, that neither gold nor silver would prevail over the heart of a young and generous warrior, but that persuasion would. The old king therefore with a judicious abruptness avails himself of his most powerful plea at once, and seizes the sympathy of the hero, before he has time to recollect who it is that addresses him.—V.

There is a sweetness in the original words, with which Priam enters on his suit—

*Μνησai παρὸς σῆιο*

not easy to be equalled in an English version.

Of his own son from distant Troy return'd.  
But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons,  
So late the flow'r of Ilium, all are slain.  
When Greece came hither, I had fifty sons;  
Nineteen were children of one bed, the rest  
Born of my concubines. A num'rous house!  
But fiery Mars hath thinn'd it. One I had,  
One, more than all my sons the strength of Troy,  
Whom standing for his country thou hast slain—  
Hector—His body to redeem I come  
Into Achaia's fleet, and bring, myself,  
Ransom inestimable to thy tent.  
O, fear the Gods! and for remembrance' sake  
Of thy own sire, Achilles! pity me,  
More hapless still; who bear what, save myself,  
None ever bore, thus lifting to my lips  
Hands dyed so deep with slaughter of my sons.

So saying, he waken'd in his soul regret  
Of his own sire; softly he plac'd his hand  
On Priam's hand, and push'd him gently away.  
Remembrance melted both. Stretch'd prone before  
Achilles' feet the king his son bewail'd,  
Wide-slaught'ring Hector, and Achilles wept  
By turns his father, and by turns his friend,  
Patroclus; sounds of sorrow fill'd the tent.  
But when Achilles, satisfied at length



With lamentation, felt his bosom eas'd  
Of its oppressive charge, and breath'd again;  
Upstarting from his seat, with pity mov'd  
Of Priam's silver locks and silver beard,  
He rais'd the ancient father by his hand,  
Whom in wing'd accents kind he thus bespake :

Num'rous indeed thy sorrows are—alas!  
How couldst thou venture to the ships, alone,  
Alone into my presence, who have slain  
So many of thy sons renown'd in arms?  
Thou hast a heart of iron, terrour-proof.  
Come—sit beside me—Let us, if we may,  
Great mourners both, bid sorrow sleep awhile.  
There is no profit of our sighs and tears;  
For thus, exempt from care themselves, the Gods  
Ordain man's miserable race to mourn.  
Fast by the threshold of Jove's courts are plac'd  
Two casks, one stor'd with evil, one with good,  
From which the God dispenses as he wills\*.

\* Some have said, petulantly indeed and with an indecent impatience, that there are two casks of evil, and but one of good;—V. thus quarrelling with Homer's estimate of the lot of man. But it is a just one, and none has reason to complain, that the evil he receives outweighs the good, much less that he receives evil only, until by his own folly and wickedness he has changed a merciful providence into a judicial one; then indeed he becomes, and deservedly, the wretch described in the sequel.

Others, and Plato among them, have objected to the poet's doc-

For whom the glorious Thund'rer mingles both,  
His life is checker'd with alternate good  
And evil ; but to whom he gives unmix'd  
The bitter cup, he makes that man a curse,  
His name becomes a by-word of reproach,  
His strength is hunger-bitten, and he walks  
The blessed earth, unblest, go where he may.  
So was my father Peleus at his birth  
Nobly endow'd, with plenty and with wealth  
Distinguish'd by the Gods past all mankind,  
Lord of the Myrmidons, and, though a man,  
Yet match'd from Heav'n with an immortal bride.  
But even him the Gods afflict, a son  
Refusing him, who might possess his throne  
Hereafter ; for myself, his only heir,  
Pass as a dream, and while I live, instead  
Of solacing his age, here sit, before  
Your distant walls, the scourge of thee and thine.  
Thee also, ancient Priam, we have heard

trine, which makes the Supreme Being the dispenser of evil as well as of good. But the Scripture justifies his opinion—*Shall we receive good at the Lord's hand, and shall we not receive evil ?—Shall there be evil in a city, saith the Lord, and I have not done it ?*—How indeed could the world be governed, unless by a dispenser of both ? Punishment is evil only to those who suffer it. To others it may eventually prove great mercy.

Reported once possessor of such wealth  
As neither Lesbos, seat of Macar\*, owns,  
Nor Eastern Phrygia, nor yet all the ports  
Of Hellespont, but thou didst pass them all  
In riches, and in number of thy sons.  
But since the Gods first brought on thy domain  
This wo, hostility and deeds of blood  
Always surround the city where thou reign'st.  
Cease, therefore, from unprofitable tears,  
Which, ere they raise thy son to life again,  
Shall, doubtless, find fresh cause for which to flow.

To whom the godlike, ancient king replied :  
Urge not, divine Achilles, me to sit,  
While Hector lies unburied in the camp;  
Loose him, and loose him now, that with these eyes  
I may behold my son ; accept a prize  
Magnificent, which mayst thou long enjoy,  
And, since my life was precious in thy sight,  
Mayst thou revisit safe thy native shore !

To whom Achilles, low'ring, and in wrath† :

\* Macar, son of Ilus, having slain his brother, fled from his home, and built a city, which, after the name of his wife, he called Lesbos. His mother's name was Mitylene.—V.

† Mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shown to Priam, still distrusted, and that the impatience of the old king threatened to deprive him of all opportunity to do gracefully what he could not be expected to do willingly.

Move me no more. I purpose of myself  
To loose him ; Thetis, daughter of the Deep,  
Hath taught me that the will of Jove is such.  
Priam ! I understand thee well. I know  
That, by some God conducted, thou hast reach'd  
Achaia's fleet ; for, without aid divine,  
No mortal, even in his prime of youth,  
Had dar'd the attempt ; guards vigilant as ours  
He should not easily elude, such gates,  
So massy, should not easily unbar.  
Thou, therefore, vex me not in my distress,  
Lest I abhor to see thee in my tent,  
And, borne beyond all limits, set at nought  
Thee, and thy pray'r, and the command of Jove.

He said ; the old king trembled, and obey'd.  
Then sprang Pelides like a lion forth,  
Not sole, but with his two attendant friends,  
Alcimus and Automedon the brave,  
For them (Patroclus slain) he honour'd most  
Of all the Myrmidons. They loos'd the mules  
And horses from the yoke, then introduc'd  
And plac'd the herald of the hoary king.  
They lighten'd next the litter of its charge  
Inestimable, leaving yet a vest  
With two rich robes\*, that Priam might convey

\* One to be spread under, the other, over him.—V.

The body not uncover'd back to Troy.

Then, calling forth his women, them he bade

Lave and anoint the body, but apart,

Lest haply Priam, noticing his son,

Through stress of grief should give resentment scope,

And irritate by some affront himself

To slay him in despite of Jove's commands\*.

They, therefore, laving and anointing first

The body, cloth'd it with a robe and vest;

Then, Peleus' son dispos'd it on the bier,

Lifting it from the ground, and his two friends

Together heav'd it to the royal wain.

Then groan'd Achilles and invok'd his friend :

Shouldst thou, Patroclus ! even in the deeps  
Of Hades learn, that I consent to loose

\* Since it seems to be, as in fact it is, an argument of a great mind to control our anger, to avoid such occasions as might betray us into it, argues a mind still greater. An observation which ought to suggest itself to us with no little force, when Achilles, not famous either for patience or meekness, exhorts Priam to beware of provoking him; and when, having cleansed the body of Hector and covered it, he places it himself in the litter; lest his father, seeing how indecently he had treated it, should be exasperated at the sight, and by some passionate reproach should exasperate himself also. For that a person so singularly irascible, and of a temper harsh as his, should not only be aware of his infirmity, but should even guard against it with so much precaution, evidences a prudence truly wonderful.—Plutarch. *de audiendis Poëtis*.—C.

The noble Hector at his father's suit,  
Let not the deed offend thee; for he pays  
Large ransom, which thyself shalt also share\*.

So saying, Achilles to his tent return'd,  
And on the splendid couch, where erst he sat  
Right opposite to Priam, plac'd again,  
His converse with the king of Troy renew'd—

Priam! at thy request thy son is loos'd,  
And lying on his bier; at dawn of day  
Thou shalt both see him and convey him hence  
Thyself to Troy. But take we now repast;  
For even beauteous Niobe receiv'd  
Her wonted food, although six blooming sons  
Transfix'd by Phœbus in his wrath she mourn'd,  
And by Diana, silver-shafted Queen,  
Six lovely daughters; for Latona's sake,  
With whom she dar'd comparison, they died.  
Twelve children, would she say, myself have borne,  
Latona two;—but all her boasted twelve  
Pierc'd by Latona's vengeful two, expir'd.  
Nine days they welter'd in their blood, no man  
Was found to bury them, for Jove had chang'd  
To stone the people; but the Gods, at last,  
Themselves entomb'd their bodies on the tenth.

\* Patroclus might be said to share such of them as were expended  
in the celebration of his funeral.—V.

Yet even she, once satisfied with tears,  
 Remember'd food ; and now, the rocks among  
 And pathless solitudes of Sipylus,  
 The rumour'd cradle of the nymphs who dance  
 On Acheloüs banks, although a stone  
 She weeps, and broods her heav'n-inflicted woes\*.  
 Come, then, my venerable guest ! take we  
 Needful refreshment also ; for in Troy,  
 And at thy son's last rites, thou shalt not want  
 Or leisure or just cause for many a tear†.

\* The story of Niobe being told by the poet, there is no need to tell it in a note. She was the daughter of Tantalus and the wife of Amphon.—B. & V. The true history of her transformation is said to be this: that a statuary placed a figure of her, so finely executed in marble, on the tomb of her twelve children, that spectators frequently said—It is Niobe herself in stone.—V.—They probably died by a pestilence or some other sudden cause, such deaths being always ascribed to the shafts of Apollo or his sister.—B. C. & V.

Sipylus was a city of Lydia not far distant from the banks of the Acheloüs, and famous for the congress of Jupiter and Semele. The Acheloüs was a river of Ætolia.—V.

† They are but unskilful comforters, who attempt to relieve the sorrows of the afflicted by persuading them, that they are mistaken in the estimate they make of their disaster, for that it is far less tragical than they suppose. There is an irritation in this remedy, that enhances the anguish. The best soother of sorrow is he who admits the occasion in its full force, and sympathizes with the mourner. Homer's accurate acquaintance with the human heart is evident in a thousand passages, and nothing could more recommend Achilles, every-where else the inspirer of terrour, to our esteem and love, than this stroke of judicious tenderness thrown into his character at last.

So spake Achilles, and, upstarting, slew  
A sheep white-fleec'd, which his attendants flay'd,  
And busily and with much skill their task  
Administ'ring, first slic'd the viands thin,  
Then pierc'd them with the spits, and when the roast  
Was finish'd, drew them from the spits again.  
And now, Automedon dispens'd the bread  
Pil'd in neat baskets round the polish'd board,  
Which done, Achilles portion'd out to each  
His share, and all assail'd the ready feast.  
But when nor hunger more, nor thirst they felt,  
Dardanian Priam, wond'ring at his bulk  
And beauty (for he seem'd some God from heav'n),  
Gaz'd on Achilles, while Achilles, held  
Not less in admiration of his looks  
Benign, and of his gentle converse wise,  
Gaz'd on Dardanian Priam, and when each  
Had look'd his fill, then, Priam thus began:  
Now, godlike hero ! to an early couch  
Dismiss us both ; for never have I clos'd  
These eye-lids, since by thy victorious hand  
My son expir'd ; but sorrow have indulg'd,  
Still ruminating on my countless woes,  
And rolling in the ashes of my courts ;  
But, now, have I both eaten, and my thirst  
With copious use of sable wine allay'd,



Who neither would, till won to both by thee.

He scarce had ended, when Achilles bade  
His soldiers and the women of his tent  
Beneath his portico two beds prepare;  
First, rugs of brightest purple, arras, next,  
And fleecy mantles, last. At his command,  
Forth went the women bearing each a light,  
And dress'd the beds; when, feigning needful fear\*,  
Achilles thus his speech to Priam turn'd:

My aged guest belov'd! sleep thou without;  
Lest some Achaian chief (for such are wont  
Ofttimes, here sitting, to consult with me †)  
Should seek my tent; of whom if any chance  
To spy thee through the gloom, he will at once  
Convey the tale to Agamemnon's ear,  
Whence hind'rance may arise, and the release  
Of Hector's body be, perchance, delay'd.  
But answer me with truth. How many days

\* *Ἐπὶ τὴν τροχίαν*. Clarke renders the word in this place, *false* *meid ludens*, and Eustathius says, that Achilles suggested such cause of fear to Priam, to excuse his lodging him in an exterior part of the tent. The general import of the Greek word is sarcastic, but here it signifies rather—to intimidate. See also Dacier.

† Though Achilles, as we observed, in his late conference with Thetis, modestly waved all pretensions to superiority in council, the attention paid him as a counsellor by the principal persons of the army is a sufficient proof, that they at least had an exalted opinion of his senatorial as well as of his military talents.

Wouldst thou assign to the funereal rites  
Of noble Hector? for so long I mean  
Myself to rest, and keep the host at home.

Then thus the godlike king of Troy replied :  
Achilles ! If thou grant me to complete  
My noble Hector's tomb, I shall account  
The favour great, and deem thee kind indeed.  
For we are prison'd, as full well thou know'st,  
In Ilium now, and fuel must procure  
From Ida's side remote ; fear, too, hath seiz'd  
On all our people. Therefore thus I say :  
Nine days we wish to mourn him in the house ;  
To his interment we would give the tenth,  
And to the public banquet ; the eleventh  
Shall see us build his tomb ; and on the twelfth  
(If war we must) we will to war again.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race :  
My venerable friend, at thy request  
I grant this also ; the suspended war,  
Till twice six days be past, shall cease to rage.

So saying, to dispel from Priam's mind  
All secret terrour, as a friend he seiz'd  
On his right-hand, and grasp'd it at the wrist.  
Then in the vestibule the ancient king  
And his grave herald slept, but Peleus' son  
In the interiour tent, and at his side

Briseïs, with transcendent beauty adorn'd.

Now all, all night, by gentle sleep subdu'd,  
Both Gods and chariot-ruling warriors lay,  
But not the benefactor of mankind,  
Hermes, employ'd in various musings deep  
How likeliest from amid the Grecian camp  
He might deliver by the guard unseen  
The king of Ilium ; at his head he stood  
In vision, and the senior thus bespake :

O ancient king ! Achilles, it is true,  
Forbids thee not ; but fear'st thou, for that cause,  
No mischief here, that thou securely sleep'st  
With all thy foes around thee ? Thou hast giv'n  
Much for redemption of thy darling son,  
But thrice that sum thy sons who still survive  
Must give to Agamemnon and the Greeks  
For *thy* redemption, should Achaia's host  
Once learn the truth, that thou art here alive.

He ended ; at the sound alarm'd upsprang  
The king, and rous'd his herald. Hermes yok'd  
Himself both mules and steeds, and thro' the camp,  
All eyes eluding, whirl'd them to the plain.

Then H  r  mes, soon as to the ford they came  
Of gulfy Xanthus, from immortal Jove  
Descended, to th' Olympian summit soar'd,  
And saffron-vested morn illum'd the skies.

They, wailing, sought the city ; foremost went  
The chariot, then the litter with the Dead.  
Nor warrior yet, nor cinctur'd matron knew  
Of all in Ilium aught of their approach,  
Except Cassandra ; she, in feature fair  
As golden Venus, mounted on the height  
Of Pergamus, her father first discern'd,  
Borne on his chariot-seat erect, and knew  
The herald heard so oft in echoing Troy ;  
Him also on his bier outstretch'd she mark'd,  
Whom the mules drew. Then, shrieking, through  
the streets

Of Troy she ran, and loud proclaim'd the sight.

Trojans of either sex ! if e'er ye saw,  
Delighted, Hector from the fight return'd  
Troy's proudest boast, come forth and view him now.

She spake—at once all Ilium rush'd abroad,  
Female and male, by sorrow, that disdain'd  
All limits, urg'd, and near the city-gates  
Their sov'reign met conducting home the dead.  
Then, foremost of them all, the mother-queen  
And Hector's wife, each rending as she ran  
Her tresses, reach'd the bier. Beneath his head  
Their hands they plac'd ; the people wept around.  
All day, and to the going down of day,  
They thus had mourn'd the dead before the gates,

But Priam from his chariot thus exclaim'd :

Hence—let the litter pass ; for ye may weep  
Till tears shall fail, the body once at home.

He said ; they, op'ning, gave the litter way.  
Arriv'd within the royal house, they stretch'd  
The breathless Hector on a sumptuous bed,  
And singers plac'd beside him, who should chant  
The strain funereal ; they with many a groan  
The dirge began, and still, at ev'ry close,  
The female train with many a groan replied.  
Then, Hector's beauteous spouse, between her hands  
His head sustaining, while the female throng  
Attentive heard, resum'd, herself, the strain :

My hero ! thou hast fall'n in prime of life,  
Me leaving here a widow, and the fruit  
Of our ill-fated loves, a helpless child,  
Whom grown to manhood I despair to see.  
For, ere that season, from her topmost height  
Precipitated shall this city fall,  
Since thou hast perish'd, once her sure defence,  
Faithful protector of her spotless wives,  
And all their little ones. Those wives shall soon  
In Grecian barks capacious hence be borne,  
And I among the rest. But thou, my child !  
Shalt either share my fate, ordain'd to drudge  
Beneath some tyrant in a distant clime,

Or, seizing thy weak hand, some furious Greek  
Shall headlong hurl thee from the tow'r of Troy  
To a sad death—whose brother, it may chance,  
Whose father, or whose son, brave Hector slew,  
For he made many a Grecian bite the ground.  
Thy father, boy, bore never into fight  
A milky mind, and for that self-same cause  
Is now bewail'd in ev'ry house of Troy.  
Sorrow unutterable thou hast caus'd  
Thy parents, Hector! but to me hast left  
Largest bequest of misery, to whom,  
Dying, thou neither didst thy arms extend  
Forth from thy bed, nor gav'st me precious word,  
To be remember'd day and night with tears\*.

So spake she weeping, whom her maidens all  
With sighs accompanied, and her complaint  
With sobs the royal mother next began :

Hector! far dearest of my sons to me,

\* There are many who find cause of complaint in every thing, and ascribe every disappointment either to the malice of fortune or of some unpropitious deity. Such persons spend their time in perpetual murmurings, and do nothing but accuse their destiny. If a friend of theirs dies silently, and without uttering a syllable, that they lament, as Andromache does the death of Hector at a distance; but if he converse with them in his last moments, the expression, whatever it was, is always present to their minds, and serves as fuel to their affliction.

Plutarch. de Consolat. ad Apoll.—C.

Thee living must the Gods have also lov'd,  
 Whose kindness ~~even~~ in the bands of death  
 Attends thee; for what son soe'er of ours  
 Achilles seiz'd besides, to Samos, him,  
 Or Imbrus, or the dreaded Lemnian coast,  
 Far o'er the barren deep, for sale he sent;  
 But thee, poor victim of his ruthless spear,  
 Oft, at his wheels, around Patroclus' tomb  
 He dragg'd, as he would waken into life  
 His friend whom thou hadst slain—yet still he slept.  
 But thou, the freshness of a fragrant flow'r.  
 New-gather'd \* hold'st, and more resemblest far  
 Some youth whom Phœbus with his gentle shafts †  
 Hath pierc'd at home, than one in battle slain.

So spake the queen, exciting in all hearts  
 Sorrow immeasurable, after whom  
 Fair Helen, last, thus led the mournful choir:

Hector! far dearest of my brothers here!  
 Me godlike Paris to the shores of Troy  
 Seduc'd, and made me partner of his bed,  
 But, O that I had perish'd first at home!

\* This, according to the scholiast, is a probable sense of πρόσφατος.  
 —He derives it ἀπο τῶν νεωστὶ περασμένων ἐκ γῆς φυτῶν.—V.

† They are called *gentle* shafts, because sudden death is attended  
 with no pain.—B. & C.

For this, since stolen from my native land  
I wander'd hither, is the twentieth year\*,  
Yet never heard I once hard speech from thee,  
Or taunt morose ; but if it ever chanc'd,  
That male or female of thy father's house  
Blam'd me, and even if herself the queen  
(For in the king, whate'er befell, I found  
Always a father) thou hast interpos'd  
Thy gentle temper and thy gentle speech  
To sooth them ; therefore, with a breaking heart  
Thee and my wretched self at once I mourn,  
For other friend within the ample bounds  
Of Ilium have I none, nor hope to hear  
Kind word again, with horror view'd by all.

So spake she weeping, and the countless throng  
With groans replied, whom Priam thus address'd :

Ye Trojans, now bring fuel home, nor fear  
Close ambush of the Greeks ; Achilles' self

\* In order to make this a true reckoning we must suppose, that it cost ten years to assemble the powers of Greece, which added to the ten years of the siege will complete the number. It is a large allowance, but Helen's computation cannot be justified without it, since even Ulysses was absent from Ithaca only twenty years, whose return cost him ten after the accomplishment of Troy's destruction.—V.



Gave me, at my dismissal from his fleet,  
Assurance, that from hostile force secure  
We shall remain, till the twelfth dawn arise.

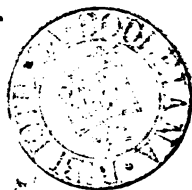
All, then, their mules and oxen to the wains  
Join'd speedily, and under Ilium's walls  
Assembled num'rous; nine whole days they toil'd,  
Bringing much fuel home, and when the tenth  
Bright morn, with light for humankind, arose,  
Then, bearing noble Hector forth, and all  
Weeping profusely, on the pile aloft  
They plac'd him, and the fuel fir'd beneath.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
Redden'd the east, then, thronging forth, all Troy  
Encompass'd noble Hector's pile around.  
The whole vast multitude conven'd, with wine  
They quench'd the pile, nor any portion left  
Unvisited, on which the fire had seiz'd.  
His white bones, next, his brothers and his friends  
Collected, mourning and with many tears  
Wat'ring their cheeks; within a golden urn  
They plac'd them, which they veil'd with mantles  
light  
Of purple hue, then, delving, buried it,  
And with huge stones contiguous spread the ground.  
His tomb they pil'd in haste, while num'rous spies

Watch'd lest the Greeks should sally, and, the work  
Now finish'd, in the royal house conven'd,  
A sumptuous banquet shar'd, by Priam giv'n.

Such burial the illustrious Hector found\*.

\* Hector, according to a citation made by the scholiast from Aristodemus, received honour from the Gods not only while he lived, but after death also. For the Thebans of Bœotia, being afflicted either with a pestilence or some other great calamity, consulted the oracle concerning the means of deliverance, and received for answer, that, if they would transfer the bones of Hector from Troas to their own country, and deposit them there in a place called THE SONS OF JOVE, the affliction should cease. Having complied with the admonition, and being relieved accordingly, they held the hero in great honour, and in process of time distinguished the spot by a new name, THE MANIFESTATION OF HECTOR.



END OF THE ILIAD.

---

Printed by S. Hamilton, Weybridge, Surry.











